

GOVERNOR'S DAY 1970: A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW

Interviewees: Paul Adamian, Joseph N. Crowley, Frankie Sue Del Papa, John R. Doherty,
David L. Harvey, Anne Howard, Procter Hug Jr., James Hulse, Fred Maher, Bob Mayberry,
N. Edd Miller, James T. Richardson, David R. Slemmons, and Lorena Stookey

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Description

The word “Vietnam” signifies a country, a war, and for many, a historical marker for a period of cultural revolution. In the spring of 1970, the force of the larger antiwar movement came to Reno. The University of Nevada, Reno (UNR) faced weeks of volatile unrest and protest unlike anything it had witnessed before—and nothing else quite like it has happened in the thirty years since.

On April 20, Richard Nixon announced the withdrawal of 150,000 troops from Vietnam, but ten days later he announced the invasion of Cambodia. Opposition to the war in Indochina increased, with over 500 campuses shut down across the country and with explosives or firebombs used against ROTC buildings.

On Monday, May 4, Ohio National Guardsmen armed with bayonets and tear gas broke up a crowd of antiwar protestors at Kent State University. The following day, May 5, 1970, UNR officials decided to proceed with a military ceremony to celebrate the Governor and the university's ROTC cadets. This “Governor's Day” ceremony prompted several hundred students, staff, and faculty to march in protest of the Cambodian invasion and the campus killings at Kent State.

In the days that followed the protest, media coverage of Governor's Day began to spread, generating public hostility toward the Nevada campus and its administration. Procter Hug Jr., chairman of the board of regents, called for the investigation of two English Department faculty members, Paul Adamian and Fred Maher, whom he believed were prominent in the week's disruption. In the end, the regents fired Adamian from his tenured position with the university for his leadership role in the protest. The charges against Maher were dropped.

In 1970, over fifty individuals related to the events of Governor's Day were interviewed in the weeks immediately following the protest. These interviews are presented in the companion UNOHP publication, Governor's Day 1970.

In the years since 1998, Brad Lucas, a UNR doctoral student doing research about the Vietnam years, located and re-interviewed fourteen chroniclers and added perspectives that were absent from the initial oral history project. These more recent interviews, which are published in this second volume, Governor's Day 1970: A Retrospective View, provide insightful perspectives from administrators, faculty members, and students who were related to events of Governor's Day.

Continued on next page.

Description (continued)

Undergraduate student activists were the instigators of the Governor's Day protest, and a small group of radical students (and locals) were responsible for two fire bombing incidents that drew statewide attention. Undergraduates recalled life at UNR from their perspectives as student journalists and political activists. They recalled Governor's Day and the Adamian affair as insiders who witnessed the planning and execution of campus protests, theatrics, and radicalism.

Interviews with faculty were likewise revealing. Political science professor Joseph Crowley reflected on Governor's Day from his position of president of the university. Sociology professor David Harvey provided his observations of the university as an institution hostile to political activism. Paul Adamian's life history provides useful insight for understanding the perspective of a faculty member who was an activist well before the Vietnam era.

While Governor's Day might stand as evidence of a turbulent or "disgraceful" time in the university's history, these oral histories serve as a testament to the importance of institutional memory, complimentary or otherwise. Governor's Day serves as a reminder that individual acts can indeed transform a community.

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From oral history interviews
conducted and edited
by Brad Lucas

University of Nevada
Oral History Program

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CONTENTS

Preface	ix
Introduction	xi
1 Paul Adamian	1
2 Joseph N. Crowley	91
3 Frankie Sue Del Papa	101
4 John R. Doherty	107
5 David L. Harvey	129
6 Anne Howard	149
7 Procter Hug Jr.	163
8 James Hulse	191
9 Fred Maher	203
10 Bob Mayberry	215
11 N. Edd Miller	233

12	James T. Richardson	247
13	David R. Slemmons	261
14	Lorena Stookey	307
	Index	320
	Photograph Credits	327

PREFACE

Founded in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) records and collects interviews that address significant topics in Nevada's remembered past. The program's chroniclers are primary sources: people who participated in or directly witnessed the events and phenomena that are the subjects of the interviews. Following precedent established by Allan Nevins at Columbia University in 1948, and perpetuated since by academic programs such as ours, these recorded interviews and their transcripts are called oral histories.

This research volume is crafted from the verbatim transcripts of interviews conducted by Brad Lucas, but this volume is much easier to read. Remaining faithful to the transcripts' content, and adhering as closely as possible to chroniclers' spoken words, the manuscript was edited for clarity. The editor also gave it chronological and topical organization not always found in the raw transcript. Readers who desire access to the unaltered oral histories are invited to visit the offices of the UNOHP, where the tapes of the interviews may be heard by appointment.

To add context to written representations of the spoken word, the UNOHP uses certain

editorial conventions. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs; and ellipses are used, not to indicate that material has been deleted, but to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete . . . or there is a pause for dramatic effect.

While some photographs (primarily from the 1970s) have been inserted throughout the text, one set of images has been placed in the center of this volume. In the course of the interviews he conducted, Brad Lucas discussed nine particular photographs with most of the chroniclers, and these have been placed, for easy reference, between pages 162 and 163. They are listed as photographs numbers one through nine, with the numbers corresponding to those that Lucas used in his interviews.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of *Governor's Day 1970: A Retrospective View*, we advise the reader to keep in mind that it is composed of personal opinions and accounts of the remembered past, and we do not claim that it is entirely free of error. Intelligent readers will approach it with the same anticipation of discovery, tempered with

caution, that they would bring to government reports, diaries, newspaper stories, and other interpretations of historical information.

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INTRODUCTION

In the spring of 1998, I was doing research about the Vietnam years at the University of Nevada, Reno (UNR) when I first struck up a conversation with Karen Gash, the University Archivist. At the time, I was a doctoral student who was more interested in combat veterans and their narratives of trauma, but she piqued my interest by telling me about a little war protest at UNR that happened right after Kent State.

Quite simply, she had come across a large box of audiotapes, cataloged only as “Governor’s Day 1970,” with no other materials than a list of interview questions and the names of chroniclers. She told me that no one had listened to the tapes except to make copies for the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP). At first glance, it seemed curiously excessive to me: some four or five dozen interviews about a minor-league war protest. As I looked through the box, she told me that nothing really happened that day compared to other campuses across the country, but some people did get in trouble with the administration.

When I learned that a professor had been fired for his role in the protest, I wanted to know why. Paul Adamian was a professor with the English Department, and although he was tenured, the Board of Regents fired him for his

leadership role in the protest. Because of the legal proceedings surrounding Adamian’s firing—and subsequent lawsuit against the regents—the untranscribed oral histories were simply left in the archives in 1970, and no plans were made to work further with the collection. Adamian’s appeals finally came to an end in 1980, when the U.S. Supreme Court refused to consider his case. By the late 1990s, Governor’s Day and “the Adamian affair” had been over for more than two decades—and by then there was little interest in the material. With over fifty interviews, this formidable collection of oral evidence was largely a mystery. UNOHP Director Tom King found the project worth pursuing, and he had the tapes transcribed for the UNOHP research collection. I joined King and the rest of the UNOHP to bring Governor’s Day out of archival silence. [These interviews are presented in the companion UNOHP publication, *Governor’s Day 1970*.]

As I edited the interviews, I began to piece together a more detailed picture of Governor’s Day than was previously available. Beyond the initial newspaper coverage, only two accounts of Governor’s Day had been written since 1970, and both were authored by UNR faculty members. In *The University of Nevada: A*

Centennial History (1974), James Hulse dedicated a few pages to the protest and offered a fair representation of the event, but his account did not aim to be a critical analysis, nor could it benefit from the 1970 oral histories. More strikingly, in his cogent study, *American Indian and Black Students at the University of Nevada, Reno* (1975), anthropologist Warren d'Azevedo dedicated several pages to Governor's Day and the subsequent firing of Professor Adamian—cautiously referring to him only as “the professor.”

With these two accounts providing a narrative framework to develop, I began to extract details about the protest from the 1970 oral histories. However, even though the interviews were specifically designed *not* to elicit event details, the chroniclers provided a wealth of information that simply was not otherwise available. Almost all of the chroniclers provided accurate accounts from their own observations (although any information from hearsay was distorted or, in some cases, false). Despite the diverse perspectives, the chronicler accounts from 1970 were consistent with one another and with print and archival records. And when perspectives did diverge, the chroniclers were usually more reliable than the newspapers.

Because the interviews were conducted in the summer of 1970, they could not account for the firing of professor Adamian, nor were the questions designed to reflect on the overall impact of the protest. In one sense, the timing of the interviews was perfect: chroniclers could focus on Governor's Day while it was fresh in memory and lingering in conversations. In another sense, however, the interviews came too soon, representing only half of the historic moment. It might seem that another round of oral histories should have been conducted in the summer of 1971, but the repercussions of Governor's Day simply would not subside.

To complement the wealth of perspectives from 1970, I decided to locate and re-interview chroniclers—and add perspectives that were absent from the initial oral history project. All together, these interviews did not generate any

shocking new details about the Governor's Day protest. In fact, more often than not, chroniclers deferred to their 1970 interviews or my knowledge as a researcher. I began these interviews in 1998, first with professor Hulse and then former president N. Edd Miller. Hulse recalled not only the Governor's Day protest, but the events leading up to it and the fallout that resulted. In his oral history, Miller discussed his views of the university, his administrative responsibilities, and campus issues ranging from ROTC to the presence of the Black Student Union on campus.

I soon discovered that many of the prominent campus figures in 1970 were, three decades later, literally running the state. For example, regent Procter Hug Jr. became Chief Judge of the Ninth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, and Adamian's attorney, Charles Springer, went on to become Chief Justice for the Nevada Supreme Court. Former student president Frankie Sue Del Papa studied law after graduating from UNR, rising to the position of Nevada Attorney General. In his 2000 interview, Hug discussed the regents' decisions and offered his views about the university at the time. Similarly, Del Papa recalled the years surrounding Governor's Day in terms of the university system as a whole, focusing on its accomplishments in spite of the political turmoil.

I interviewed Fred Maher, who was a graduate student accused of teaching inappropriate political material in his English classes. Due to an overwhelming lack of evidence against him, charges were dropped against Maher, yet his name continued to be associated with Adamian and campus radicalism. As Maher saw it, Adamian was a convenient scapegoat who simply absorbed the attention that should have been focused on undergraduate students. Maher left the English Department, but one of his fellow graduate students, Lorena Stookey, completed her degree and remained on faculty at UNR. Their oral histories provide perspectives from both the center and the periphery of the protest, reflecting on the campus culture from their unique positions

as graduate teacher-students within the English Department.

Undergraduate student activists were the instigators of the Governor's Day protest, and a small group of radical students (and locals) were responsible for two fire bombing incidents that drew statewide attention. However, it is ironic that no undergraduates were persecuted or punished for their activism. While Del Papa represents one undergraduate perspective, Robert Mayberry offers a differing view of campus events, accounting for the university's political and cultural dynamics. Other undergraduates, like John Doherty and David Slemmons, recall life at UNR from their perspectives as student journalists and political activists. Doherty was living in the Hobbit Hole (a house near campus) when it was firebombed, and Slemmons (the son of a UNR professor) was a key figure in campus activism. These students recalled Governor's Day and the Adamian affair as insiders who witnessed the planning and execution of campus protests, theatrics, and radicalism.

Interviews with faculty were likewise revealing, particularly the oral histories with political science professor Joseph Crowley and sociology professors James Richardson and David Harvey. As a junior faculty member, Crowley was the UNR faculty advisor for Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), a nationwide political group that gained notoriety for its opposition to the war. In his oral history, he reflected on Governor's Day from his position of president of the university. Beyond his observations about the war and the political climate on campus, Crowley described how his ascent to the presidency began with and was fueled by Governor's Day. Harvey provided his observations of the university as an institution hostile to political activism, recalling communist red scares and the response of the faculty to Adamian's firing. Also involved in defending Adamian, Richardson recalled how the effects of Governor's Day impacted his own career, as his promotion to associate professor was denied, and he then fought a successful legal battle against the Board of Regents. Furthermore,

Richardson explained how these events dovetailed with the emergence of the Nevada Faculty Alliance.

When I began these interviews, however, I was mostly intrigued by Paul Adamian and what perspectives he might be able to share, but he had disappeared: no one could tell me where he had been for twenty years, and, not surprisingly, finding him was no easy matter. With the help of a librarian and private investigator, I eventually found Adamian alive and well in Washington state. Adamian's memories were surprisingly lucid (and accurate), and his oral history provided not only an account of his years in Nevada, but what came before and after. Adamian's life history provides useful insight for understanding the perspective of a faculty member who was an activist well before the Vietnam era.

While the UNR faculty increased protection for academic freedom and their individual rights, the atmosphere on campus remained devoid of activism, especially among undergraduates. The accomplishments of the era came with their costs. As Crowley saw it, the faculty came together, but the political squabbling and bad blood from Governor's Day persisted in ways that no one had anticipated. In effect, the faculty came together to fight for the campus, but town-gown relations were badly damaged for years afterward. What I had thought was a minor-league war protest turned out to be a crucial event in the history of the state and a significant episode in the ongoing battles to preserve academic freedom from the threat of political influence.

While Governor's Day might stand as evidence of a turbulent or "disgraceful" time in the university's history, these oral histories serve as a testament to the importance of institutional memory, complimentary or otherwise. It is my hope that Governor's Day becomes more firmly woven into the historical fabric of Nevada, serving as a reminder that individual acts can indeed transform a community, and that our fears can get the best of us—if we let them.

BRAD LUCAS
Ft. Worth, Texas

PAUL ADAMIAN

BRAD LUCAS: Today is December 4, 1998. We are at Dr. Adamian's home outside of Seattle, Washington, and we'll take it from here. If you could just start off talking about when you first went off to school, out of high school.

PAUL ADAMIAN: Into college?

Yes.

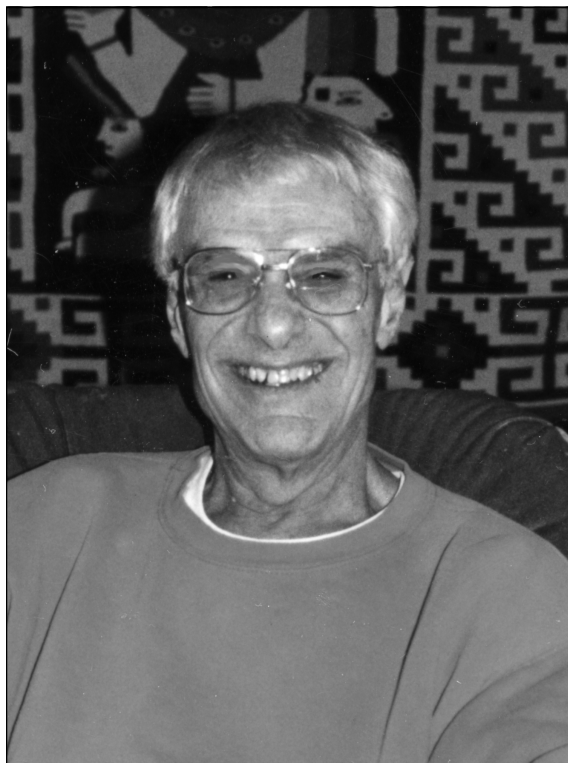
I graduated from South High School [in Worcester, Massachusetts] in 1948, and at that point I really didn't have any idea what I wanted to do. I really didn't have any sort of career goals clearly in mind. I was still searching around—kind of groping around—for something that would appeal to me or interest me. My uncle was trying to help me out. He checked into various possibilities. I remember him even looking into the possibility of me going to something like a diamond-cutting school. He had some friends who were in the business and said it was a good business and recommended it. I thought that maybe I'd give that a try, but that didn't interest me all that much either.

Eventually, I ended up sort of developing a program in English literature, almost as a result of a lack of knowing what else to do. Although it

was also very much connected to the fact that all my life, ever since I was a kid, I really loved to read. I used to spend an awful lot of time reading. Part of it was because my uncle Paul—we were still living together in the same house at the time—was a pretty voracious reader himself. And I always used to love going into his room, and he had a bookcase filled with books, and often he would be reading something. There were times when he was in a pretty good mood, and he would tell me a little bit about what he was reading, so he got me going in reading.

I can remember he got me reading sort of exciting kind of adventure stories like Alexander Dumas or somebody, and I can remember sort of liking pirate stories and adventure stories of that time. But even as a kid, even while I was still in elementary school, I used to walk downtown to the library, and I would come home with literally an armload of books. You know, I would have seven, eight books. And I would just devour them one after another.

In the wintertime, I would sit in the kitchen, and we had a coal-burning stove for heat, and I'd open up the oven door, sit in a chair, put my feet in an oven, and read my book—and I just loved doing that. So, I think it was partly because of my uncle's interest in reading and his sort of



Paul Adamian, 1998.

communicating in some way that it was a kind of an exciting thing to do. And partly, I'm sure, I used it as an escape from the other unpleasant things that, you know, were sort of going around. And I just lost myself. I loved to lose myself in reading these stories, and I guess adventure stories, in particular, had a particular appeal, because you were flying away from reality and getting involved in all these interesting things. So there was that interest in reading that I always had had, even as an elementary-age school kid.

By the time I graduated from high school, as I said, I really didn't have any clear notion: I sort of groped around, checked out a few things that didn't grab me. And it was sort of thought that, well, at least it would be a good idea to get going, get started in college, and then sometime after a year or two find what you want to do and head more in that direction.

And we were poor at the time and might very well still have been on welfare (I'm not sure about that). My mother might have still been getting a little subsistence or something like that, but my

brother wasn't really bringing in that much income. By then, he had graduated from Clark University in Worcester, and he was also a teacher, like on a high-school level. So he had just been out a few years teaching high school, and, of course, they weren't making any money in those days, either. So whatever help we were getting financially wasn't all that much. Even if I had the intellect to go to Yale or Princeton or something like that (which I'm sure I didn't), places like that were just out of the question, because we could never afford anything like that. So the logical thing to do was to kind of go to the nearest school, the State Teachers College in Worcester, which was, as a matter of fact, almost walking distance—a good, long walk or certainly a short drive away—from where we lived.

So during that whole period I still continued to live at home and enrolled in State Teachers College, which, as the name suggests, trained teachers for public school instruction, either elementary school or high school instruction. And I had a mixed experience there, academically. Things that I was interested in and I liked, I got good grades in. Things that I didn't care about and couldn't relate to, I got bad grades in. And during the first couple of years, again, nothing really sort of grabbed me in such a way as to motivate me to sort of take a particular tack or whatever.

And after a couple of years, I didn't want to go to school anymore. I think I had gotten a little bit of an inkling of what life would be like if I graduated from the teachers college and then, for example, got a job in a nearby elementary school or, perhaps, even a high school. Although, I think usually it took a master's, maybe, to get up into the high school level in those days. But I would run into people who were recent graduates and stuff, and their experiences out there teaching didn't sound all that great to me. So it wasn't all that encouraging.

So, I wanted to leave school, and I remember talking to my mother about it, and she was absolutely against it. She was horrified that I was even thinking that. Perhaps, being typical immigrant parents, they put a lot of value on

education, stressed education as a way of getting ahead, and were really hard-nosed about seeing to it that their kids did do that, you know. And so, the only way I could get out of it was by flunking out, which I then deliberately went ahead and did. I just deliberately flunked courses and flunked out.

And so you graduated from South High School in 1948?

Nineteen forty eight.

Did you enroll that same year, then?

Yes, the following year—that would have been in 1948—I started college at State Teachers College in Worcester and was there 1948-1949, 1949-1950, and it was probably around at the end of 1950 that I finally sort of took myself out of that. And, of course, they were very upset about it, but they couldn't say anything. I mean, I had failed, you know. [laughter] They couldn't do anything about that.

I ended up getting a job as a copy boy on a local newspaper. *The Worcester Telegram & Evening Gazette* it was called, probably still is. And I just loved it. I just loved working on a newspaper. Of course, I didn't do anything but run copy around town and around the office. Eventually, I would get these little jobs where I would be sent to somebody's home where somebody had died—perhaps to get some basic information about an obituary, pick up a photograph of the deceased, if possible, and bring back that information and give it to somebody who would then write it up in the office there.

And I once even wrote a little article, and again, I have no idea where this came from. I wrote a little article that they put on their editorial page, which was something like "The Birth of the Blues." I wrote this article about how the blues started and where it started and came up from New Orleans to Chicago and so on. I don't know where I got into that. [laughter] And then, I wrote another little article that I think was about a ship called something like the *Mary Dear*. It

was this mystery ship that had gone out to sea with a full crew and stuff, and then sometime later it was discovered floating around out there on the ocean, totally abandoned, not a soul aboard. There was still food left on the tables, no sign of any violence or anything like that. The people had just disappeared, and nobody, as far as I know, to this day, could ever figure out what had happened. So there was this interesting kind of mystery story, and I wrote a little article about that. And that was sort of the extent of my writing part of that job. But I liked the atmosphere of being around a newspaper office and stuff, and the reporters going out and getting articles and the hustle and bustle.

It all seemed very important and sort of exciting. And there was one writer there (I can't remember his first name), but he was a Greek-American guy—his name might have been Gorganus—who sort of took me under his wing a little bit. And I would follow him around and do little jobs for him and stuff like that. Anyway, after I was there for less than a year, it was either this individual that I just mentioned, or it might have been one of the editors, suggested that I go back to college, go back to school and finish up school, and then come back to the newspaper when I graduated.

So, for the first time I really sort of had a motive or some sort of inspiration for getting involved in this, doing whatever it took to do it, and learning whatever I could. So I went back to school, and my grades were great. I graduated just barely missing the honor society—you know, I got very good grades those last couple of years. Then for some reason that I can't account for, I kind of lost interest in going back to the newspaper. And I wish I could be more specific about this, but I really can't, because I can't recall why my mind changed or how it changed during this period, but I ended up deciding to go on into teaching. I think I had already sort of decided, "Well, OK, I don't want to be an elementary or a high school teacher."

Senior year, I think it was, one semester we would all be assigned to a particular school, to a particular teacher at a particular school, and we

would sort of become their assistants in the class, and we would also become class observers. We would help them work out class assignments and occasionally even gave little talks and so on, and get the experience of what it would be like to be a teacher. I liked the kids and everything, and I sort of liked the classroom—which has always been the way that I felt, all the way through to the end of my sort of academic career. I'll always love the kids, and I'll always love being in classes with them and stuff. I mean, there were good days and bad, both on my part and theirs and all that, but generally, I like them. You know, I like them. Like I used to associate more with students when I was a professional teacher than I did with other faculty members. I enjoyed their company.

Yes. So, this is the mid-1950s, then, 1955?

Right, yes. Well, let's see, I graduated in 1955 from State Teachers College, and I had realized that I didn't want to teach on that level. You know, I got stories, "Gee, if you want a cigarette you got to sneak down to the boiler room and smoke a cigarette, in back of the boiler." And you had mothers and fathers coming in—mostly mothers—who would give the teacher a hard time about their kid or something like that. I didn't want to see myself going through that kind of stuff.

What was the makeup of the students?

Very mixed—again, both racially and ethnically very mixed. Definitely working class or lower. And this was certainly not a wealthy neighborhood, or there weren't any families that I was aware of—or kids that I was aware of—that came from what you would even call a really comfortable sort of economical background. There were all sort of families who were always just trying to make it. And all the time, you got a sense of that.

But I liked the kids. I got along with them OK, as far as I knew. A bunch of kids got together and wanted me to be their football coach, and so I was their football coach, which I didn't know

anything about and just turned it over to one of the kids who knew everything about it, and we even won the city championship, I think, for the eighth grade or something like that in touch football, you know. [laughter] So, I had a good experience with the kids. I didn't feel all that good about the rest of the system that you became a part of and what you had to give of yourself into that—not just sort of do what you really like to do, you know.

So, I said, "Well then, I'll get a master's and go up and teach on the college level." So, I went from there to Boston University in 1955, and I was there for two years, took the courses, and then, I think, wrote an M.A. paper and had an M.A. exam and passed that and graduated from there in 1957 with a master's degree. By that time I had already met the woman who was to become my wife, Christine. She was from the Madison, Wisconsin, area and had come out to Old Orchard Beach in Maine to work as a waitress during the summer, and I think this was the year after I graduated from State Teachers College. And I went up there to get a job as anything—bellboy or whatever—and hang out for the summer and sort of party at the beach and that kind of thing.

We met there and eventually married. And so when I went to graduate school at Boston University she came with me. We were married then, and we rented a place in Cambridge, and she was there for that period of time with me and helped me out, of course, as all graduate student wives do—the wonderful sacrifices they make.

And so then I graduated from there, and my first job was at Stetson University in Florida, a Baptist School, which, as it turned out, was just too conservative for me. I didn't stay there very long; I was there only about a year or so, at the most. And once I had gotten my master's and gotten to that level, then I sort of realized that unless you wanted to spend the rest of your life teaching at the lower levels of what may be a junior college or something like that, you really had to get a Ph.D.

So the next thing I know, I'm looking for ways to get a Ph.D., and I wrote to a number of places, including the Claremont Graduate School

out in Claremont, California (which is in southern California between Los Angeles and San Bernardino). It's a really wonderful, little college community, you know, an Eastern style, almost kind of a Yale or Princeton or Ivy League kind of style. In fact, my understanding was that a lot of their faculty came from Ivy League schools back East, and they had recreated something of the Ivy League school atmosphere there in Claremont. So, in terms of the quality of the instructors and staff, they were right up there and had graduated from prestigious schools where all had published and so on—all had kind of career reputations going like that.

I entered there in 1959. I got a scholarship, which involved my doing a little bit of teaching assistance. I assisted the man who was the chairman of the English Department at the time do a book on . . . oh, it was a seventeenth-century poet (whose name I can't think of at the moment, but it will come to me). But we would go to the Huntington Library in San Marino, California. It's a re-creation of the Platonic Groves of Academe—a really interesting place—where I would go through original manuscripts and stuff like that and help them write their books. At the same time, he was also writing a book, or he was the editor of a volume of a series of books on John Milton. And most of my scholarship kind of work went through that sort of thing.

Could I back up a little bit? At Boston University, what was that like? Was it a two-year master's program?

It was really hard in a sense that it took all of my attention and stuff. You know, I got into what I guess would be considered sort of the typical harried life of a graduate student: going to classes, writing these fairly long papers for classes that would be rather frequent. I mean, it was a heck of a lot different than undergraduate school. I was definitely notched up, or ratcheted up a notch or two. And my wife was working, I think, part time. She might have even been taking a class or two, herself, but she was sort of working part time. I was still getting some GI Bill assistance, I think.

I think I got it through the master's. And so, we were just barely making it through financially—again, a typical graduate student situation. And my memory of it is just that.

I was just sort of very dimly kind of aware of what was going on beyond what was immediately in front of my nose, which was the next paper I had to write or the next book I had to read for class and stuff. And so, in a sense, in terms of my kind of general awareness of what was going on in the world and the attention I paid towards that kind of thing, this was a period where it really began to really narrow. (That even continued on in some ways, but maybe not to quite as much of an extent or quite as narrow when I got into the doctoral program later at Claremont.) At Boston University, we didn't go to football games and stuff. We enjoyed going to this wonderful theater, I think it was the Brattle Theater in Cambridge, which was famous around there for showing foreign films and stuff, and that's when we would get to see people like Ingmar Bergman, Fellini—all these arty European movies and stuff like that. And, you know, wonderful libraries. We had access to the library at Harvard. We'd get a card, and we could go in and use it.

So, my awareness—or my sort of memories—of that time are pretty much limited to the academic thing, and, as I said, it was the first two years of my marriage, so there was that part of us. We were very much involved with each other, and sometimes you turn a little bit inward that way, at least during that period of your relationship and so on. So, it was a really sort of narrowed focus in everything during that period of time.

And you said you were getting some money, maybe, from the GI Bill?

It's possible. I know that I got it through undergraduate college, and it's even possible . . . Oh, perhaps I didn't mention that period, that short period that I went into the service, because that came in there. I went into the service, the

military service. I joined the Coast Guard in 1952 it was, I think.

Now, I had started State Teachers College in 1948, and so I think I had already dropped out after a couple of years. I had spent a year at the newspaper, and then I think I realized that I was going to have to put in some military time, and I did that. And then, I think instead of waiting to get drafted into the army—like a lot of other people—I signed up for the Coast Guard. I wasn't in there very long, because during that period I had an accident. When I was being transferred off a ship up in Newport, Rhode Island, to sonar school in Key West, Florida, I got into an automobile accident on the way down, ended up in hospitals, and ended up getting discharged then in 1953. Then I came back to undergraduate school and finished that up and graduated in 1955 from there, then went to Boston University for a couple of years. So, I think I got some GI Bill from having been in the service there, and I think it covered the last two years of undergraduate. And, of course, I might mention that, at that time, tuition was like twenty-five dollars a semester. And it cost maybe a total of twenty-five dollars for your books and stuff. So, for certainly way under a hundred dollars—from somewhere between fifty to seventy-five dollars—you had tuition and books, which is certainly not the experience I understand these days. You know, I know that. So, when I'm talking about the GI Bill, it wasn't a heck of a lot of money, but at least in those days and in those terms and where finances were or what the value of money was at that time, I think it covered stuff like my tuition and books. And it may have continued to do that up into Boston University. I'm just not absolutely sure about that part of it. I don't know when it ended.

Yes. You did a year's stint in the army, too, though. Right?

No, I was just in the army reserves.

Army reserves?

Yes. Army reserves for about a year or so. That was before I went into the Coast Guard, yes. And the extent of my experience there was going up for (I forget what it was) two weeks or six weeks or something like that—way up in northern New York, way up by the Canadian border. There was a base where recruits would go up and sort of experience military life for a few weeks or something like that, so that was the extent of that. That was while I was working at the newspaper, I remember, because somebody on the newspaper staff was an officer in this reserve unit, and I think that's how I ended up joining that unit, too. Yes.

How did you react to military life?

Oh, to me it was just this very sort of strange . . . kind of like a game. I mean, here we were reserves. I mean, let's be serious: this is not marine boot training camp, you know, where it's the real stuff. This was the reserves. We were just a bunch of guys, you know. A lot of us were probably trying to postpone getting drafted into the army by signing up with a reserve unit. And I think that gave you some deferment or something like that. And so, motives weren't all that gung ho and all that sort of thing. There was this military way of doing things, of course, that you had to learn, but it was all so strange that it was basically viewed as something really pretty comical: that you simply had to pretend to play the games according to those rules and do what you were supposed to do as a soldier or whatever and get through it. So it was this funny kind of little game that you would play.

I certainly don't recall ever seeing any part of it all that ever really sort of appealed to me or ever gave me the notion that, gee, this is pretty neat, or this would be a neat thing to do for a good part of my life or something. You know, it was just too strange for me to be like that or to impress me that way.

Any conflicts during that time?

No. No conflicts, and I think the reason for that was because there really wasn't that much

of a strong sort of authority. It wasn't that rigid, and there wasn't that strong sort of military construction of the steps in the way things were supposed to happen. We were probably more like a . . . I would imagine us being more like a group of farmers, you know, back in revolutionary Massachusetts who got their rifles and came to the village common and practiced marching around every Sunday morning or Saturday morning or something like that, and we're supposed to keep ourselves prepared in case of any need or emergency. It was sort of like that. And we weren't literally or figuratively any more uniformed than that. So, I never got into a situation where I hit some sort of a brick wall and got this crazy notion that the only way I was going to get through it was to batter my head against it. [laughter] So, that never developed at that point. You know, as I said, I got stories from friends of my brother and people of my brother's age who had been in the service in World War II. One of them had been in the invasion of Normandy and stuff like that. And when they came back, the stories they told: I mean, that was the real military to me. And that's what that was all about; there was an urgency. It wasn't really kind of related to that very much.

(I can remember a few years back when Dan Quayle was nominated for vice president, there was some question about his draft status or something, and he tried to defend his patriotism or sort of define it to the American people by pointing out that he was a member of a reserve or something like that. And if it was anything like my reserve, it was a joke.) [laughter] It really was a joke.

Right. And so, you got in this auto accident, then, on the way to sonar school?

Yes. That was while I was in the Coast Guard, after getting out of boot camp and serving a little bit of time on ships that were up around in the New England area. For example, I sailed once from Portland, Maine, to Newport, Rhode Island, and went through the Cape Cod Canal, and I had gone out there a few times in my life with my

family when I was a kid. It was such a trip to be going through the canal on this big ship. You know, it was so odd. It was so really kind of odd.

I remember when I got discharged I got a hundred-dollar discharge bonus because I had been overseas. What that meant at the time was that you had gone outside of the three-mile limit, but that's all it took to get overseas pay when you got discharged. As I said, I remember it was a hundred-dollar bonus. Now, it was useful, because then I could tell the girls, "Yes, I'd been in the service. Yes, I was overseas." [laughter]

But it was during that period I applied for sonar school in Key West, Florida. I took a test, did well on the test, was accepted for sonar school. I was going to go down there with another coast guardsman who was going, if not to the same school, to another school in the same area. And we got permission to drive down together in my car. I think we only had a couple of days to get down there, something like forty-eight hours or seventy-two hours or something like that (I don't remember). I hadn't been down to Florida, that way anyway—well, I had been as a kid, but to me it meant a long trip. And the amount of time that they had given us didn't seem like very much to me, although it may very well have been. And as a result I tried driving through without sleeping and did so and got as far as Miami, Florida.

I just got through Miami, Florida, early one morning, and was still on the road, sort of driving through a swamp—embankments off the road just disappeared into a swamp—and I fell asleep and woke up with the car swerving over that. I couldn't get it under control. It rolled off the road a number of times and ended up in the swamp, and both he and I crawled out of that. I got up to the road. And after a few people went by in cars and didn't stop, finally a car with some off-duty policemen, who were going fishing, stopped and picked us up and took us to the VA Hospital in Miami. And I spent a couple of months there, and then I was sent to the United States Public Health Service Hospital in Savannah, Georgia (which is where coast guardsmen actually went for their medical help), and then eventually went

down to the U.S. P.H.S. Hospital in New Orleans, and was eventually discharged from there. And let's see what year that would have been: that probably would have been in like 1953. Yes. In 1953. And so I came back to school, came back to undergraduate school and did my last two years there.

So, was the Coast Guard more military than the reserves?

Oh, yes. Oh, definitely much more so and, much more serious.

How did you react to that?

Yes. Much more serious. You know, I didn't like it. I didn't like it. I didn't like the message that we essentially got: that as individual people we were nothing and nobody and didn't mean a damn thing. We were some sort of figure on something like a checkerboard or a chess board.

And they had developed a system in which they knew how to move us and where to put us and what we should be doing. And we weren't supposed to question that at all. Our job was simply to follow orders and to do what they asked, but, "You, yourself, are just a piece of shit." [laughter] I mean, it could be you; it could be somebody else; it wouldn't make any difference at all. If a dog could do what they wanted me to do, they would have a dog there instead of me or any other person. That didn't matter. All of that, anything that was sort of human, was totally irrelevant. It was the system that you were supposed to follow, and you were supposed to function, without any questioning or anything of that sort.

And so, I kind of went through the motions again. Being sort of like a raw recruit, really not knowing my way around at all, I really kept my nose pretty clean. I didn't really get into any serious or meaningful conflicts of any kind. I got through boot camp OK. When I got on board ship I started learning a little bit more about how sort of idiotic the whole thing was. [laughter]

You know, boot camp is even a little bit different from the real thing. There's a different atmosphere when you get out onboard ship, or when you get out of boot camp in the marines and get into a regular division or anything. I'm sure there's that sort of difference. And, you know, I started running into a little bit of trouble there. When I had enlisted in the Coast Guard, it was back at the Merchant Marine Building or the Coast Guard Building or something like that in Boston, Massachusetts. I had gone in there and signed up, and there were maybe about a dozen of us, ten or twelve of us. And I remember at one point we were all asked to stand up and to raise our right hands and to take this oath. Well, I was in the back of the room, and I stood up, but I didn't raise my hand, and I didn't say anything.

So, when I got onboard ship I started writing letters to commander of personnel or something like that (not the captain, but sort of one level below the captain). And I started writing letters to him saying that I really shouldn't be here, and they really ought to let me just leave, because I actually never took the oath, and so technically and legally, you know, I really wasn't supposed to be here, or didn't even have to be here. So I started writing letters like that. [laughter]

How did that go over?

I never heard anything. I never heard a thing. I imagine whoever saw it just thought that this was too ridiculous to even bother with. You know, "I don't have the time for this kind of stuff," and he just totally ignored it, so nothing ever came of it.

Again, as was the situation—or the case—when I was in the reserves, in the short period that I was there I never ran into anything that created a kind of a crisis-of-conscience situation for me. Now, what would have happened, had I stayed in longer at it, if I hadn't had the accident, if I had gone to sonar school, if I had passed, if I had ended up on a ship in some sort of three-year stint or two-year stint in the Mediterranean, South Africa, or South America? I wouldn't argue

if there was a sort of a notion, or if someone would suggest to me, that sooner or later I would have run into trouble with them. I wouldn't argue with that. I would probably guess that the chances would have been pretty good that something like that would have happened.

But again, the reserves weren't all that tight, and I started out as a basic recruit and spent a little bit of a time on a ship after I got out of boot camp. I was off to school and had the accident and ended up in a series of hospitals, so I never really did get into it. It's sort of anybody's guess what would have happened.

Right. So then, rather than stay in the military, you went back to State Teachers College in 1953?

Right. Well, once I got out of there, yes, I went back and finished up and decided to sort of go on with teaching, but not at a sort of public school level or elementary or high school level. I went for the master's and realized that unless you were kind of lucky, the most you would be able to get is maybe tenure at a junior college or something. I wanted a more fully sort of developed literature program than that to be involved in, and so then, the next thing you know, I was looking around for a school for a Ph.D.

You were at Stetson University for roughly about a year or two?

Just about a year. Yes. I'm not sure it was even much longer than that. Immediately, as soon as I got down there, I realized that it wasn't a good marriage. This was a very conservative Baptist school—very conservative.

Did you have problems with that?

Yes. I had problems there. As I said, I'd been sort of looking at graduate school and sort of concentrating on that, and I got my first job there at Stetson. When I got down there I realized that this wasn't really a comfortable place, in terms of the history of the movement towards

integration in the country and so on, which, of course, had been going on for some time. No blacks, of course, on the faculty. No blacks as students. And there would be times during my classes when I felt that it was sort of unavoidable, or perfectly legitimate for me to bring this in, to raise this—in talking about a subject or novel, whatever it was that we were talking about. And I started getting complaints from the parents of some of the kids in the classes. They were writing to the dean of the school, and the dean of women even called me in one day and said that she had gotten letters from mothers of students who were going, "What is it with this guy who's talking about blacks and integration and stuff in the classroom?"

Were these literature course, or writing courses?

They were literature courses. I had both: some literature courses and some writing courses. And so, I started getting that kind of feedback, and there were other things that were sort of more humorous than anything else. A bunch of students would come up to me and start scolding me for smoking cigarettes: you know, if God had wanted me to smoke cigarettes, he would have put a smokestack on my head (or something like that, that kind of thing).

You know, I was saying, "What, if God wanted you to ride in automobiles, he would have put a wheel on your ass?"

So it was very bizarre that way. Then, one thing sort of capped it off, which was also really quite comical. I got to be friends with a fellow that was teaching in the Psychology Department, and we decided to make some home brew. [laughter] We were going to make some home brew. My wife and I were living together in a little apartment right up above a garage. And so, we were going to make some home brew in this garage, which we went ahead and did.

At one point I had a class Saturday morning, if you can believe that—it was disastrous, you know. It was one of these Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday morning classes, and that Saturday

morning class was a disaster. On Friday night we had been working on our home brew, you know, bubbling this stuff up in this little laboratory that we had going there in a garage. And I came in on Saturday, and I think I walked by the dean, and he just sort of backed off. "Whoa! What have you been doing?" And he thought I was drunk, you know, because I reeked of alcohol.

And I said, "Oh, no, no." And the truth of the matter was that I wasn't, and I hadn't been drinking or anything like that. The stuff wasn't even drinkable at that point, and, you know, I wouldn't do that and come in drunk to class, anyway (apparently I didn't take a shower or whatever before coming into class). Then, he started picking up bits and pieces here and there that we were doing this thing and making home brew in the laboratory and in my apartment, and then we were called into the office and kind of chewed out about that.

So, nothing on a more serious level?

No. And again, I think I left there after a year and decided that, well, this isn't going to work out, and had decided to go looking for a place where I might work towards a Ph.D. I got this scholarship at Claremont and so left, again, before I was long enough there for any kind of thing to really come to a kind of a serious head.

Where else did you look at for Ph.D. programs?

Where else did I apply to? Gosh, I can't really remember, to tell the truth. I really can't.

Were there a lot of them out West?

Yes. They were mostly out West, definitely. I wasn't interested in staying in the South at all. I really didn't know anything about the Southwest like New Mexico or anything like that, so I suspect that most of them were to West Coast, probably to California, some up into Oregon. I might have applied to the university system in Oregon. I don't remember whether I did to

Washington or not. But I think it was pretty much a notion that we decided that we wanted to go to the West Coast, and to us I think that really sort of meant California.

Claremont Graduate School was just kind of forming at that time. It was just sort of getting together at that time, didn't have all that many students, didn't have a full faculty yet. In fact, after I had been there a few years and had passed my exams and everything and was working on my dissertation, I can remember at a party one night, talking to one of the people who had been teaching there from the beginning. We were talking about when the school first started and how it had grown and all that kind of stuff. And he said to me, "Hell, you wouldn't even get into this school, if you were applying now." [laughter] You know, like, "The only reason we took you is because we were desperate for students back then." I'm sure that was really partly the case. I mean, my grades from Boston University were OK. I had B's and A's. I never got less than a B. I think I probably had more A's than B's, maybe sixty/forty or something like that. But I didn't come out as anyone particularly outstanding or brilliant or somebody to take note of, and I'm sure I didn't get any particularly strong recommendations from Boston University, or anything unusual. So, I'm pretty sure I was pretty much a sort of take-it-or-leave-it average sort of candidate, and that in a lot of schools that were more choosy, or were able to be more choosy, I'm sure I wouldn't have made it. And I'm sure the fact that Claremont Graduate School was just kind of starting out did have something to do with it, which is all right with me. That's fine, and I don't take that personally or anything. I just feel lucky that there was something that worked to my advantage. If they were sort of willing to take me, just to have me, then I was willing to go, because they were willing to have me.

They had a great faculty, you know, a lot of them from the Ivy League, and had a real sort of a strong sense of putting out really great, good, competitive students: kids who came out of their literature programs and other programs that the graduate school was developing that were as good

as just about anywhere else. So there was that kind of Ivy League drive and Ivy League kind of sense of high goals, and there'd be no question that they could achieve them, so it was a good school, good instructors. And it was a good experience. It was hard. It was very difficult. It was very hard.

Did you know you were going to do eighteenth century literature at this time?

No, I didn't know that at the time. I didn't know what I was going to major in at the time that I went there. I started off with some courses, and I think it might have been, or probably was, because I liked the guy. I liked the man who was teaching eighteenth century or neoclassical literature. And you know, I remember sort of finding his approach to textual analysis sort of different from what I had heard before, and sort of interesting, intriguing, and kind of exciting. I think it was really more of his way of looking at things, and of the way in which he sort of dissected them or took them apart or opened them up so that you could see the way that it worked. That, more than the subject of the eighteenth century itself, appealed to me. In other words, I think, if he had been teaching nineteenth century, I probably would have majored in that—I would have come out as a nineteenth-century literature major.

But you know, the eighteenth century was also sort of interesting to me, and not because there was so much of this cynicism and satire: this really weird view of human nature and stuff. And that was really pretty appealing. I like Swift, Jonathan Swift. I thought he was a great rapier wit. Also Alexander Pope and people like that. So, it did have a certain appeal, but I'm sure I could have found nineteenth-century literature or characters of people in there that would have been just as interesting.

Now, was this the same person you worked with on your scholarship, doing the book editing?

No, this was a different person. My advisor was Waingrow, Dr. Waingrow. He was the eighteenth-century specialist there, and he had helped edit at least one or two textbooks: eighteenth-century college textbooks and stuff like that, and that was his field, and so I ended up working with him mostly. The other guy's name was just on the tip of my tongue. He was a medieval scholar, medieval through Renaissance, or something like that. (I don't remember his name. He died not long after I left there, I understand.) And Marshall Waingrow was my doctoral instructor.

And then were you teaching at this time?

After taking some courses there, when I got the point where I was going to start working on my dissertation, then I got a part-time job teaching at what is essentially the business college there, what they call the Claremont College, which also included Scripps College, which at that time was an all-girls school. (I don't know what it is now.) Pomona College was a part of this system, the graduate school. The Claremont College was a business school. There was also sort of a science and engineering college. And so they were all in this group. They had a certain autonomy, certain connections. And then the graduate school was pulling it all together, and there were some instructors in the graduate school who were also full-time instructors in one of the various colleges there. And so, I started teaching part-time at what is essentially the science and engineering college there.

Is that Harvey Mudd?

Yes. Harvey Mudd College. Right. And they were competing with schools like MIT for their students. I mean they were really first class in mathematicians and engineering, so potentially, would have careers in those fields and have really good careers. They were really smart kids. And it was sort of interesting teaching them or dealing with them or trying to get them involved in

literature. It was a kind of a typical liberal arts class that you were teaching, where you were teaching literature. Most of them were men—there were a few women, but most of them were male—and, you know, whizzes at math and engineering. (They were also very good at music, which I think has a kind of a connection there to the math and stuff. A lot of them seemed to play instruments, seemed to play them well, at least technically. They played piano and had rhythm and everything else.)

In literature, if they were asked to take a novel, a short story, and break it up into pieces, and to try to look at something that we would call the structure of it and how it's put together, they were great. They were better than any liberal arts class that I ever had. But when it came to questions of human relationships and what was going on emotionally between this father and a daughter or whatever, they didn't have a clue. They really didn't have a clue. And it was odd. I would hear them at times. They would be talking about projects that they would be working on or things they were interested in—you know, developing this highway system to solve the freeway problems in Los Angeles or something. They'd be given things like that to do, and in talking about them, it was obvious that they really felt irritated about people, because they always had to take social factors, and they had to take people, into account. And in their view, people were these fumbling, awkward, incompetent, bumbling things that just screwed things up, you know. God, you know, if you didn't have to deal with people, you could really build some beautiful freeways and bridges and stuff. But these people would always screw it up, or they would bring something up, or there would be something about them that would foul things up, and that was really sort of basically their attitude toward people.

I remember one student, really bright guy—very reserved, very inward, but very bright—had come to my class. I think I had given him a B, and he was upset about that, like he was getting A's in everything. I told him that the only reservation I had, the reason that it wasn't an A:

his papers were great, but he was nowhere in class. He never said anything. He never contributed to the dialog or the discussion or anything; he never came out with anything that helped me or helped the rest of the class. As I say, he was a very, very inward-turned guy, a very sort of remote sort of guy. And I don't think it was that he didn't care about my class. I suspected he was probably like that in other classes, too, although I may be wrong. I said something to him about people.

He was just kind of sitting there looking at his hands, and he goes, "No." And he lifted his head and looked at me, and he said, "I don't give a shit about people."

And I said, "Oh, OK. Yes." But I didn't change his grade. But I explained to him why it would have been an A, because everything he did was great. "You could have done some more in class and just didn't contribute, and I didn't feel as though an A was justified with a sort of a gap like that." I mean, he was very extreme, I'm sure, in his attitude toward people in general, and there's always the dangers of stereotyping and classifying and so on. I'm aware of that, but there were an awful lot of these guys, or these kids, who were bright as they were in so many ways. They didn't have all that much of a clue, and they didn't have all that much of a liking when it came to people. People seemed to be sort of these undesirable, awkward, unnecessary evils that they had to deal with to do what they really wanted to do, or to do the brilliant work that they really could do.

Right. So, were you still taking course work at this time, or were you done?

I think I was done with my course work. I was working on my dissertation, and I really sort of blew about the first year, or nearly two, because I started off on Jonathan Swift's poetry. I fooled around with it and fooled around with it and fooled around with it. I tried to get an angle on it, tried to get a handle on it, and just never could. And after more than a year of that I dropped it and eventually ended up taking up a

series of dramas, of plays that had been written during the eighteenth century that had precursors going all the way back to Elizabethan times, but were really the first pretty fully formed kind of what ended up being called middle-class drama, where you got away from having kings and queens, like in *Hamlet* or *King Lear* or something like that in a royal court, as characters. In these plays you have merchants as heroes, and merchants' apprentices as tragic heroes, and the daughter of the merchant being a heroine or something like that. So I took a number of plays like that—maybe about ten plays—and essentially did an analysis of each play and had a point of view that ran through them, trying to pull together something that they all sort of had in common. So it wasn't that exciting.

The stuff that I was working with, aesthetically, wasn't Shakespeare, certainly. It wasn't all that great as literature, but it was still interesting to me in terms of what it suggested about how people were starting to think about the middle class and who they were, what sort of power and influences they had, what kind of lives that they had. And there was this whole question of, God, was it decent to put people of this class on the same level as *King Lear* or of *Hamlet* and his family and so on? These old English questions about aristocracy and common folk and stuff. And it was so funny. You could even really go back further than this, but these plays are really sort of like the forerunners of the sitcoms that we have on TV these days, and a lot of those family dramas and stuff like that go right back to that sort of developing middle-class consciousness about their own kind of self worth and tragic qualities and having qualities that could be just as heroic and stuff as any other classes. So, it's really a sort of an odd kind of combination of attitudes that come together and sort of works itself out over a whole series.

OK. So, the last of the plays was pretty close to the eighteenth century, then.

Yes, but pretty much to the end of the eighteenth century, you know. I was just

suggesting that the plays that I selected—not all of them, but most of them—were considered to be better known works of this kind. In other words, it wasn't comprehensive. I didn't deal with every single play that was written during this period that would fall into this category. I tried to go through and pick out ones that would be sort of typical or, perhaps, unusual and point out something different or something like that, but it did spread across pretty much the whole of the century. And the last play was printed or came out pretty much near the end of the century, so it was sort of broad in that way, but it wasn't really totally comprehensive or didn't include everything.

So, you were in California for about six years, then, from 1959 to about 1965, when you went to Nevada.

Well, at the first job, while I was at the Claremont Graduate School and teaching at Harvey Mudd, I got involved with CORE, with the Congress of Racial Equality, and was involved in the chapter that was developed there.²

When did this start?

I'm just sort of guessing the year. (I can't be that accurate.) I was teaching at Harvey Mudd, so I had finished my course work in the graduate school, and so it was a period when I was working on my dissertation, teaching there. Let's see, I first went to Southern Oregon College in 1965, and so this would have it back around in 1963 or 1964. You know, somewhere in that period, 1962 to 1964, or maybe towards the latter part, because, as I said, I had finished class work. I mean, I finished the graduate school class work, so it was probably around 1963, 1964, while I was still in the graduate program working on my dissertation, but teaching part time at Harvey Mudd College.

And I got involved in this new chapter of the Congress of Racial Equality, which was sort of partly faculty members, partly students, and then also, you know, mostly white people from Claremont. We established relations and

connected with the black community in Pomona and got a couple of the local church ministers involved and so on. So, we had a group like that, which started off meeting at my house. My wife Christine was also a member at the time, and a number of people from the university, so we would have meetings, and eventually we sort of grew to the point where we started taking on various community institutions and confronting them with this problem of segregation.

I can remember, for example, that we staged a demonstration in front of the Bank of America because of their hiring and loan policies. And we had signs, and we sort of had a march—all pretty innocent, in a sense. And I can remember there were . . . what I'm sure were like FBI agents, you know, running up and down the line taking films, so in some agency somewhere (unless they smartened up and had just thrown them away by now) there are films of these people.

So, there was a demonstration against the Bank of America, but we also got involved in a more face-to-face way with a local real estate agency—or various agencies—that were a member of the Pomona Board of Realtors, and one particular housing development that had no blacks. None of the realtors were blacks. None of the realtors were really dealing with blacks or serving blacks or helping blacks find housing. You know, they were really making it as difficult, if not impossible, as they possibly could.

And so, we had various committees, and at one point I was on the negotiating team and learned there that that was something that I wasn't cut out for at all. I just didn't have the patience and whatever tact and whatever kind of skillful planning and thinking ahead it takes to deal with the kind of resistance that we were getting from these people. You know, they would out and out lie to you if that was what they felt they had to do. You know, at best they were very devious. You couldn't trust what they said. They would agree to one thing, and you would find out that they really weren't going to follow through with it at all. And so, the kind of person it took to deal with them was somebody who was very patient,

who'd keep on working with them, who'd very slowly keep on applying a sort of gradual pressure, and who'd of get this done, and then move on to the next part, and so on.

To me it was sort of like, "You have to do this *now!*" [laughter] You know, "Let's stop fooling around. Let's stop bull-shitting. This is the way it's been. It really can't continue on being that way. You've *got* to open yourself up to doing this, and open up this area and get yourself more involved in this area and so on. It can't be business as usual anymore." I just wanted them to get on with it. And so, as a result, I really wasn't a very good negotiator. I would sort of push them up against a wall, and then they would lie or strike back or whatever, so I took myself off the negotiating group. [laughter]

Yes. And did you and your wife get involved in this at the same time?

Yes.

How and why did you get involved with this, in the first place?

Well, you know, I was aware of what had been going on in the civil rights movement, of course, for some time. I tended to identify with, and I always admired, Martin Luther King. I think he was an amazing man. I think he would have done amazing things, and would have been an even more amazing person for the world, as a whole, if he hadn't been killed as he was. I kind of feel that he was more of a loss than, perhaps, even either of the Kennedys. I mean, Martin Luther King was coming from a very, very difficult position. He certainly didn't have the kind of forces and the kind of status and sort of ability to get things done that, for example, the Kennedys did—or whoever on that sort of level.

Martin Luther King just scratched it out every single moment of every day with no kind of guide, nothing to follow, nothing to get any kind of direction from. You know, virtually every moment of his waking time, he had to just make these decisions about what his next step was

going to be, where he was going to put his foot the next time he moved it. And that's a tremendous amount of pressure. I think it took tremendously heroic qualities for him to be able to handle something like that for as long as he did.

(And you know, there has been stuff about his womanizing or relationships with other women other than his wife—which I don't quarrel with, because it really doesn't even bother me, and it's not even worth quarreling with—but I'm not naive enough to think of heroes as being perfect people anyway. And that doesn't detract at all from the tremendous amount of respect and admiration and love I've always had for him.)

So it's sort of like I was aware of what was going on outside, but because I had been involved in the academic scene and in a pretty intense way, taking graduate classes I went into the Claremont Graduate School right on the cusp of the 1960s, in 1959. You know, it began there. And again, as I had said earlier, the higher I went in the process of my education, the more concentrated it became, the more narrow my focus became, and the less aware I was of what was going on in a daily basis out there. But I was sort of aware in a kind of a general basis. I mean, I knew what was going on in the air. You could feel it in the air and stuff. So, there was no other organization of any kind like that in the area, either at Claremont or Pomona. And, at the beginning, at least—as opposed to some other groups—CORE had this notion of deliberately coming out and deliberately trying to build a black-white organization and a black-white group. As time progressed, some of the other organizations, especially some of the younger ones like SNCC³, started developing a more “Black is beautiful” sort of attitude: you know, as helpful as “whitey” might want to be, they're going to screw things up just by their very nature. And this schism, or this split, started to develop between whites and blacks who basically, at least in terms of intention, sort of had the same goal in mind. Then it became a question of, “Is this relationship really good for the movement?”

I don't even question that or challenge that or argue with that. In fact, I tend to sort in some ways agree with it, kind of looking back at my own experience in CORE. I'm not proud to say, but at the same time I'm not shocked, because I've learned since then that *all* us whiteys were kind of that way. The truth of the matter is we were kind of condescending, in a sense that here we were, college professors. We were educated whites, and we knew the system and everything, and we were getting connected with a minister of a black church, because he was our way of helping us to get into a connection with his congregation of black people in Pomona and so on. But we really thought of ourselves as knowing how to deal with his problem. “We'll get together with you people, and together we'll solve it, but we'll show you how. *We* will show you how.”

Were there a lot of academics in CORE?

Yes, yes. You know, it was sort of like that, so it is true. And some of the people were farther into the black perception—and there is considerable justification for their views about that. There were times when there were blacks that wanted to cross a line that some of the whites and academic types thought, “Oh, no. That's not quite right.” And we would always try to rationalize it in terms of P.R. or something like that or whatever. But it wasn't as real to us as it was to them, yet we were sort of telling them how to handle it. And we're kind of taking the unexpressed, unstated, but sort of real position that, well, we really knew better how to deal with this stuff than they would.

And so, questions started developing as though, “*Even* if that were true, are they ever going to learn if all they do is come and place themselves at our disposal so that we can show them how to do it?” So as I said, I've got a lot of sympathy for that point of view, but at least at this time CORE was the only one that I was aware of that really made a point of trying to get blacks and whites together in one group to work together. So I'm sure that that had a lot to do with our forming a CORE chapter, as perhaps any other

group. And again, it would be sort of *safe* (you know what I mean?) for academic types like myself to join something like this that was moderate, as opposed to the Black Panthers or SNCC.

So, were there other things going on around the Claremont campus at this time?

Do you mean demonstrations and that sort of thing?

Other groups forming?

There probably were. I think that there was a pretty aware student population there, and I'm sure that there was kind of local stuff going on, or that there were meetings being held to talk about things, and people from the college were joining the crusades down into the South, freedom bus rides and so on. I can remember, for example, after Medgar Evers was shot and killed, they brought his wife up to the campus there in Claremont, to sort of keep an eye on her, because there was always a possibility that they would come after her, too. And so she was there on the campus for awhile. So there was that sort of activity going on. I'm not sure it was all in the way of demonstrations and stuff like that, but there were meetings there.

I met Sam Dash (who was a [Bill Clinton] Whitewater prosecutor, with Kenneth Starr's group). I've come across his name often in reading books about the civil rights movement. He was a sort of go-between between the Kennedys and a lot of these other groups and people who a lot of these groups trusted. Well, there was a kind of a seminar held there on the campus there at Claremont, and I'm not sure whether it was at Pomona or at Scripps, but a number of speakers came. Sam Dash was there. And I remember afterwards we ended up in somebody's room somewhere, having drinks and stuff, and then I asked Sam if he wanted to get out and go for a beer, and he said yes. So we went to a local bar and played a game of pool and had a couple of beers

So, there was an awareness on the campus. Things were going on in the campus, but they weren't so much in the way of people rushing the barricades and that kind of thing. But outside of college there was nothing going on. There wasn't anything going on in the larger community of Pomona. Claremont itself was really sort of a very strange place. I mean, there was this Ivy League sort of university development there, in some ways almost on the Oxford plan of organization—as I said, very much Ivy League.

And then, there were a number of fairly large retirement communities in Claremont; one of them was a retirement community for Lutheran ministers. And there were quite a few elderly people there, and they were really kind of funny, because some of them liked to drive what are essentially these electric golf carts out into the streets. They couldn't drive cars. They probably couldn't even pass for a driver's license. So they would drive these little electric cars, and they would just drive along like they were driving in their back yard. I mean, in the streets they paid no attention to stop signs or red lights or anything like that, and all the students and the faculty and stuff knew that's the way they were and just always gave them the right of way. So it was odd. You'd see these little gray-haired ladies tooling down the main street, holding up this long line of traffic in their little electric carts like that.

So there were sweet old people like that, but they were very conservative. They were all white bread, and they tended to be very conservative. So there wasn't very much going on outside. I mean, it was zilch, actually—nothing going on outside of the academic community there in Claremont. And what was going on within the academic community was all pretty much within the forms of traditional stuff of having teach-ins and having conferences and having seminars and having visitors and guest speakers and perhaps raising funds or going off to volunteer for trips or stuff. I would say liberal, as opposed to radical. The University of California at Berkeley, by comparison, I would have called radical. That was a radical campus, whereas the Claremont campus was liberal, but I wouldn't call it radical.

Why did you leave Harvey Mudd in 1965?

Well, I had to. I mean, it was a program where they would take on graduate students who were in the process of writing their dissertations for a couple of years, and then it was sort of expected that you would move on. I don't think there was any law, but the system had been that you needed a couple of years to write your dissertation, and you needed a job, and you could earn a few bucks that way. I never got any static, oh, from the administration of Harvey Mudd College, or from the graduate school. You would think if it's going to come from anywhere it would come from them.

Some of the faculty who had perfectly good reputations were sort of happy that I was going to go. I think they didn't really want to say anything. Some weren't really that happy or that pleased with stuff getting into the newspaper with names from people from Harvey Mudd College and so on. But as things worked out, it didn't come to any sort of order to leave or anything like that, because the assumption was that it would be for a few years and that you would move on.

So, did you get along pretty well with the Harvey Mudd and the Claremont administrations?

Yes, yes. As far as I know. I mean, I never got any bad feedback from anybody there. Again, as I said, I ran into the dean at Harvey Mudd a couple of times in the corridor, and we would chat and talk, and towards the end I started getting the feeling that he was a little bit nervous. It wasn't as though he avoided me or didn't stop to talk to me in the hall or just said a brief word and then hurried off, or anything like that. It had stayed very much the same that way, as I said, except that I did sense—and it's possible I was reading in something that wasn't there—that, "Oh, boy. I hope he goes before something happens." [laughter] You know, that kind of thing. So, nothing other than that. I mean, that's the only thing that I can think of that ever gave me any kind of a suggestion that there I was making people in the administration, either in the

graduate school or at Harvey Mudd, nervous or upset or anything like that.

Then, how did the job at Southern Oregon College come about?

Applications. I just assume (because I can't remember anything otherwise) that I just wrote to a number of schools and got some offers and got an offer from them that I liked. I think part of the appeal was that it was southern Oregon. I had been up that way before. I had been through Ashland before, and it was nice country; I liked that part of it. And it was a small department; I liked that part of it. I didn't want to go to a huge place and sort of get lost. So, I went there, and things were fine.

Things were fine up until the very last moment, just before the school year started. I got my first clue that things were a little bit odd when I went up there, and I think it was after I had signed the contract or something like that. I went up to visit up there, and went in to see the dean and after talking with him a few minutes about classes or something like that, you know, he started talking to me about housing. And it turned out that the dean was a real estate agent. [laughter] When new faculty came in, he made it clear to them that he could help them find housing and stuff. I mean, what the hell is this? You know, it's the Dean of Arts and Science, and he's trying to sell me a house here. [laughter] You know, a real estate dealer in dean's clothing. So, I didn't think all that much of it. As a matter of fact, I think we ended up buying a house that he found for us, right by the campus. And then we went up and got sort of settled in and started getting ready for the opening of the school year.

And just before things started—registration and all that sort of stuff—they had a meeting of all of the new faculty in the dean's office, and he gave an overall speech of welcome and talked about the school a little bit. And that was pretty much the end of it. Then we had started getting up out of our seats and were kind of leaving, and he said, "Oh, just a minute. One more thing. If you wouldn't mind, please, signing this." And

he started handing out these sheets, and we all sort of turned around and came back into the room. I looked at it, and it was the loyalty oath. I mean, number one, I was shocked that it was the loyalty oath: the first time I had been confronted with this.

Did you know about them, that they existed?

Just in general, like Spiro Agnew and everything coming down on academics. And I was aware that they were starting to draw up loyalty oaths for state employees and all that kind of stuff, and that there was this big debate and controversy going on about this whole issue, but, you know, they didn't ask me to do that at Harvey Mudd. They didn't ask me to do that at Stetson or anything. So I had never come face to face with it myself.

Number one, I was taken aback by that, and then, number two, I was even more taken aback by the sneaky way that they did it. And I'm sure that it was no accident at all. I'm sure that he knew, or he had the experience before. Right when people applied, and they said, "We'd love to have you come," and they mailed them a contract along with this statement, and said, "Please sign this," that a lot of people had backed off—refused and backed off—and they had lost potential faculty members. So their experience had suggested to them that it goes a lot easier if you wait till the last minute. They're all here. Some of them, as I had, have already bought a house, you know. You know, what are you going to do? And I said, "I want to think about this. I can't sign this right now. I just can't bring myself to sign this right now. I want to think about it, and so I'll take it with me."

And as far as I know, everybody else signed it. I don't remember anybody else saying that they also wanted more time to think about it. As far as I can remember, everybody else signed it.

So, I didn't sign it, and things went from there. As time went on, I would occasionally hear from them, I think. You know, they would ask me to sign it and return it to the office or

something like that, and I put them off. But by that time I was starting to understand something about the way the college worked, how primitive the faculty organization was, in comparison to the kinds of organizations that I had seen at other places—at Claremont or at Boston University or wherever. They were virtually powerless. I think they had something that was supposed to be some sort of an organization, but it didn't have the power of a mouse, you know. I mean, it was just a joke. As a result, all of the power was in the hands of the president of the college, and he ran it like he ran a nineteenth-century industrial factory in England, or something like that. I mean, he was the boss. Nothing happened without his saying so. Nothing got done unless he approved it. I was told by some department chairmen that they had experiences where somebody would walk into their office, perhaps just before fall registration or something and announce that they were the new assistant professor of sociology, or whatever it was, and the chairman had never heard of this guy before. And it turned out that the president had just hired the guy and told him, "Go down to the office. It's over there."

With slip in hand.

Right. The chairman wasn't even consulted and asked for an opinion. You know, nothing. And this is the way he ran the whole college.

So, you just talked with him, and him alone?

Well, I didn't really talk with him, you know. [laughter] I was talking with other faculty members. I was talking with a man, the faculty member who was supposed to be the chairman of the faculty organization, to get the faculty to get together and demand something better than what they had. And in the process, in the course of this, I would say things in terms of how I thought power should be shared, that went, perhaps, even beyond what the mass or the majority of the faculty members themselves wanted. As a result, I sort of became a lightning

rod for the attention of the people, like the president and other administrators and so on, who were opposed to this.

At one point, I was just arbitrarily fired by the president. He just wrote me a short, terse letter saying that I was fired. I got in touch with the American Civil Liberties Union, and they gave me tremendous help. They wrote to the president and said, "You can't do this." And so he backed off. Then I got another letter saying I was rehired or reappointed. So, we went through that kind of thing a couple of times, back and forth.

In the meantime, as I became more difficult for them, the things that the faculty had been asking for (for years and had gotten nowhere on) was beginning to seem more reasonable to them. And it was as though taking something outside the line made something inside the line, which just seemed to be intolerable and unacceptable before, acceptable. It sort of changed where the line was located a little bit in that respect. And so, for the first time, he started giving the faculty a share of the power, and they really started coming together and forming an organization: a faculty senate with powers and all that kind of thing, whereas I continued to stay in trouble, sort of outside on the fringe there.

Now, this seems like a big change from Claremont and Harvey Mudd.

Right.

What caused it?

I think what caused it was running into this sort of nineteenth-century robber baron who had this totally unreal, totally anachronistic, totally out-of-place, out-of-step, out-of-time notion about what it was to be a college president and how one should be run and so on. I had never run into anybody like him before in my life. As I said, it was the first experience I had, too, where a lot of the faculty were upset, were very frustrated, and groused about the place a lot, groused about how they had absolutely no power, and groused

about how they were treated like children, and stuff like that. I got a lot of talk like that from the faculty, whereas I didn't get that sort of thing from my faculty groups or whatever before, in other institutions or other places that I had been in. I got the feeling that they were like totally frustrated, that they had been knocking their heads against this guy for a long time, and they had gotten nowhere and were totally frustrated and had no idea what to do and were in the same old terrible position of thinking that at least they got a job, and they're getting a salary, but geez, they hate it. You know, they hate the place. Or they hate working this way or being treated this way and so on. And the more I learned about how things were run there, the more it irritated me that they had tried to run this loyalty oath through us that way. That seemed to be a perfect example of the way that the administration worked with the faculty and the students of the college.

And so, that went on, and finally a case was taken to court in Portland in the name of a woman physical education teacher from Portland State and the loyalty oath was thrown out. But by that time I was sort of wrecked, you know. I didn't want to stay there any longer. The president certainly didn't want me to stay there any longer. As it turned out, he was on his way out. I think he only lasted about another year or so before he was pretty much forced to resign and leave. So, during that period the faculty did get themselves together in a shape and a form that was much better than anything else that they had been able to try to draw together before. From my point of view, and from the point of view of a lot of the faculty, his finally leaving the university was also something that was good for the future of the university.

I realized that I couldn't stay there, or didn't want to stay there. And while I was there, there was a fairly new member of the faculty who had some connection with the University of Nevada (perhaps he had graduated from or had spent some time there, taken some courses or something like that). And I think that he knew Dr. [Robert] Gorrell. I think he was a student

there, or he had some connection with it, so he had some knowledge about the place. I can remember him talking to me and saying, "Hey, you know, you ought to check out the University of Nevada at Reno. I know somebody in the English Department, and I can write to them and tell them about you." He was sort of encouraging me to write to the university, and my memory is that he had had some connection with it and knew Gorrell a bit and apparently knew him well enough so that at least he might be able to say in a letter or something about recommending me.

And so, I did write, and I was eventually hired and signed a contract there, but in order to do that, I had to sign a loyalty oath. I had to sign a loyalty oath to come to the University of Nevada.

Of course, there's an obvious question, "How come you wouldn't sign one in Southern Oregon College, and then a year later, you sign one to come to the University of Nevada?" Well, number one, (as I said) I'm not sure what would have happened if I had gotten the loyalty oath letter from Southern Oregon College at the same time that we started talking about contracts or something. I mean, I don't think I would have signed, and I think I would have said, "Thanks, but I think I'll look elsewhere." But who knows? I can't swear to that. So, a lot of my being upset about it had to do with the way that they tried to get it through us. Plus, then the school itself and the administration was somewhat of a mess, so I just didn't want to do it.

At the same time, during this period, the editor of the local paper there was commonly, publicly, out front, known as a member of the John Birch Society, so he had very conservative views.

This was in Ashland?

In Ashland. And he picked up some of my stuff, or some things that I was saying, that appeared in a local paper. He started to get on my case, and he started coming across with this crazy stuff about communists or whatever. [laughter] By the end of the year it was obvious that, number one, I didn't want to stay there, and,

number two, I couldn't stay there. During this period the word about me was getting a little bit out into the community—although I can't really swear to this, it may very well have been students. We started getting people coming by late at night and throwing bottles of beer and beer cans at that house. And my wife Chris and I, we had a newborn, a new daughter.

So, you were new parents at this time?

Yes. And my wife didn't like this. I mean, she had sort of had enough of this kind of thing. She had gone through the CORE stuff. She had been involved in that. She had participated in demonstrations. She had got into hassles from that—the FBI, whatever. And then we went up to Oregon, and the same kind of thing. It sort of got nastier, you know.

She started questioning, "Where do your obligations lie here?" And I got caught in the situation of feeling that, on the one hand, I had to be who I was, and I had to express what I felt, good, bad, wrong or right or indifferent. Otherwise, I wasn't being true to myself. I couldn't respect myself. I couldn't live with myself. And if ended up being somebody that couldn't live with himself, nobody else was going to be able to live with me, either. But she pointed out that we had a family now. I had to start being concerned about them and thinking about their welfare and so on.

And so, I was sort of getting pressure like this to back off some of the things that I was getting involved in and cool it down and start thinking about the family and its future more and so on. In this period, I was in contact with the English Department at the University of Nevada in Reno, where they agreed to accept me as a faculty member, but where I was asked to sign a loyalty oath in order to do that.

At least they did it up front. They did it fairly early. They made me understand fairly early in the process that this was going to be a part of it. There was a law: there wasn't anything they could do about it, et cetera. I decided that I had to do something to keep going on like that. And I kind

of saw it as, in a way, something to keep the family together and try to be more responsible or be more considerate of her point of view regarding this kind of thing, so a year after refusing to sign in Oregon, I signed a loyalty oath in Nevada. I just signed it and put it behind me. I tried not to think about it too much that I had had to do that, and went on. And then other things started perking up in the pot in Reno that started getting me involved again.

Well, if I could kind of go back a little bit? When you and Christine went to Oregon, were you planning on settling down there?

I didn't know. I didn't have any sort of time limit in mind or anything. I wasn't thinking, "Well, we'll go to Southern Oregon for a year and then go somewhere else." I definitely was looking for a place where I could kind of settle in and have a career and have a future.

So you saw it as being a place where you could stay for awhile?

Right. Yes. But again, I don't know otherwise. I ended up in this town. Again, Ashland was in this very sort of transitional period. When I got there, long-haired types of students, younger people, and stuff like that were beginning to appear. Sort of like Reno, Ashland had a little park, a very nice little park—called Lithia Park—in town, and some of the long-hairs started showing up, hanging around there. Some of them started showing up on the campus itself, as members of the student body.

The main highway at that time, north and south, between Washington and California, ran right through Ashland there, or at least there was a bypass. You could come into Ashland, where there were restaurants and gas stations and so on. The main highway, I-5, went right through there. The campus is right in view. As you drive on I-5 you can see the Southern Oregon campus very clearly in view there, and the city of Ashland

itself. It sort of goes up this slope into some low mountains there.

But again, if a so-called hippie bus came into town the police would pick them up as they came into town. They would allow them to come in and gas up and get something to eat, and they would escort them out the other side of town. So again, I ended up in a very kind of narrow-minded community—politically very conservative—very much cut off from the rest of the world in terms of what was going on or what was kind of brewing in various institutions and the culture as a whole, sort of completely oblivious to that sort of thing.

In that part of the country, right near the border of Oregon and California, there was nothing much else going except the freeway. People drove through there, but nothing else much was going on there—a little lumbering in the Medford area and some commercial fishing off on the coast. When I went from there to the University of Nevada in Reno, I kind of thought, oh, I'm going to a sort of a big city, a more cosmopolitan place, a place that's more in tune with what's going on. I'm kind of getting out of this little hole in the country there, which has its charms and its good points and all that sort of thing, but also has whatever is negative about being remote and disassociated.

It turned out that Reno was really not that different. It was just as isolated, just as of narrow minded, just as conservative as Ashland had been. Police were pretty much at the same level, hassling anybody that looked like a hippie who came into Reno. They didn't want that type hanging around the casinos. They didn't want middle-class visitors coming to Reno and running into long-haired dirty hippies sitting on the street corners begging for money or whatever. It just was not good for the image—especially the casino part of Reno, Nevada. And so, they kept sweeping them out as fast as they could, one way or another. They would do it in whatever way they had to do it, let's just put it that way. Whether it meant crossing the lines of whatever rules or laws there were, if they had to do that in order to get rid of a scruffy bunch, the word was that they

would. And that's the kind of reputation they wanted to develop in order to keep more from coming in. They wanted to be known as a town that was hard on people like that, to make other people think twice about coming there if that was the case.

The newspaper, the local media, was just as conservative as Ashland was. So, here is a place that's twenty times as big and has all these big, growing casinos and so on, and has this sort of cosmopolitan atmosphere—showgirls, you know, all that kind of stuff—and it's as dumb as any little hole in the woods anywhere, in certain respects. I learned that it really wasn't a change. It was sort of the same place with more glitter—the same kind of attitudes.

How long did it take you to get to that realization?

That sort of realization? Maybe a while. I mean, after all, come to think of it, I guess I was at the University of Nevada for something like six years, which was the longest stretch that I had ever been teaching in one place. So, I think part of it had to do with it not being as obvious as it was: as concentrated and out front as it was, in a sort of bizarre way, in Ashland. It was also partly having to do a little bit with my trying to come to terms with what my wife had in mind, a notion of where we're going to go from there as a family and so on.

Oh, boy, it's tough to say. I think some of the stuff that came out about ROTC, some of the typical problems that ROTC was creating on campuses around the country . . . where in some places they were thrown off or asked to leave the campuses. There were some real direct clashes between ROTC students and regular students on other campuses and so on. But there was this whole question of whether they should even be on campus and whether the university educational system should be participating in this and the kind of problems that it was causing for some of the kids. I started hearing about those.

In the first year or so that I was there, we used to get together on Friday night after the last classes with a couple of people from the English

Department. We would occasionally—on a weekend or on a Friday night or something like that—go downtown and have a few beers somewhere, and I'd occasionally go down to the casinos. I mean, I never had enough money to really fool around with that stuff, but kind of look around. It was sort of interesting to look around at the whole scene.

There was one bar in particular, and I can't remember what corner it was on, but it was on a corner across the street from a casino that was either owned and run by—or if that wasn't the case, was certainly frequented mostly by—Chinese Americans. Right across the street from that on a corner was a bar that was run by blacks. I don't know whether it was owned by them, but the bartender was black and the people that worked there were black. Most of the people that came in there were black or Chinese from across the street. And they had wonderful music on their jukebox—the music I liked—the blues and that kind of stuff. I used to go there, and I was there a number of times when all of a sudden Reno policemen with a German shepherd on a chain would come in to the bar. There would be a couple of cops, and one of them would have this German shepherd on a leash, and the dog will go down a line of people at the bar, poking his nose into people and sniffing people and generally being obnoxious. You know, if you were at somebody's house and a dog was doing that, you'd probably whack him once in the nose tell him to cool it.

And, everybody in the bar would just freeze and just let the cops run this routine. They would run this routine, and they would leave. And then I would hear all this talk about how they were constantly doing that. They would constantly hassle people that came in. They were constantly hassling that bar. In fact, I think they said it went through a couple of ownerships, because they couldn't get any business going or anything. They were constantly being hassled and stuff like that. And I started becoming aware somewhat that there was a kind of a black community north of the campus in something-Springs?

Spanish Springs?

Spanish Springs or something up there. And it was sort of mostly black, or at least some black, and then because housing and stuff was real inexpensive there some long-hair kind of younger people were moving into the place there and so on. I started becoming aware of what the conditions were for blacks in the Reno area. I mean, they were just harassed constantly. They really had no rights. They had been taught to keep out of view, stay out of sight, don't cause any trouble—all that kind of thing. Plus, there were no blacks to speak of amongst the student body. There were a few, probably mostly athletes in sports like basketball or football or whatever. Faculty members—virtually zilch for a faculty that size. And so, I started getting an awareness that this might as well be Tupelo, Mississippi, or something—some place in Georgia or some state college in Georgia.

It was sort of the civil rights thing or combination of a civil rights thing and the university's virtual lack of response to it in any sort of real way, serious way, honest way. And also, it was essentially the same attitude, and the same kind of hard-nosed attitude toward anyone who wasn't as politically conservative or socially conservative as they would like to be, as they wanted to be.

But people were coming in from outside, and there were things going on on the other side of the Sierra Nevada Mountains—and that was a Chinese Wall that wasn't going to stand up very long, not in this day and age. There was always sort of this kind of vague tension on the Reno campus, an awareness of troubles in the air, but so far they had escaped, and so far they were OK, and so far all those animals were all on the other side of the mountain, and they were tearing the place up over there. But that was OK, because it was on the other side of the mountain, or it was down in Watts, in southern California, a long ways away from them. But in any case, they had the Sierra Nevadas to protect them and the desert on the other side. Who was going to come marching across the desert, you know?

So, there was this very sort of insulated kind of atmosphere there, but nevertheless, on another

level it was sort of nervous and uncomfortable, because some of those waves were coming over the mountains in little breezes, in little currents of air here and there. And so, I think when things started developing and culminated like in the Governor's Day incident, it was like this explosion of what had been the control of vague fears and anxieties and stuff like that, which just erupted, and which I sort of became a lightning rod for. It became kind of focused on me. You know, there he is! The devil that we've been expecting and is going to come crawling over the mountains. Here he is! He's amongst us, you know.

Right. Well, had you been to Reno before? Before you went out there for a job?

I don't think so. No. Not that I can remember. I was never interested in gambling or anything. I never liked going to places where there were mobs of people, especially doing something like that.

So, one of your daughters had been born in Ashland?

Right. The other one had been born while I was in graduate school down there in Claremont.

OK. So, when you were there with your family, with Christine, were you planning on looking at Reno as maybe a place to settle down?

Oh, definitely. Yes. And really, one of the things I liked was that it was sort of on the edge of the desert. It was sort of in the desert, but right in very easy view and beautiful view of the Sierra Nevadas. Tahoe was on the other side, but there was this beautiful mountain range, which was just a treat to look at, to see every day, even in the wintertime when the snow came down on the peaks.

At that time, they had something called the "red line district," where whatever casinos existed were in the downtown area, and there was some sort of a line around them, which prevented

by law any casinos being developed outside of that line. I think places like drugstores and stuff would occasionally have a slot machine or something like that, but there were no casinos outside of the downtown area, so unless you went downtown for some reason, you weren't aware of them. You weren't even aware they existed. And Reno was this beautiful little city here, sitting on the edge of the desert and at the foot of the mountains, with beautiful lakes around, beautiful places to explore, sort of nice weather. (In a sense that the winters weren't all that too bad. I mean, I had come from Massachusetts, where they could be a lot worse.) And the streets were tree-lined, although you could tell it was like a new city and sort of growing. It still surprisingly was pretty green. It didn't look like this bare-assed place with really narrow, tidy, little trees that had no branches or leaves to them, like skeletons growing in the desert. It looked pretty, you know—kind of lush, in a sense, for a community located in a place like that. And the desert air, the beautiful sky, the sunsets and all that sort of thing, a school that had a decent-size student body, but yet wasn't so massive that you felt that you were just part of the machinery of some sort of huge machine.

So, it was pretty much the kind of place that I had been looking for, a place that was sort of enjoyable to live in. A community where you could simply avoid what wasn't all that great about it by not going down there. And the school was about the kind of size that I was interested in, so we were definitely thinking in terms of staying there for a long time. We bought a house there shortly after we got there and were expecting to stay there for as long as careers like that work out.

Was Christine working, too?

Let's see. She had taken classes at Boston University. She worked part time. When we were at Stetson, I think, she went back to school there, finished up and got a degree there. And then, when we came to Reno, she . . . boy, I can't remember whether she was working in Reno or

not, because by that time we had two children, and so I think she was staying home most of the time pretty much there. We had gotten divorced, you know, about a year or so before the Governor's Day incident happened.

In 1969?

Let's see. Yes. We got divorced in 1969. So, I had just gone through that. And she left with our daughters Elaine and Rachel and went to stay with a friend of hers in Berkeley for a few years, and then eventually headed back towards the Midwest, towards the Wisconsin area—Madison, Wisconsin—spent a lot of time there, and then she eventually went back to Florida, to where Stetson University was located, and has remarried, still lives just outside of DeLand, where Stetson University is located, and has been there for a number of years now.

Did your split-up have anything to do with what was going on with UNR, or was it other things?

It was a number of things, but there's no doubt that, again, there were the stresses of what was going on at the university (or sort of my difficulties with the university, or however you want to put it). She was sort of at the point where she didn't really want any more of that kind of stuff. You know, I think the more I was getting caught up in that, the less attention I was giving her and giving to the family, so that definitely did play a part in it.

What sorts of things were you getting involved in?

Well, again, it wasn't . . . it was just sort of this running battle or sniping, and it even started getting involved with people outside of the academic community itself, with local politicians—having words with them that would get into the media, and the kind of general state of being, or being in a kind of continuous state of agitation. You know, things were kind of

perking all the time, here and then there and then over there, and sort of never settled down.

In the midst of this, you know, the first few years, I was still going through the stresses of getting my dissertation done. I had a little room in the basement of the house, and a lot of the time I would come home from classes at the university and then just go right downstairs and spend the time down there banging away on the typewriter, working on the dissertation until I went to bed early the next morning. And so that was definitely taking a lot of time away from the family, and even come summertime, when you got a dissertation to write, it's not a vacation by any means. Oh, boy, this is the time that you can really give all of your attention to this now.

So, there was that. I was still working on that, so my attention was certainly getting sucked away by that need, and then teaching, doing the classes at the university. I would have papers, essays, and stuff that I would bring home and would have to grade. Then there were other things, this vague political stuff going on in the air here and there. All of that was really draining a lot of my energy away from my family. In that sort of general sense, it had a lot to do with it—in the sense that it was related to other pressures or distractions or things that I felt I had to do for one reason or another—and that really made it difficult for her and the kids.

How was the dissertation process? I mean, was it just the work, or did you have difficulties dealing with the people back in Claremont to get it finished?

No, not really. At that time, at least—or at least with the particular adviser I had (and I'm not sure whether that was generally common or not)—they didn't seem to push all that hard, which may not have been all that good a thing in some ways, especially once you got through your courses. You had to take your courses and do well in them and get through them, but once you got beyond that point, and once you got to the point where you were writing your dissertation, they would help you when you came asking for help.

It was certainly about making a decision about what you wanted to work on, and so on. Then if I had some sort of a problem, or if I got bogged down somehow, I could go to them and talk to them and try to work my way through. But other than that, there wasn't that much of a sense that there were expectations that you were going to get this done pretty fast and get it over with. I think that started becoming a concern later, sort of towards the end of the time that I was there, or by the time I finished my program. Not only there at Claremont, but also other universities were raising this question about developing the society of perpetual students: academic vagabonds and street urchins who will never leave, never get their dissertations done. "You know, it's sort of unfair of us to keep stringing them on like that. We ought to really, one way or another . . ."

So this had become a discussion in the air. It was also becoming a discussion at Claremont. I don't know, but it's possible that since then they've tightened up a little bit in the sense of saying that expectations are that it's going to take you only this much amount of time—the implication, if not the outright notion, being that if you don't do it by then, well, goodbye, or something like that.

So, as I think I might have mentioned earlier, I extended the time that I was involved in it by my own problem of picking a subject that I couldn't really get into. I started off with Jonathan Swift's poetry, I really couldn't get a handle on it, knocked around with it for over a year, and then, finally, just dropped it. And then I started over again with this notion of doing some work on some of the drama in the period, but it took me a long time. According to the dates that I've got down here, my time at the Claremont Graduate School went from 1959 to 1968, so that's nearly ten years. Now, I'm sure there are students who have taken longer than that, but I'm sure there are a lot of students who have done it a little bit more quickly. But I don't know, in some ways maybe eight, nine years really wasn't all that unusual, at least at that time. I don't know what it's like now.

I think it varies just as much.

Very much. Yes. I know some schools have tightened up on it, but how extensive that's become, I don't know.

Well, what about the teaching when you got to Reno? Did that cause you any stress or pressure?

Oh, only in a sense that I hadn't . . . I had done a couple of years part time at Harvey Mudd College, and then one year at Southern Oregon College and then came to Reno. Again with kind of, "Oh, boy, this sort of looks like it will be a place where I'll want to stay." So there are the typical anxieties about wanting to be a good teacher. You want to be accepted by your peers, of course, but you never really know anything about that. You never get any feedback, because (as you know) our academicians know they don't really talk that openly or that freely with one another about things. They tend to be more defensive, a bit more insecure about things and don't allow themselves to get into things like that—so it really isn't until you get to the point of their making decisions as to whether to give you tenure or not (if you are lucky enough to get it) [that you get any feedback]. You really are pretty much going on air. You really don't know whether you're doing OK or not, in that larger sense.

From students it was sort of a mixed thing, especially at Stetson, but it sort of continued on to some extent at the University of Nevada. In the first few years, especially when I started out, I think I was too hard a grader. I think my expectation of the students was too high, wasn't realistic, or (I don't know what term to put it in) maybe wasn't in tune with understanding the kind of students that I was going to be getting at the University of Nevada. I had a certain expectation that, "Well, gee, any kid that graduates from high school, he can write, and he can read," and suddenly realizing that this isn't necessarily the case.

I was beginning to be around long enough to get a sense of the student motivations for being

there, some of which are perhaps admirable, but maybe naïve; others weren't all that admirable but were more realistic. And after a certain amount of experience, I was getting a better notion of what would be a fairer expectation in terms of grade range. Whereas I might have in those first two years given a student a D for his or her work, by the third or fourth year, I was giving that student a C, because I understood that given this group of people that we're getting, this was more legitimately a C than a D.

So, I think in some ways I was kind of a hard grader in the beginning. Sometimes I think my expectations were a little bit unreal. There are other times when I would get kind of worn out and exhausted by feeling as though I wasn't getting anywhere and feeling as though I was trying hard to get something through, and it just wasn't getting through.

The other thing that was kind of catching up to me—without my really realizing or being aware of it—was that like I had started By the time I went in and out of the first couple of years of State Teachers College, went into the service, came back, and all that, it was this nonstop streak from 1955 all the way up to the 1970s (or using the Governor's Day incident as a point of reference, 1970)—going to school, teaching school, writing the dissertation. Even after I finished the classes at Claremont Graduate School, I still had the dissertation to write and got the job in Southern Oregon College. I was still working on that, then came to the University of Nevada. I was still writing the dissertation, and now I was teaching classes full time.

I had a full load. At one point after I was there at the university for about three years, I realized how totally bizarre and insane it is, in a sense. I remember talking to my wife and saying, "You know, I was kind of taking a notion of maybe asking for a year's unpaid sabbatical leave, and just saying, 'Stop.'" [laughter] You know, for a year. I even said something like, "Maybe I'll sail, or I'll get a job on a sailboat or something and sail around the world." I felt like I had to stop. But on the other hand, you had to keep going

to finish it. You just can't stop that way. You just can't.

So, you're teaching full time, you're working on your dissertation every free moment, you got a family, you got a couple of little kids, you're trying to make sure you're getting by economically, financially. That's always in the back of your mind. Although, after years of being in graduate school, it's nice to get a salary. You know, it's not a hell of a lot, but wow! We're rich. You get a check every month and then . . .

Plus there's political stuff that's going on in the air, social and cultural stuff that is going on, and the firecrackers that are exploding all around, and it's sort of funny. It reminds me: I've heard that there's an old Oriental or Chinese saying, which on face value you might think of as sort of being a blessing, but which is—as I've been told—actually a curse. And the saying is, "May you live in interesting times." Essentially, as I understand it, what they're saying is that if it's interesting times, there are a lot of things happening. Things are perking; things are bubbling. You know, things are going on, and that's when it's the craziest. But when it's dull, and there's nothing going on, and everything is calm, and nothing's happening, and it's totally boring, those are really the good times. And so, when you say, "May you live in interesting times," that really is a curse, and I understand that.

I understand it in terms of my own experience like that. If all this stuff is going on at the same time, and it's interesting—all this foment and stuff—you feel as though you're "the movement." Things are moving; things are changing. It's an exciting time, you know. People like the Kennedys are around and Martin Luther King and other leaders on sort of a lower level. And it's a wonderful time of change and energy and reinventing America and trying to make America the ideal that it was supposed to be for everybody—and we're on the brink of doing this. In the meantime, you're finishing your dissertation. [laughter]

When did you get the sense that it was starting then? When did you really get the sense of a movement, or that things were a little bit different than anything you had experienced before?

Well, I would have to say (I'm not sure this is answering your question) that it goes back again to my awareness of the growth of the civil rights movement and people like Martin Luther King and the others, like Stokely Carmichael, who died recently.

An extension of that?

Yes. I think it's very much an extension. And it's sort of an unbroken one, you know. I mean, the line started getting crossed when . . . I forgot who it was. It might have been Stokely Carmichael or somebody. It wasn't somebody like Martin Luther King, somebody of his age or his level. It was one of the younger people who said something about, "Why should I go to fight the Vietnamese? He never called me a nigger." And that was an example of the civil rights movement transforming itself into this antiwar movement.

Martin Luther King, in his later years, was sort of broadening his views about things, too, more towards questioning the Vietnam War and racism and so on, rather than simply being more focused on the experience of African-Americans or blacks in the United States and the history of slavery. He was starting to talk about the Vietnam War and stuff like that. And then, you had a guy like Muhammad Ali.

He was a wonderful guy that I loved. I thought he was just great. My first boxing hero had been Joe Louis when I was a kid. I can remember going down to a friend's house, a friend whose father owned a barber shop, and my friend got the key, and we went into the barber shop at night and went into the back room where there was a radio, and we turned on the radio and listened to the [1938] Louis-Schmeling fights. And when Louis won, we were just so happy. He was my first hero that way. Probably my first sports hero was Joe Louis.

And then there was Muhammad Ali and some of the things that he was saying about Vietnam. Then he converted to the Muslim religion and said, "That doesn't allow me to fight," and the stance that he took. He blew two or three years at the prime of his career by refusing to go into the military and get drafted. And, you know, he stood up for a minute, and then he came back, and he was just sort of marvelous—and as good as he had been. The wonderful thing about him, one of the things that was so admirable about him, was that they'd knocked him down for a few years, but he came up, and he knocked them down, and he was just as good as he had been. And he didn't break. You know, he didn't break, as opposed to somebody like myself. I feel as though I eventually broke. I always thought he didn't. That's what I kind of admire about people like him or about Martin Luther King, who was just going full bore, you know, until it cut it short, until it was blown away.

And all that started escalating right, almost, when you went to UNR. I mean, those seem to be the years when things are, like you say, ratcheted up a lot.

Yes. Right.

How did the campus respond to everything that was going on elsewhere?

I don't have any memory that there was any awareness of this going on, which was one of the bizarre, almost surreal things about the place, you know. Again, there were a few black students. There were a few people who were involved in counter-cultural things, but as far as the system itself—the structure itself—is concerned, it was sort of business as usual. You know, the mail must get through. Business must go on, come rain or come shine. It was almost kind of like this essentially business, capitalist ethic, which has become sort of like the American ethic of, "The business of America is business." Regardless of what else is going on, you just keep on going on

the same way that you've been, and that that is a good thing to do. Well, what that meant to me was being totally unresponsive to what was going on and, as a result, being totally inhuman about what was going on in their reaction. They weren't deliberately being bad people, but by backing off or by ignoring it they were being bad people.

To me, one of the best things that you can say, or one of the greatest things you can say, about any institution—because it is so difficult for an institution to do—is that it tries to pay attention to what's going on, to try to understand the best of it, and try to understand or figure out some way that it can do something to contribute to support the best of its ideals—not totally swallow everything that comes along. I don't expect that by any means, but at least to look at it, to pay attention to it, to try to understand it, to make a judgment about it.

Is this really an American thing? Is this a humane thing? Is this a human thing we're talking about here? And does the notion of "business as usual" apply here, or should we really pause a moment and take a look at this? Or should we really make an effort to alter this a little bit or change this or go out of our way a little bit, perhaps, or make something like this a little bit easier? Or make it possible for it to blossom and come to fruition, instead of putting on blinders and trying to walk through it all as though nothing's happening? And since you don't see it, since you don't pay any attention to it, it means that it's not there? It's sort of like this ghost in the woods, you know: if you don't believe in it, then it's not there, and you can walk through it untouched, safely, and come out the other side just as you were as you walked into the forest. It doesn't work that way. Really, it doesn't work that way. That's terribly damaging, you know, terribly damaging, not to the individual himself, but to what's going on around him and to this notion that we have of an American ideal.

Did you find people in the English Department who shared your worldview when you first got there?

I don't want to get her into trouble. [laughter] But the one that comes to my mind that I remember having the most rapport with about this kind of stuff was Dr. Howard, Anne Howard. But other than that, there weren't many. Again, the people that I found who shared something of this kind of view tended to be part-time students or older students or, perhaps, even graduate students, but not faculty.

The fact of the matter is, I didn't associate with that many faculty members there. There are just a very few who shared some of my perceptions and ideas, a handful at the most. The rest didn't really seem to want to—for whatever reasons, good, bad or indifferent—get involved or think about that or had time for it. They just wanted to do their jobs and get paid and live their lives. So it tended to be fringe element sort of people, fringe element students, even younger faculty who, although they were faculty members, still tended to be fringe. Otherwise, you know, you weren't really accepted by the body as a whole. You were marginalized. If that's the way you felt, things were such that you were marginalized. They weren't going to want you to come to their cocktail parties. [laughter] They didn't want to hear what you thought. They didn't want you expressing these views on campus anywhere. And you know, if you opened your mouth, you had to make it clear that you weren't speaking for the university, either. It was just speaking as an individual. It was like they tried to distance themselves as much as they possibly could from this, keeping a straight face all the time, keeping their eyes straight ahead, just like a military marching man: "Don't look to the side," you know, like that. And this is a university.

I saw a picture of you at the chalkboard at Claremont: suit and tie, with very close-cut hair. At what point did that change, or did it?

Let's see when did that start? [sighs] Maybe either in the latter part of the year that I was at Southern Oregon College, or it might have actually begun at the University of Nevada in Reno.

Yes, it's true. I did have a crew cut or whatever it was. It looked like a military cut there and a tie on. I think eventually I stopped even wearing a white shirt and a tie when I was teaching, and I would wear like maybe a sweatshirt or a sweater with a sport coat or something like that over it. I couldn't even stay in ties anymore and started letting my hair grow long. It was either very, very close to the time just before I came to Reno or during the time that I was in Reno.

Did you have any run-ins with faculty members in those first few years while you were still working on your dissertation, 1966, 1967, 1968?

With other faculty members? Not that I can really recall, other than the kind of typical disagreements that one might have in talking about the direction their department was going or what courses it should offer or shouldn't offer. There were those kinds of discussions and differences, perhaps, there and notions about some courses that ought to be taught or included that weren't. But other than that, certainly not on any kind of a political position or anything like that.

Gosh, I don't remember when this happened, whether it was before Governor's Day or after Governor's Day, but somebody asked me to give a talk somewhere, so I gave a talk. Not all that many people showed up, which was fine with me, but I gave some sort of a talk, and it had something to do with There was a discussion or a controversy going on, and it was the beginning or early stages of the split amongst blacks themselves about precisely how militant they should be. There were some of the younger ones like SNCC (Students Nonviolent Coordinating Committee) or even Freedom Riders, people who were involved in going down to various places in the South and so on, and certainly the Black Panthers, who were perhaps the most visible expression of that particular point of view. The other side was in respect to sort of a more moderate position, of even people like Martin Luther King and some of the other more

generally expected, more nationally known civil rights leaders, even James Foreman of CORE (that I had been involved in), who took a much more moderate position and talked about patience and working slowly and working together with whites and all that sort of thing. And the Black Panthers and SNCC were saying, "You know, the hell with them." [laughter] And I found my sympathies, frankly, tending more and more towards SNCC's point of view and the point of view of the Black Panthers. My experience was that there's no talking to these people [unsympathetic whites]. You're not going to get anywhere talking to them. They'll duck, and they'll dodge, and they'll stall, and they'll drag their feet, and do everything they possibly can.

It's sort of like this giant marshmallow. You ram your punch into that marshmallow, and your arm goes up all the way to your shoulder, and then you pull your arm out, and the marshmallow just sort of pops back out again. You were never going to get anywhere trying to be reasonable and trying to be patient and so on—especially for people who have gone through the kind of stuff they had gone through for two or three hundred years now. So, I started getting more and more impatient myself and feeling less and less that there really was any hope of working with these people, you know.

To tell the truth, I don't think real estate agents are any better now than they were then. They're no more helpful, really, for the most part. I'm sure there are more now that are more aware, that aren't as bad as they used to be, but taken as a whole, the Real Estate Agents Association of America is certainly not a progressive institution. You know what I mean?

It's sort of like after all these years, they've still got their games. They still do things Banks won't lend them money so that they can buy a house in a decent neighborhood, because they supposedly don't have the collateral and the background to get such a loan, and so they're trapped. In the meantime, other groups are coming in, taking a different approach, because they don't, perhaps, even have the unfortunate background of this two-hundred year history in

this country. And in a certain sense they were a little bit freer and a little bit more, even, acceptable, and were progressing further ahead in some of these areas than these people who had been here for two hundred years. And you know, accepted institutions aren't really going to do a hell of a lot to help them out to help break through this thing.

Did you think you had a victory, though, in Ashland, by bringing in the ACLU with the loyalty issue?

Yes. I felt like at least somebody brought it to their attention. At least somebody made some noise about it. So, the thing did go off the books for a few years. It did take them a while to rewrite the thing. It was passed again. My impression is that by that time it was a moot point, that it wasn't being forced that much anymore.

I think Agnew was gone by then. Nixon might have even been gone, but I'm pretty sure Agnew was gone by then, who was Nixon's running dog, attacking academics, with these very euphemistic sounding phrases and stuff: "nattering nabobs of . . ." I don't know what.¹ Just this real sneering kind of tone and attitude, questioning the loyalty of these people and all that kind of stuff, especially when everybody found out it was nothing but a crock . [laughter]

It's one of those laws that may even still be on the books, but I don't think anybody really pays any attention to it all that much anymore. There's been, I'm sure as you're aware, in more recent years a conservative movement attacking the universities for being too liberal and for too many years foisting a liberal view on students and on the American people. That kind of culture clash has been going on, but things like a loyalty oath have pretty much faded away, even though it's even possible they were still on the books somewhere.

Would you say that when you had these sort of run-ins, like the latter half of the 1960s at UNR, little bits of politics were percolating here and there? How would you describe how you felt

about being active in that community? Were you still optimistic?

Oh, no, I wasn't optimistic. I felt very defensive. I felt kind of like there were individuals, there were people in the community, who were really trying to take advantage, for their own ends, of whatever sort of ferment there was like this going on in the university. I can't be specific about years now, but they would Again, this whole sort of conservative attack on liberal academics became a big political tool for Republicans during this period. Like up until the time I came to the university and after a while started getting involved in this kind of stuff, sparks started to fly, coming out of this kind of friction. Nobody could say anything bad about the university, because in a sense there wasn't anything bad about the university other than the fact that it was just bland, which was OK. You know, that was OK.

So, here's this stuff popping up all over the country at all different universities—big demonstrations and so on. Then, there's the local conservative Republican (for the most part, obviously) politicians seizing upon this as a political tool to get themselves elected to the office and get rid of whoever they saw as being liberal. There were locals in the Reno, Nevada, area that started using the university that way. And frankly, I kind of resented it. For one thing, I knew that the university wasn't that way, that if anybody was goofy, it was me. You know, if they wanted to concentrate, or if they wanted to talk about somebody being sort of wacky like that, the only person they could conceivably point to would be me.

But they talked about the university as being filled with these liberals who were plotting to overthrow America and subvert all the kids in Nevada and turn them on to drugs and get them involved in prostitution and whatever else—you know, make them bad people. Somehow or another, because one individual (that happened to be me) was making some unusual noises, they seized upon that as the University of Nevada. This is the University of Nevada. Here's Paul

Adamian. Here's what's going on at the University of Nevada. And I got into a kind of exchange with a few like that.

One individual in particular that I can remember, although I don't remember the office he was running for, was a Mr. Raggio. We had some words about that kind of thing. He was talking about communists at the university, subversives at the university. And we took some snipes at each other about that kind of stuff, and I accused him of using what was really a non-issue for his own selfish, political ends and in the process poisoning everybody's attitude to an institution that shouldn't have been looked at that way. There might have been other things that it was worth criticizing for, though we wouldn't agree on what those things would have been, but it certainly wasn't the kind of scare stuff that he was trying to use.

And I was happy. You know, I don't know whether I really had anything to do with it, or if this had anything to do with it at all, but my memory is that he lost his try for whatever office he was going for at that time. There was another individual who was in the state senate or state house that was also involved. We were involved in the same kind of sniping, and he also lost his election. My understanding is that Mr. Raggio continued on with his political career or made a comeback somehow or another, and he is possibly still active there politically. I don't know. And he may have changed some, or who knows? It might even be possible that if I were to talk to him now, and if we were to talk about some of the things he was saying back then, he would, maybe, cop to the fact that, "Well, OK . . ." But at the time, he was serious.

I was born and grew up with Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a man that everybody loved. There might have been newspaper owners or some factory owners or some old families in Boston that didn't like FDR and his programs, but my people and the people I grew up with just loved him and idolized him and really thought of the government as a kind of institution that was going to do the best that it could to help you out, to help you to get through difficult times. And I went

from that to a long period of time—like fifteen years—where the government was totally paranoid about people who had views like me, and people who had views like me were like totally paranoid about the government. I knew kids who were arrested driving over the Sierra Nevadas towards Reno, or going the other way, who were arrested because they were hippies. And they were put in the jail, and prisoners would cut their hair, shave their heads, strip them, virtually, of their clothes and stuff, tear up everything that they had, and then they would release them.

There was another guy in the commune that I lived in who had left Canada, and he had a child with him. I think there was some sort of disagreement between he and his wife, the mother of the girl, and for whatever reasons that I never really understood, he had fled with the girl. He ended up staying where I was for a short period of time, and he got arrested on some sort of a warrant by the police in Sonoma County, and he was sodomized in prison. They sodomized him. The other prisoners sodomized him. The guards allowed that to happen. And then, they threw him out, and he came back, and he got his kid, and he just fled. He just disappeared. He just took off.

I had my own experience where at times I would be out at some place like Pyramid Lake, perhaps with a bunch of other people—perhaps even, maybe, with our clothes off, sitting in the hot springs or swimming in the lake there—when a sheriff's deputy or a sheriff would come out in their car, with their guns in their holsters. And they would get out, and they would come down, and they would leer at the women (and they would look at us obviously). They had nothing but contempt, you know, for long hairs, just snickering and stuff, but dirty minds working at full bore. You could read it on their faces: standing there with their hands on their big revolvers on their hips—this kind of intimidation, you know.

And there would be stuff in the media—a lot of it in the alternative media—that the government was lying. They said they didn't bomb Cambodia, or they really did. You know,

the CIA is doing this, the FBI is doing that. They're knocking off the Black Panthers. They're setting them up. They're just breaking into a room and shooting them all and then claiming that they shot first. And there was just all this sort of hippie paranoia, and *a lot of that*—too much of that—it has turned out was true. You know, it was true: overthrowing governments in South America, because they leaned to the left in Chile or wherever. We're just throwing our weight around in this insane sort of way. And so that fear, in a sense, was pretty real.

In one incident where a policeman came at me, I had gotten to the point where I thought he intended to kill me, you know. That's how far the fear and the anxiety had got. The riots at the Chicago convention, the beatings by the police in the South in the civil rights movement, the burning of Vietnamese villages: we all saw films of these things on TV. How different were these things, you know?

And they were going on here. They were going on all over the place. American policy was perpetuating this kind of stuff, supporting right-wing groups, murderous groups in South America or in Central America. So there was a lot of tension between the government and a lot of the people in this country—the McCarthy trials, the loyalty-oath trials, all of those things. It was almost like two guys in a back alley. They're kind of inching closer and closer together, and they're kind of sparring, and they're kind of afraid of each other. I mean, there was a lot of palpable fear of the government, and it was obvious by the government's reaction, or the reactions of institutions, that they were really scared stiff of the people.

So that was very much a part of the atmosphere of everything that was going on. In a sense, it was almost like nothing was trivial. If you said you thought that it was OK for people to have long hair, boy, that was a heavy statement to make, and you really put yourself in a position where you were vulnerable to a lot of attacks from a lot of different directions. You were immediately categorized as being an enemy of the state, both figuratively and literally. And that

wasn't all that funny a matter, considering what you understood could happen. So things were very tense, very tense, and it didn't take very much: a remark or something like that, or growing your hair long. Growing your hair long would immediately categorize you, immediately put you in a position where you were in opposition. You became a foe of people who had other kinds of attitudes. And a lot of people who had power were just freaked out enough so they were perfectly willing to use that power in whatever way they felt they had to, whether it was humane or justified or lawful or not. Get rid of the guy by setting him up, get rid of the Black Panthers by setting them up and then killing them—then they'll do that, if that's what's necessary. You know, they'll do that.

If you don't like that a leftist got elected to be President of Chile, you fed them CIA money, and you supported the right-wing however you could to help them get rid of the guy, overthrow him, and bring in a right-wing government that would be more sympathetic to private enterprise and American capital, et cetera. We all should know by now: is our government capable of doing something like that? Well, certainly. Did our government ever *do* anything like that? Absolutely. So, it was a fearful time. It was a fearful fifteen, twenty years there for a lot of people.

It used to be strange and never really occurred to people like myself or white people. How did blacks used to travel across the country? I mean, where did they get a motel? Where did they get a hotel? When could they stop at a restaurant? Where could they stop to get gasoline? I've since found out that there was an underground kind of map that they would hear of or be told of. It's OK to stop here and get gas, and it's OK to stop there to eat, but nowhere in between. It got to the point where, if you had a peace decal or bumper sticker on your car, and you happened to have long hair, you had almost the same kind of anxieties about driving through some towns. They could arrest you for going twenty-one miles an hour in a twenty-mile speed zone. Or they could say, "Well, your tail light's out." There

wasn't a thing you could do about it. So that kind of power, that kind of pressure, that kind of harassment got down to a very everyday—almost any time of the day—kind of atmosphere for some fifteen or twenty years.

I'm perfectly aware that there's still a lot of controversy about the 1960s: how good it was, or how bad it was, or what came out of it as being terrible, and what came out of it, if anything, that was good. My feeling is that the people who thought nothing good ever came out of it, or it was a lousy period, were those that didn't have any fun during that period. But anyway, it's hard to communicate an understanding or a sense of that kind of fearful atmosphere that people lived in for so long during that time—that it wasn't fun and games. You know, if you staged a demonstration at a political convention, you could get the shit beat out of you by some cop, and there wouldn't be a damn thing you could do about it. He would club you to death.

And then the day before the Governor's Day incident, [with Kent State], we learned that if you protested on a campus, they'll call out the military and shoot you. I mean, they'll come in with loaded guns. Maybe it was an accident, unintentional, but what the hell are they doing coming onto the campus with loaded guns, with live ammunition? Would our country ever go so far as to do that? Sure. Did they ever go so far as to do that? Sure. At the same time, there were something like, I think, three black kids that died in the demonstration at Jackson State. There was nothing in the media about that! Nobody heard about that. But it wasn't only Kent State. I'm pretty sure it was Jackson State, where it was three to one blacks. "They're not worth as much as a white anyway." You kill three of them, and nobody even pays any attention. That's a footnote in the newspaper.

But anyway, there was a thick atmosphere. It was a thick, percolating atmosphere, constantly in motion and constantly moving drafts of different currents changing. It was always this kind of vague sense of war, of another civil war, another war going on—different means, different methods.

There was ample evidence that it could easily cross into territory where the authorities or the power structure (however they referred to the establishment) would take only so much. You could go so far, and they would tolerate it so far, but then when it got to a point where they wouldn't tolerate, they had no compunctions at all of just crushing you however they could, by whatever means. It was justified in the sake of maintaining law and order and that kind of thing. So, the 1960s wasn't just like tra-la-la, rock and roll, oh, boy, let's smoke some marijuana and do a dance around the Maypole. And it wasn't silly, kind of stupid, stoned hippies going, "Hey, man," with their bell-bottom trousers. There was a lot more to it than that. It was a lot more complicated than that.

Maybe we should just pick up right around the time when you were recommended for tenure, which was early 1970. That had been at the end of the fall semester? Or was it at the spring of 1970?

God, I can't remember that specifically. I just don't remember when it was.

Did you expect it to be coming around that time?

Again, I couldn't tell you. I couldn't be that specific.

Were you anticipating being up for tenure around that time? Was it sort of expected?

I think it was. Yes. I knew that after a certain number of years there . . . and I had just finished my doctorate, had written my dissertation, had gone back down to Claremont for graduation, and had my degree. So I knew that at least basically I had my doctorate and that after a certain period of time you came up for consideration, and I really had no idea how it was going to go. I mean, I just didn't have a clue. I just didn't know, partly because the English Department wasn't all that together as a whole and because I didn't associate

that much myself with people within my own department. I really don't remember getting any kind of feedback, one way or another.

I would run into some students who thought well of me, but I'm sure that there were others that certainly didn't. I occasionally would get signs that way, too, but in terms of how was I doing, I really didn't have a clue, and maybe that's sort of a problem there. (That's something that people ought to try to figure out, a way of dealing with better and communicating more about what impressions are—the way thinking is going—before it takes the whole six-year period to get to the point where some sort of judgment is made.) But for whatever reasons, I really didn't know. I remember not really being particularly anxious about it or particularly fearful or afraid that I was suddenly going to lose my job. On the other hand, I certainly wasn't confident that this was going to be easy or certainly I would be tenured. So, I had no idea what would happen.

Were there any events in the months before Governor's Day, the first few months of 1970, that stick out?

[sighs] Let's see. Prior to that? Again, as I think I've talked about briefly earlier here, there were these little comments or remarks or things that I was saying would be kicked back from the newspaper or from somebody in the community. But I don't recall any kind of a single, really significant, outstanding kind of event that immediately preceded what happened on Governor's Day.

There had been meetings with the dean about the problem with African-Americans on the campus or in the faculty. There had been tensions going on about that kind of thing for some time—if anything, I would say, growing tensions. There were probably the tensions between the anti-Vietnam people and the others who were growing during that period. Tensions were increasing, but, again, I can't think of any particular event that stands out in that period preceding the Governor's Day incident.

Then you were awarded tenure at some point during that semester?

Yes. I had tenure before the Governor's Day incident occurred, but I don't remember exactly how long it was, whether it was a semester or two semesters. But it couldn't have been a heck of a lot longer than that, which is one of the things that was really so bizarre—that having worked all those years on the degree and getting the degree and then getting tenure, it was sort of within months, almost, that it just exploded in one nuclear explosion. [laughter]

Were you surprised to get tenure?

I kind of was, because my relationship wasn't that close with the rest of the department. There was very truly no communication, a sort of minimal communication in any real sense between myself and somebody like Mr. [Robert] Gorrell or Mr. [Charlton] Laird or Mr. Morrison.

Morrison I used to talk to a little bit, I remember. We would occasionally have coffee together and talk in the cafeteria. But again, I really didn't have any kind of a sense that I was part of a family or part of a department. I still felt pretty much, even after that period of time, kind of like a bit of an outsider, almost kind of like a newcomer—and one who hadn't really been embraced by the department, and who, I will have to admit, was not embracing that much of the department. It certainly wasn't all their fault or anything. It was also me, you know. My perception of them was that I saw people around me who were probably very, very good teachers and good professors but that we were almost from two different worlds. There wasn't much of a bridging of that gap, so there was that side, and there was this side and never much of a bridging of that kind of a gap (which is, again, something that ought to be looked at more, I think, in any department anywhere, especially when you have newcomers coming in, people getting up into senior positions and so on). It's difficult to sort of keep things tight in a sense of a closeness and of a real communication among the members of

the department. And it's sort of easy, just from their own habits, for the older ones—the more senior people—to not particularly be all that warm with newcomers. Maybe, it's just a natural generational gap: you know, “Can't stand the music they listen to,” or whatever. But that was a problem, I feel, in my department (which may very well have been taken care of, or may very well not be a problem anymore—I have no idea). But at the time, it was sort of like that.

And as I said, individuals like Dr. Harvey, you know, were in the middle there a little bit. They were a little bit of a bridge. I certainly felt as though I could talk to Bob Harvey more easily than I could talk to Dr. Laird or somebody like that. So there was a bit more communication there, but again, not all that much, and as I said, again, that wasn't necessarily all his fault, you know. It was certainly mine, too.

So, how would you describe your social life then, at that time?

Well, mostly, what social life I had was with some older students, probably some part-time students—again, the kind of fringe people on the campus. Just anyone with whom I felt I didn't have to have any pretensions about myself to be with and to talk with and have a social relationship. I never really felt comfortable in the role of professor. I never felt comfortable having anybody address me that way. “Dr. Adamian” was always sort of strange. You know, “What?”

I didn't fit into that kind of mold or that kind of way of presenting oneself comfortably at all. I think, obviously, then that would have something to do with my not feeling comfortable with people who did, who obviously did feel comfortable in that sort of role. And so, it was sort of difficult to have more than just a passing relationship, at best, with people like that.

Now, were you living with anyone at that time?

We're talking now about the period before Governor's Day?

Yes, spring of 1970 or winter?

No, I wasn't. I was divorced. If I was living with anybody, it was with that guy from the Art Department that I mentioned.

Was it Ben Hazard?

Yes, Ben Hazard. Because I certainly know we were living together when the Governor's Day incident occurred. And so, we could have been living together at that time. I don't remember how far before the Governor's Day incident that Ben and I moved in together. I just don't recall. But I had been divorced for a least a year or so, and I had been living by myself since that time. I had lived in a couple of different houses in the area, but if I was living with someone, it was probably Ben, at that time.

What was he like?

A very nice guy, very much interested in his area, in art. He had a kind of interest in new developments in art, new things in art. He wasn't so much a traditionalist. He wasn't all that much interested in the European masters and stuff like that. He was interested in the more exciting kind of things that were going on in, in a contemporary art world or his area of interest.

But I don't know. I think, in some ways, that in Reno and in that academic community It just occurred to me that this may very well have been one of the things that drew us together was that in a sense we were both sort of on the fringe and both sort of lonely, in that sense, of not really feeling a connection with the rest of the academic community—that we drifted together and ended up finding each other tolerable and interesting enough to live together. It was obviously not a happy place for him to be, there's no question about that, and he was very uncomfortable being there. He was very uncomfortable and afraid of being taken as a token African-American on campus, or not be taken seriously. "Well, he's here, because, you know, we've got to have an African-American." I mean, it was a very

complicated thing for him that had not only to do with his sense of who he was as a person, but how he was really supposed to be a part of the community. Was he there as somebody who would be helpful in teaching younger people about art and to be excited about art, or was he there to keep the civil rights commission off the university's back?

So he had an even more difficult position than I did. At least I was lucky enough to be white. He had that additional burden that was really hard for him to deal with, and he was (I can't remember the particular legal description) either separated or divorced from his wife. The whole time that I was there, no female friend of his or ex-wife or whoever came there and spent any time there, but he did have a little boy that he was taking care of, at least for a period of time, that lived with us also—and quite young. So, he had the responsibility of taking care of the boy and everything, seeing to it that he was taken care of when Ben was teaching classes or had other things to do, and making sure that he was fed.

Was he a toddler?

Yes, pretty much a toddler. So, yes, it was hard. It was hard for Ben, and it wasn't a happy place, and he sure as hell wasn't getting very much support from anywhere. It was just as simple as that, you know.

In April, there were a lot of problems with the Black Student Union, with Jesse Sattwhite.

I remember. Jesse Sattwhite had done something. Or what happened there? You'll have to refresh my memory about that. The name comes through, but I don't get an image of it.

I think he was a sophomore on the football team. He had been accused of disruptive behavior, and there was a pretty lengthy series of hearings, and his case was passed around. Did it have a big affect on the campus, or was it just one of those things that was happening?

Again, it was one of those things that was happening. There was a small group who would be aware of it and who would be interested in what was happening, but for most of the campus, it was just something that was going off in a corner there somewhere. They had their own things—problems or whatever—to deal with, in a sense, and my impression was it wasn't that well known or of that much interest to the community or the campus as a whole. This, I think, was one of the frustrations, in a sense. Everything was sort of kept marginal. And rather than bringing it into the heart of the community and trying to deal with it in some sort of human way, whenever anything like that came up, they always tried to keep as marginal on the issue as they possibly could, so that the rest of the machinery would keep on running smoothly and not jam up and break down—not start putting out defective products. So, you know, there'd be some sort of attempt to raise some issues, and it would, for the most part, be kept marginalized.

When it came to dealing with some of these issues that were coming around on campus, did you feel like you had a sense of protection after getting tenure?

[sighs] No, I didn't at all. When I got tenure, the value that it had for me was that I could continue teaching, but I never thought of it in terms of, "Oh, boy, now I can do some stuff and get away with it, because I got tenure." In a sense, I really didn't even think about it, you know. But if I did think about it, I probably would have assumed that if I did something that was so upsetting that it got me into some sort of difficulty, that there was some sort of a process then that you would go through as a tenured professor. At least you had that protection of having a process, rather than being in a position where the chairman of the department just simply writes you a letter and tells you they don't want you anymore and that's the end of it. So, I thought of tenure as a sort of protection in that sense of the word, but not at all in the sense that I could do things now and they couldn't touch me.

It wasn't like, "They got me for life, like it or not. Oh, boy!" It was never like that, but simply the assumption that at least I had reached some sort of a position in my career that if there were some sort of a problem, that there were processes, that I had a right to and felt as though I would be comfortable with going through any sort of a process like that, that I could plead my case (or whatever it happened to be) and be OK, taking what came. But it was not as some sort of a shield from any sort of difficulty or anything like that.

Had you been attending any of these other peace rallies, antiwar protests, anything above an observer or an audience member?

No. I mean, if I were at any of those (and I really can't remember any of them specifically), it really was only always as an observer. I never organized anything like that. I never had that inclination to organize other people.

I think I mentioned something about my experience with CORE and really feeling as though I didn't like organizing people. I wasn't good at that. I wasn't good at strategizing movements or making plans or getting committees together to deal with this or that. That isn't the way I felt most comfortable with my own views about things and my own positions about things, but I felt very strongly that regardless of where I worked and who was my boss, that if I thought that there was something out there that was terrible and needed to have something said about it, that I had a right to do that. And the fact that I was an assistant professor at the University of Nevada shouldn't be any reason why I couldn't be myself and speak my mind and try to communicate as much as I could of how I saw what was so disturbing. I didn't feel any restrictions about that but certainly also didn't feel as though I had some sort of a guarantee or support for that kind of thing—a shield for that kind of thing—because I had tenure. I just didn't think about it one way or another. I was just going to go on being who I was and saying what I thought. It really didn't matter to me, just the assumption that, well, if

something did happen, at least there was a process that I would be allowed to go through.

Did you go to a lot of the student functions, rallies, things like that?

I probably went to some. Again, I can't think . . . You know, for one thing, I don't think there were a lot. I mean, simply put, I don't remember there being a lot.

Gosh, for what there were of them, they were really pretty small. I'm guessing you might have thirty people at a gathering or something like that. So, they certainly weren't frequent, and they certainly weren't large. It turned out to be the incident on Governor's Day that was probably the largest single group that had come together about some kind of issue like that, at least in my memory.

And again, whatever there was in the way of expressions through demonstration or whatever, I certainly don't remember organizing any of them. I would more or less just kind of run into them or see them. It's even possible that somebody would tell me there was going to be a group getting together, but that's about as far as it went in my pre-knowledge about any events like that.

Do you remember the Black Student Union posting a list of demands around that time? They were criticizing the Equal Opportunity Program, and they wanted a black studies program as the Black Student Union sort of reforming. Do you remember some of the meetings around that time?

Just, again, very vaguely, not all that clearly. And again, from my own point of view, unfortunately, I feel that it's a failure on my part—really a stupid failure, given what my interests and concerns were—that I really didn't establish any sort of relationship with the Black Student Union's group. And I kind of had the feeling that they really didn't want to have anything to do with me, either. In other words, I never approached them, but it is also equally true that nobody from that group ever approached me. And

so, I think that they were just as comfortable without my being around. I think it's very possible, although I'm speculating on this, that many of them might have come to the conclusion, after this sort of thing had been debated for some time, that they were better off not working with whitey, and if they were going to do something, they wanted to do it on their own, as themselves, with their own integrity, and not with some white guy out there in front of them.

Again, I'm just speculating, but I think certainly in the context of the university at Reno that what they were doing was pretty radical, which would suggest to me that they weren't really what you would call moderate protesters or demonstrators. And you know, being there, I would suspect that they felt more comfortable without somebody like myself around. I don't know whether they specifically just thought I was a goof and didn't want me in particular to be involved or whether they just felt that they would rather not have any whites involved and do it themselves. But for whatever reasons, there just never was any kind of a connection.

The only time I would occasionally hear something about them might be through my friend Otis Burell that I was living with later—in the southeastern part of Reno. Otis was a very, very quiet-spoken, didn't-talk-all-that-much kind of guy, and a wonderful guy. If you didn't know him well, or if you really didn't listen to what he was saying, he would seem like this pretty quiet, unremarkable sort of person, but if you really listened to what he was saying, as little as he said, 99 percent of the time what he said was either right on, was a wonderfully clear perception of something, or was a wonderfully humorous observation about something that really revealed what it was all about. And he was just a great guy that way. As I said, he kept himself so much in the background that he would hardly make himself noticeable, and people that didn't get through that and get to know him really missed something in Otis.

But occasionally, when I was living with him later, I would hear something about what, maybe, some of the black students were talking about.

But before that time and before the Black Student Union demonstrations—or before and during that period and even afterwards—I had absolutely no connection. I wasn't hearing anything from anybody about what was going on with them or anything like that, or they weren't communicating anything to me or certainly not asking for my help.

Later on at some point—and this was before the Governor's Day incident, of course—there was a meeting. There was a confrontation or a meeting with black students and administration and faculty, and one of the things that came out of it was the notion that the university would develop some sort of an equal opportunity program. Well, the main thrust was from the black students, but they were also including Native Americans and Spanish Americans or Mexican Americans, and I was asked to come up with a program.

It was right around this time that the dean of students—when we were talking in the student union—just sort of made the remark, which wasn't really that new to me, but just sort of struck me. He kind of made this half-joking remark about, “Well, you know, the fastest way to kill any kind of initiative or any kind of momentum is to form a committee to study the problem.” I thought about that, and I thought, is this what's going on? Is this what the university is really after? Were they asking me to form a committee and study this and come up with some sort of a proposal that could just drag on and on and on forever? I felt that time was more important than that, that they really, for their own good, didn't have the luxury of that kind of time or to drag things on or to stall things that long—that it was a problem that they had to deal with much more quickly than that.

So, I got the notion (which in retrospect, I think, was really a bad one), an idea for something instead of getting in touch with the black students and getting them into a committee along with some white students and some faculty and beating out a program. That would have been, perhaps, “the right thing to do,” the normal or typical thing to do, which obviously was all very well within

the system. It created a perception that the system was really concerned about this and was really serious about doing something about it.

That would have been one way to go, but again, I didn't feel comfortable with that. I didn't have the nature to deal with it that way. I wasn't all that confident that that would have a successful or a desirable outcome. I was suspicious that it was really only a way of stalling and dragging things out and never letting anything really get done. So I took it upon myself, (which as I said, I look back on as, I think, a mistake), without conferring with anyone else, particularly with black students, or even with any other faculty members I sent away to a number of different universities that already had programs like this going and that had been in existence for a period of time and presumably had gone through some sort of evolution and made some changes and adjustments, so you had something that you could look at from something that had actually been tried and had been established and was apparently at least working, however imperfectly. I thought if I got enough of these and studied them and kind of looked at them from the point of view of what parts of them would be adaptable to the university at Reno, that I could come up with a proposal much more quickly. And I sort of sabotaged their notion of dragging this out as long as they could. So that's what I did, and I eventually came up with a proposal.

One of the things that was sort of disheartening from the very beginning was that it was very clear that there wasn't going to be any real money to support any sort of program. It was going to be, I don't know what. So it was a little bit difficult to trust in what they were really thinking of, and it was sort of presented that way. It's kind of like establishing a committee that doesn't have any powers. So, what's the point? It just ends up becoming a show committee, a way of getting rid of people who are making noise or bothering them.

I came up with this proposal, and it was accepted. It did go into effect. And I think that I heard later on, much later on (it might have been

from Ben Hazard, or it might have been Otis by then—it's hard for me to remember) that some of the black students were upset that I hadn't consulted them. It wasn't until I heard that, you know, that I slapped my head and said, "Well, of course!" It was like I outsmarted myself in a way. I kind of out-tricked myself, or really failed in what I really wanted to accomplish, by doing that that way, by excluding them, by not consulting them, by not talking to them. [laughter]

So, to some extent, I guess, the way I see it is that on the one hand, I'm not trying to disassociate myself from the black students on the campus and what their goals and their desires and even actions were. I don't remember anything that I would criticize that much, even their demonstrations and their sit-ins. I honestly couldn't say that I didn't like those. I sympathized with them, and I could understand why they were doing it the way they were trying to do it. So, I'm not trying to disassociate myself from them, but on the other hand, I don't want there to be some notion that there was some sort of conspiracy or that I was involved in some sort of campus conspiracy with the black students there—that I was coaching them, or that we were plotting revolution or anything like that. Anybody that had any notions that there was anything like that going on, or any connections like that existed, is absolutely wrong. They just weren't. As I said, I wish that I had developed a better relationship with them. And if I had, I sure as heck wouldn't be denying it at this point. It's just that it never existed, you know.

So, from your perspective, the black students had a different agenda? I mean, they stood apart as a group?

They stood apart as a group. Their agendas weren't different. As I said, I was very sympathetic to their goals, very supportive of their goals. I also, as I said, felt as though I understood that they wanted to do it on their own. I just had that impression, that they didn't need my help or didn't want my help. They knew what they wanted, and they were perfectly capable of

handling it themselves. So, I was very sympathetic. Personally, I was very supportive, but I was never involved with them. I never coached them. I never gave them advice. I just didn't think they wanted it, or in a sense, I didn't think they needed it. They didn't need me. They knew what they wanted.

Did you see Harry Edwards when he came to speak?

No, I didn't. I don't remember hearing him. I'm not even sure . . . Well, I must have known who he was at the time. He had gotten so popular. But I don't recall going to hear him. I don't recall being there.

OK. Now, let's get closer to the week of Governor's Day and start looking at things in a little bit smaller focus. The night before Governor's Day, you were at the Hobbit Hole.

Oh, that's the house across the street from the campus? Across North Virginia there?

Right. This is after the move into Cambodia had been announced. Did you get the sense that there was something that was going to happen or that there was a new pitch in the air?

Oh, yes. Very much so. Very much so. I mean, for one thing, things were certainly on a different . . . on a higher level. While I was there, there were a number of people there, some who probably lived there. I never knew—never had any clear idea of—who lived there or who was just kind of hanging around. It was that sort of a place. But there were also a couple of other members of the faculty that were there, and the conversation about it was all very excited, and people were upset. It was really almost a crisis kind of atmosphere there. The feelings after the news about Cambodia, after the shootings on Kent State, were at just an incredible level of tension and anxiety—that something was going to blow up or something, that things were sort of getting explosive.

So there was that kind of atmosphere in the discussions there, and I remember people kind of yelling at each other. As I said, it was a very animated conversation, and it was because, obviously, people were very upset and were cranked up about what was going on. I remember that that tension was so strong and so thick, I couldn't take it. I wandered out of the house, and I sat on the front step there on the porch that faced where the campus was across the street, and there was a tree there with all these beautiful shiny leaves, sort of tingling in this desert air and everything, and I felt just really depressed and brokenhearted about the kind of face that America was showing. I was just really despondent about how awful that was and how traumatic that was for us all as Americans, for the culture—for everything—and just being very saddened by it and very depressed by it. I sat out there for awhile, and then I left and went home.

So, I have no idea what came out of any kind of conversation that continued on after that point. I think it was the following morning, when I got to the campus and was heading for my office, that I saw this group of people there. I think I realized, had this kind of sense that, "Oh, this is what came out of what they were talking about last night." There's this group of people here gathered in protest of what's going on nationally and at Kent State. And so, I kind of assumed that, oh, well, this is what they came up with. But I had no idea until the time that I got to the campus and saw them there that that's what was going on.

Before we get into Governor's Day itself, had you talked to anyone else in the faculty or administration about Cambodia or about Kent State?

I don't recall talking to anybody in the administration about it. I'm sure that I did talk to some other faculty members who had a background of being concerned about this kind of thing and following what was going on in that respect. And yes, I did talk to some other faculty members—I would say two or three, offhand.

So the campus, was it pretty hard hit with the two events?

Well, again, these faculty members that I talked to, it was off campus somewhere, and it wasn't at any gathering or any meeting of the faculty. It was just to a few people or faculty members that I had known for some time and knew were concerned about this sort of thing and interested in this sort of thing. But again, as far as the campus as a whole is concerned, I really don't know how much talk or interest there was in that. At best it would be probably a nervous condition about what might be going on.

I only talked to a few faculty members about it, and they were very upset about it, too. But again, there were no ideas about a letter of protest to the president or to the governor or anything like that. There wasn't anything, to my knowledge, that was organized that way as a response to what was in the air there.

What were some of the things? I mean, you said there was a lot of arguing going on, part of that tension in the air. What sort of things were people arguing about, or what were they proposing?

I don't really remember the specifics of it, but my impression is that they were like, "What do we do?" There may have been some people who had notions that went far beyond what other people thought was tolerable and human and sane and all that, I don't know. But my impression is vaguely that it was sort of, "What do we do?" And they were trying to come to some sort of agreement about some course of action, maybe from signing a petition to maybe blowing up the universe or something. I mean, something in between those two extremes. That's why, when I saw the assembled group on the campus the following morning, I just assumed that, oh, after all the discussion, they had decided to have a demonstration like this.

Was this the group at the Manzanita Bowl?

This was the group that eventually ended up in You mean, in the stadium?

Yes. But there was a peace rally that day—on Governor's Day, that morning.

Right. Oh, that's what they call the Manzanita. It was a sort of depression there?

Right.

Yes, that was the group.

So did you know that there was a peace rally scheduled for that day?

No. No, I had no idea.

You just equated it then with the . . . ?

Right. Well, I saw some of the people that I recognized and some of the people who had been there the night before. The person who was there at that moment (whose name I can't think of), the person who was speaking and was holding the bullhorn and speaking to the crowd, had been with that group the night before across the street, discussing this question of, "What do we do?" So I just assumed that, OK, this is what they decided, to have this meeting here, a gathering.

Did you know a Governor's Day event was planned for that day, too?

Yes. I was aware that that was happening. I did think that it was sort of ironic that after all that had been happening they were going to have this demonstration or Governor's Day thing and involve the ROTC charging around and being very military. I was aware that that was happening, but I really didn't I had never attended a Governor's Day before. I don't think it was that big a thing on the campus.

I have a feeling that on the day the demonstration did take place, that that was probably the biggest crowd that they ever had at a Governor's Day event, so it wasn't all that big

a deal or anything to the campus as a whole, that I was aware of. And so, I didn't make any kind of connection between the two. I just knew that that was going on, and I thought it was a dumb thing to be doing at a time like that.

And so then you saw this group. Were you surprised by the size of the group?

It was the largest group I had seen on campus. In any sort of broader measure it was a very small group, but in relative terms, certainly to Nevada, my memory is that it was the largest group like that together that I had ever seen on campus. So, it was large in that sense, you know, but in terms of the proportion or the percentage of the student population, it was just a tiny fraction, I'm sure.

What sort of things were going on at that rally?

Well, when I arrived there, people had formed on the slope of the bowl in a kind of a semi-circle, and down in the flat area there was a microphone set-up. Again, this fellow had a bullhorn, and he and maybe one or two other people were standing down there in the flat area, kind of looking up slightly at this semi-circle group of people, and he was talking through the bullhorn. I don't really remember what he was saying. I'm sure I heard it, and I listened to it as this was occurring, but I just can't remember what he was saying. I was kind of looking around at the crowd, and as I said, still sort of amazed or impressed that, wow, this many people had come out to express something about things. And since it was the largest one I had seen, I just was looking around at it at that point and not really hearing, I think, all that much what he was saying.

Did you recognize any faculty members who were present at that time?

A couple. Just a few. And to my knowledge, or to my memory, there were no faculty standing down there on the flat. The fellow with the bullhorn was a student. If there were one or two other people there, they were also students. There

wasn't any faculty down there as part of the front of this group.

And at one point did it start moving?

This was almost like the moment that the dial clicked over, you know. The next thing I knew, this fellow with the bullhorn came over to me—saw me arrive and standing around the edge of the crowd—and handed me the bullhorn. He pushed the bullhorn in my hand and said, “Why don’t you say something?” It caught me totally by surprise, but I thought, well, OK. So I went out there with the bullhorn, and I don’t really remember what I said, but what I do remember very much is that I was still feeling very upset about what had gone on the last couple of days with Cambodia and, particularly, again, with the Kent State thing—feeling very upset about that, you know. It’s even possible that I hadn’t really slept all that well that night, sitting up and thinking about it. But I remember feeling that I had to be careful in what I said here, because I felt like it would be pretty easy, given the sort of the tension in the air, to spark something, to set something off. I remember being very concerned and thinking that I used to be involved in CORE (Congress of Racial Equality) demonstrations, but they were very organized. You would have to get permission from the city council and notify the police chief that on such-and-such a day you were going to be demonstrating in front of such-and-such a real estate office. And there were all these things and all these pre-warnings that were supposed to be given out to various officials to keep the thing from getting out of hand, to keep it orderly. Obviously, at the time, we thought a lot of this was very stultifying and choking, and that was their way of trying to control things, and I’m sure that was the purpose, but it really did also have kind of a sense to it.

So I was thinking, God, what I would like to do is to just march down to city hall or something like that—just demonstrate in front of city hall or at the veterans building in town. I knew that you just couldn’t do that. You just couldn’t take a mob of people and start walking through the

streets of Reno. I mean, Reno itself obviously didn’t like that sort of thing, wasn’t used to that sort of thing, wouldn’t approve of that sort of thing, and here we had no permission. We hadn’t notified anybody that this was going to be happening. And suddenly, at least from their point of view, here would be this out-of-control mob that was marching down the streets. My feeling was that *I* could do that. I could say that this is what *I’m* going to do. I’m going to march down here and demonstrate in protest, but I can’t ask you to come along. I couldn’t get into an explanation of why it was something that I had an urge to do but that I couldn’t really encourage them to do, because it would have been too dangerous. I mean, the day before, campus students had been shot. You’ve got to keep that in mind.

So, I was caught in this position of wanting to suggest something to do to express our feelings about things, but racing through my mind was a concern for not doing anything which was suddenly going to end up with people getting beaten and beaten over the head or who knows—at worst, most tragically, being shot at or something along those lines. I was very much aware of that kind of danger, and I was very concerned about not saying something which would trigger something like that, which would end up with people getting hurt like that. I would have gone crazy. I would have just not been able to handle the notion that I had been responsible for an outcome like that. And I felt as though that kind of an outcome was a real, very real, possibility, given the atmosphere and what was going on. And so, I remember saying, finally, “What would you like to do?” and saying that through the bullhorn.

Somebody in the crowd, up near the top of the bowl there, jumped up and said, “Let’s march to the stadium!”

And everybody said, “Yeah! Let’s march to the stadium!”

The next thing I knew, people were starting to turn around, and there were people who had been seated there. They were getting up, and they

were all turning around, getting ready to march toward the stadium.

What were you thinking right when that started happening?

I thought, wow, this could really get out of hand. I thought this could really get out of hand. This could really end up with people getting hurt. I suddenly flashed onto what was going on there inside the stadium at the time, that the Governor's Day thing and the ROTC was in there. [laughter]

All of a sudden, here's what is—certainly for that campus—a mob of people approaching them like a mob. And if that doesn't raise tensions, I don't know what would. Again, my notion was to at least try to keep this within some sort of sane control. I think I went back to some of the things I had gone through with the Congress of Racial Equality and the experiences I had there. You would get people to form a line, and then you would have what they call monitors, who would be walking along just outside the perimeter of the line, keeping things moving and making sure that it was just going along easily and smoothly.

So I yelled something at them to that effect. I said something like, "Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Let's get in a line." And that movement toward the stadium stopped. It stopped, and they did start reorganizing themselves into a line, and certain people were helping to get the line in order. Most of the people were just finding their place and getting into a line and making a line. By that time, I think I had run up to the top of the bowl there and had gotten in front and was helping to turn this mass into a kind of a marching line with monitors walking along the side there.

Did you know that they had planned to do a march that day as part of the protest?

Oh, no. No. My impression at this moment is that it was a spontaneous thing when the person sort of leaped up and said, "Let's march to the stadium." I had finally just gotten to the point

where I said, "Well, you know, what do you want to do?" and there was this spontaneous reaction to it.

I didn't get the sense that there had been a notion that they would meet there at the bowl and have a little rally at that bowl, and then that they would move to the stadium, and that this guy was jumping up, because he was getting impatient with all the stuff and saying, well, you know, "Let's get going, and let's go to the stadium." My impression was that it was a spontaneous thing to my question of "Well, what do you want to do? What do we do here?"

So, were you surprised?

Yes, very surprised. But then, when he said it, it seemed OK. It sounded reasonably safe, but I may be wrong. Maybe, there had been a plan that they would meet there and then later on go to the stadium, but if there had been some plan like that, it wasn't really organized in a way, because when this guy yelled this thing, it came out to me as being a very spontaneous thing. And the reaction of the crowd seemed to be like, "Yes, that's a good idea. Let's do that." There obviously hadn't been any plan or notion of, "Well then, we'll organize after a few speeches and get into a line, and we'll march to the stadium." Everybody just turned around and started walking towards the stadium.

And that's when I went from, "Oh, good idea," to, "Oh, wait a minute. You can't do it this way." Then I ran up and said, "Let's form a line. Everybody get into a line." I got up towards the front there and helped to organize it, and other people came out as monitors and got a line formed. Once that line seemed to get into order, then we started heading towards the stadium.

If you'd look at this article here, dated May 5, 1970, it is a Sagebrush article entitled, "Governor's Day to Feature ROTC Anti-War Rallies." And the subtitle is, "Peace Marchers to Join Cadets in Mackay Stadium Ceremonies." So, you never saw that newspaper?

No. This is the first I've seen of it, and I'm really surprised at some of the things that are said here. For example, the statement here that the "Representatives of the anti-war group" (whoever they are, they are unnamed) "said they had received permission to participate in the ceremonies held in Mackay Stadium." That's the first I've heard of that. See, the coordinator of the peace rally committee, Fred Maher, said the activity was being held to encourage discussion. I had no idea that Mr. Maher had been organizing something like this, along with others, I assume.

Were you on pretty good terms with him? Fred?

Yes. My memory is that yes, we were friendly with each other and knew each other a little bit. But I had no idea that there were some arrangements before Governor's Day itself took place. Again, as the article suggested, they had gotten permission to have a demonstration, basically, and to connect it in with the Governor's Day's events. So that's the first I've heard of that—or the first I've known of that. My assumption was that the event itself was pretty spontaneous. I had a feeling that the group that had formed on campus that morning was a last-minute kind of thing that, at the very least, had been thought of the night before, after I left that meeting. I don't really know what happened after that meeting, but it's surprising to me that, if that was the case, the article could have been written and got into the morning paper that quickly. I really am pretty much baffled by where this information came from. Apparently there was some communication, and some organization had been arranged—some sort of a strategy or plan—for holding a demonstration the next day. So, it's a surprise to me. And I'm really at a loss to explain how that could happen like that.

So no one contacted you ahead of time to say they'd like faculty representation?

No. Not at all. Nothing like that. As I think I've already said, when I arrived on campus that

morning, I was just going to my office and had some classes coming up sometime after that, and I was surprised to see the group form there in the Manzanita Bowl and just assumed that, somehow or another, late the previous night, they had made a decision to have a rally and that it had pretty much been quickly arranged and that they had gotten some people to appear there that morning, but I never had any notion that there had been any planning any earlier than that. In terms of my own contact with people, it all seemed to me to be a pretty last-minute kind of thing and a pretty basically spontaneous kind of thing at that point.

Earlier we left off with the crowd forming into a line.

Yes. That was after somebody suggested that they march to the stadium—which, again, as I think I said, I just assumed it was a notion that had just popped into somebody's head, and people seemed to agree with it, and they turned around. I can remember very clearly people turning around in just a mass, a formless sort of mass, and starting to head that way towards the stadium. It still strikes me a little bit odd that if there had been some sort of planning and organization, that after perhaps a few speeches in the morning, then they would progress from there to the stadium, that nobody had thought of suggesting, "Well, we'll get together and get into a line and march over."

It had all of the qualities of a spontaneous sort of action to me, and that's why, as I said, I ran up the hill there and towards the front and said, "Wait a minute," or, "Hold on," or, "Let's get into a line"—instead of just being this loose mob walking across the campus.

At that point, we did form a line, and we did start walking towards the stadium, and there was a paved path that went over towards the stadium. I couldn't really describe or tell you at this point exactly where it was located, but it's a main path that students use all the time, and occasionally you would see a maintenance truck or something

like that using it. It was just barely wide enough for a vehicle to be going in one way. Of course, there was certainly no room for another vehicle to be coming the opposite way. If so, they would have had to have driven off the pavement onto the grass. So it was just about wide enough to allow one vehicle to be passing through. And we arrived there. There was no one else there—nothing else there—and we began marching across that open space there on the campus that the path cuts its way through.

There was a certain amount of chanting and that sort of thing going on, and then suddenly I was up towards the front of the line. There were some people in front of me, but I was up at least towards that end of the line, and I started noticing that there was some sort of a disturbance going on behind us. I turned around and was amazed to see this military vehicle with a young man dressed in a military uniform (national guard uniform or something to that effect), and in the back seat was an individual who was obviously a high-ranking officer of some sort—a commander, general, or whatever. I can't recall whether he was the only one in the back seat or whether there was someone else with him, but I certainly do remember seeing him. By the time I noticed him, or noticed the vehicle, it had already driven into the crowd. In other words, there were people that were along the sides of the vehicle, and there were quite a few people in back of the vehicle, so obviously, this vehicle had come through up to the back of the crowd and just started working its way through the crowd.

Could I stop you for a second? I've got a map here. Maybe we could take a look at it real briefly and try and figure it out.

OK. Here's the bowl here. So then, we came up here. We might have gone around the back here and then picked it up over here.

By the union?

Yes. And it was along in this stretch right around in here that I first noticed the vehicle.

So you were pretty close to Virginia Street, then?

Right. My guess is it was right around in here, somewhere in this stretch where the vehicle appeared. And I'm pretty sure it was before the Getchell Library, because I think I can remember the library being up in front on the right there. So, we were approaching it, and it was still in front of us there off to the right.

So, this would have been that sort of narrow place where the vehicles were coming through?

There was plenty of room on each side of that paved stretch going through the campus that anyone or a vehicle could have gotten off onto, except that, of course, it was all grass.

Oh, so this was just narrow for the vehicles?

Right. It's just that the edges of the pavement then turned into part of the campus lawn there, and we were marching down the paved stretch there along that path.

Now, at this time did you consider yourself playing the role of a monitor?

Yes, very much so.

Did you get the sense that other people were taking those positions, too, and saying, "We need monitors."?

Right. Yes, absolutely. And again, you know, it wasn't a matter of my saying, "Hey John and Fred and Hank, why don't you guys do this?" A number of other people just spontaneously took that role, and so we were marching along. As I said, I was up towards the front, and there was some chanting going on, and I would occasionally look back and could see two or three other individuals who were walking along the side of the marchers, as monitors.

But you were up in front?

Yes. I was up towards the front there. I assume that they just naturally took that kind of position or role. As I said, it wasn't anything that was ordered or planned so that these specific individuals would do that. To my knowledge, it was spontaneous, and just certain people took over that kind of role.

So then, this military vehicle came into the crowd?

Right.

What was the first thing you targeted on, when you realized that something was going on?

Well, as I said, I heard the noise of a vehicle. I could hear an engine, the engine of a vehicle. And I turned around, and I was totally surprised to see this vehicle, which had already penetrated that line of marchers, so that there were marchers behind them and some marchers had stepped off the paved area onto the lawn area to allow space for the vehicle to get through. I was shocked that it appeared like that, and here it was already in the middle of the marchers. I turned around and continued marching on, kind of looking ahead. And then, pretty soon I started hearing noises or remarks to the effect of, "Hey, take it easy," or, "Hey, slow down!" I turned around again and realized that the vehicle was actually pushing its way through the crowd, through the marchers. In other words, it wasn't staying in pace and in rhythm with the marchers and moving along with them. It was actually going faster (which was still at a relatively slow pace, of course, and I'm sure the vehicle was in first gear, low gear). But they were definitely pushing people out of the way or moving in such a manner that people had to get out of the way or else they were going to be bumped.

It began to irritate me that they were doing that, that that was happening—that instead of just simply getting in rhythm with the march itself and moving along in such a way as not to endanger anybody, that they were actually trying to push and force their way through. I think I

made some remark to the effect of, "Hey, damn it, slow down!" I was off to the side of the right front of the vehicle, and then the next thing I knew, one of the student marchers who was marching alongside me, and who was right in front of the vehicle, suddenly dropped to the ground, obviously as an attempt to slow or stop the vehicle. Since there was such a crowd, since there were so many people there, I had no idea whether the driver even saw him drop to the ground. I wasn't even sure that they were even aware that he was there, and there was no question that if they kept up their same speed there, they were going to literally run over him.

Did you know who this guy was?

He was an undergraduate student of mine. I really don't remember his name, but he was someone who had been in at least one of my classes.

Were you surprised to see him do this?

Yes, very much so. In fact, my initial reaction was, "Whoa, that's not a good thing to do, because I don't think they've seen you." I was surprised that he did that. I mean, I remember this young man as being a really pretty gentle kind of guy, too—though he was the sort of person who was very sincere, very much into his feelings about things that were going on. Other than that he was just a really pretty sweet guy, not at all the kind who I would consider to be a radical, an extremist sort of a demonstrator.

Were you kind of happy to see him do that, though, maybe?

Oh, no. No.

No?

I thought, "Oh, this is not a good idea." I immediately turned around at that point and started banging on the hood of the car and yelling, "Goddamn it, slow down! Stop! Stop! Stop this

damn thing!" At that point, there was another student whom I knew. He had never been in any of my classes, so it was someone I had gotten to know outside. He may have been one that occasionally appeared at the house across the street there, but again, I don't remember his name, either. He may have even been a little bit older than most of the other students. And the next thing I knew, when I started banging on the hood and said, "Goddamn it! Stop it! Stop this thing!" he jumped up on the hood of the vehicle and started jumping up and down and the vehicle did stop for a second. It did stop. It paused. And as soon as it did, I reached down to the student who had put himself on the ground there in front of the wheels and picked him up—helped him up, back onto his feet.

OK. If I could slow this down a little bit.

Sure.

Tom Myers is the one who got up on the hood of the car.

Right, that's his name. Tom Myers, yes.

How was he reacting? If you had to describe him in terms of gestures, was he saying anything?

I'm sure he was probably yelling something. I can't remember what it was, if he were, but very excited. He was obviously very excited, making gestures, jumping on the hood a little bit.

So, he wasn't necessarily trying to destroy the hood of the car?

Oh, certainly not. Nothing that heavy, and I remember he was looking in at the driver. My interpretation, again, was that he was trying to get them to stop, that that was his purpose—or that he was trying to do something that would draw enough attention and be forceful enough to make them realize that they should stop this vehicle.

Right. Did you think that was a good move on his part at that time?

Well, in a sense, yes, I did, because I had gone beyond the point of simply being irritated with the fact that the vehicle was trying to push its way through to being really concerned about this guy who put himself down on the ground. I mean, he was a couple of feet in front of the wheels, it was that close. It wasn't a matter of yards or anything like that. He was almost under the bumper. The bumper was coming up closer by the time that vehicle stopped. So, you know, I think it's very, very likely that Tom's jumping up on the hood of the vehicle like that had something to do with them stopping.

This is something, of course, that you can check for yourself later, but my memory is that later on, when the testimony was being given about this event, that the driver of the vehicle testified that the officer in back kept ordering him to keep on driving, to keep on pushing his way through. So, he was in this situation where he was doing what he was being ordered to do, and here's a guy lying in front of the vehicle, whom I'm not even sure that he saw go down there, and so I felt as though, for safety's sake—for the sake of the fellow on the ground—that it was imperative to stop this thing right away. It wasn't just a matter of being irritated with him anymore for being pushy, as it were, pushing through the crowd that way. Suddenly, here was this kid there, right in front of the wheels.

Yes. What was the rest of the crowd doing? I mean, was it pretty quiet?

Oh, I'm sure, there was chanting and stuff going on, you know, not all that much of it. We were on our way to somewhere else where there was going to be a demonstration, so it wasn't real boisterous and raucous and disorderly or anything like that. There was some talking going on and a little bit of chanting going on, but at that point it was pretty low level.

So, after Tom was on the hood of the car and you got this student up off of the pavement, what was the next sequence of events?

I think the vehicle then started up again and continued to push its way through the crowd, and since I was up towards the front of it, it had pretty much gotten to the front part of the line. It could very well be that by the time they got rolling again, that people had parted, opened up a little bit there in the front. By that time, everybody in front had turned around and realized that the vehicle was there and what was going on, and when it started moving again, I think the front opened up a little bit like that, and the vehicle did go through and went ahead of us then, I assume, to the stadium.

And how many other vehicles were there?

That was the only one that I remember.

That was the only one? Do you remember seeing this photo? It's photograph number one. Do you remember when that might have been taken?

No.

Because that's Bill Copren.

Right. No, I don't. I can't place it. I've never seen it. I can't place it all, because the first thing I notice here, that this is a police vehicle that this young man is sitting in front of, and I don't even remember seeing a police vehicle.

On that day the only vehicle I saw was that national guard, I think, military vehicle come through, but where this was taking place, when this was taking place . . . I'm not even sure it was the same day. I just don't know. If this was going on simultaneously, I certainly wasn't aware of it, and I can't even tell really. Can you tell from the buildings where that's located?

That would be in this passage here in front of the Getchell Library, because this building is Lincoln

Hall. Is it possible that the police vehicles and others came through first, and then that you with this group followed?

Could very well have been, but I certainly don't remember seeing any police vehicles there. I think I do recall seeing some when we left the stadium. I think I remember seeing a couple of police vehicles parked outside the stadium when we left, but I don't remember any before that point. I don't remember seeing any on the way into the stadium.

OK. And then, with that photo there (photograph number two), had you seen that banner before?

No.

No? Do you know who those people might be?

No. I don't recognize either of them.

What about this one? This is photograph number three. Is that the crowd you were walking with?

Could very well have been. I'm trying to see if I can identify any particular individual.

What about this woman who is sort of centered?

No, I don't recognize her, don't remember her. This group at this point—and, again, I don't know where they are—but this isn't the way I remember the line looking. The line was much more of a formed, organized movement. This seems pretty loose to me. So, again, I don't know at what point this photograph was taken, and I really don't recognize any particular individual in there.

This would have been the Getchell Library in the background here, so this would be a little bit further on, on the way to the stadium.

That certainly doesn't look like a photograph of the line of marchers anywhere near the point

of the time that the incident with the vehicle took place. That line was much more organized than this group in the photograph. It was on, as I said, this fairly narrow or paved path that went through the campus, so I don't know when and where that was taken.

So between the motorcade and actually getting to the stadium, what else happened other than just a march to the stadium?

Nothing that I can remember. After the vehicle got through, the line just sort of closed up again, and we just continued marching towards the stadium. I can't recall anything else occurring between those two times or points.

Was there a visible police presence at the stadium when you got there?

I don't remember seeing any police cars there when we went in. They may very well have been. I won't say absolutely that there weren't any there, but I think that if they had been there, I may have noticed them but probably wouldn't have paid any real serious attention to them. I would have just seen them as part of the Governor's Day ceremonies, that they would ordinarily be there, having escorted the dignitaries into the stadium, perhaps. So, if they were there, I wouldn't have reacted to them as being anything special or maybe something really specifically even connected with our demonstration. I would have just assumed that they were part of the ceremonies—they were probably there when they had the ceremonies last year, and so on. I certainly don't remember any kind of obstruction to our line of march into the stadium and as we approached the stadium. I can't recall, for example, any policemen standing out at the gate, so to speak, or on the path, or anything like that. I don't remember any kind of obstruction like that at all.

Were you at the front of the crowd that was moving here?

Yes. I was very much up at the front by then. I might have been actually even directly in front of the crowd—or of the march—by that time.

If you say that you felt like you'd stepped into a monitor role, do you remember what sort of things you were thinking or feeling on that march between the motorcade and then approaching the stadium?

Well, you know, I think I had said that once the suggestion of marching to the stadium came up, I got sort of excited, because, well, that seemed like a good idea. I had been trying to think of something that we could do to express our feelings. Some of the things that I could think of, or that came to my mind, had the possibilities of violence that I certainly didn't want to get anybody into. And so, when somebody said, "Let's go to the stadium," I thought, great idea, and I got enthusiastic about the idea. I would call my feelings or my level of excitement about it fairly high and positive. I thought, "This is a great idea. Let's form a line, kind of an orderly line, and let's march into the stadium." And I think somebody had said something by that point of, "We're going to go around once and then go into the stands," which, again, seemed to me to be an excellent idea—a good way to do it.

What sort of plans did you reject?

I don't remember hearing anything else. As I said, back at the bowl when I got the bullhorn and started talking about things, I had talked about some of the things that ran through my mind that I rejected immediately as not being a good idea, and then being at a loss as to what to do. Somebody then suggested that we go to the stadium; I didn't hear any other suggestions, or I didn't hear anyone saying anything else about other kinds of actions or extending this out to anything different from what we were doing, which was marching towards the stadium.

And then, when you entered the stadium, was there a change in the atmosphere of the crowd?

Was there increased “rude and raucous” behavior?

Yes. Yes, there was.

Was there any sort of unified chanting or singing?

Yes. There was unified chanting. It’s very possible, very likely that I was making gestures and maybe shouting slogans or suggesting chants and trying to get people into a rhythmic expression of these things. It was pretty much the same sort of sense of when I started to try to get the crowd organized into a marching line. So when we got into the stadium and the whole level of the noise and chanting and everything else increased, I’m sure that I increased my activities of being involved and keeping it orderly or rhythmical. And to some extent it was like the idea of, perhaps, any marching group or something like that—that suddenly they’d come in front of the dignitaries, and they all perk up and straighten up and really get into it. And I was feeling the same way, you know.

Before we get into the stadium too much, I have a couple photos here, photographs number six and seven.

Good Lord! I’m up on a vehicle here?

Yes.

That is me? And I’m up on . . . ?

Do you know where that might be?

Gosh, I have no idea.

Or at what point in the march this might have happened?

No, I don’t. I don’t think that this photograph and this occurrence It didn’t take place on the day of the demonstration, because that’s not the way that I was dressed. I had come to the campus. I was on my way to class, and I’m sure

I wasn’t dressed this way. I mean, I’ve got some sort of jeans or something on. It looks like it might even be torn at the knee, and then I’ve got this funky jacket that I wear around and just a t-shirt. And so, this didn’t happen . . . this photograph wasn’t taken that day.

This is photograph four. We only have seven or eight of these. But this appears to be on Governor’s Day.

Let me look at that closely. Oh, boy.

This person to your left, is that Fred Maher in the white shirt?

Oh, gosh, I really can’t tell. But that’s certainly me there, and those are the clothes that I have on, but that can’t be Governor’s Day. That can’t be that day. I couldn’t have been dressed like that. I’m really at a loss to explain that, you know.

What about this photo? This is photograph number eight.

Is this in the stadium, now? I can’t even tell whether that’s the stadium or not.

Would these be the goal posts?

Were the dignitaries in the end zone?

This is the last of the photos I have. This is photograph number five.

Let’s see this one.

That was the stadium that you remember seeing.

Right. Oh, gosh, I wish I were in this picture.

And this photograph was definitely at Governor’s Day.

Right. One thing I notice here is that the bleachers over on this side are empty. And my

memory is that we marched into the stadium, marched around the track, and then went up into the seats. I can remember turning around to look at the people who were going up to sit into the bleachers and turning around and looking at the people seated on the bleachers there, and my memory is that Like I see these officers here. There's a kind of a little podium here, but they were off to my left.

So, you might be off . . . ?

No, I would have been over here somewhere. Hey, but there doesn't seem to really be anybody in there much or, you know, very few. You know, I don't know whether this was taken just before we arrived or what.

This crowd here, would that have been the bulk of the protestors?

I really can't tell. It certainly looks like them, but the positioning doesn't seem right to me at all. As I said, I was in the bleachers over at this end here, to the right here, in this picture, and so when I turned around to look at the people in the bleachers, my memory is that the dignitaries and the officials, or the officers from the national guard, were off to my left. And so I don't quite understand how this crowd here with the peace signs is in this position relative to them. If this is the group that I came in with, they should have been over on this side. They should have been over on that side.

So, if the podium was to your left, then you'd be over here to the left of the photo, right?

No, because that would then place the podium to my right. I noticed the dignitaries and the podium when I turned around and was facing the back of the stadium, of the bleacher section. So I would have been over here. I would have turned around looking up into the bleachers, and the dignitaries and people would have been over here off to my left.

OK. Right. So facing

Right.

OK. So, you think that this may have been on a different occasion?

That's the only thing that I can figure, because I really don't remember any of these things. I certainly don't remember standing on the top of a hood of a truck, this Dodge truck. I can't believe that that's the way I was dressed that morning, because, as I said, I had come in to teach a class, and although my dress wasn't perhaps as up to the standards for classrooms as most of the other people, it was certainly a cut or two above this. I wouldn't have been going in there with this jacket and just a t-shirt. So, I don't know how to account for these.

Yes. This picture particularly (photograph number eight).

Yes, that's a real odd one. It's odd, because it does seem to be at the time of the demonstration, but here I am dressed as these other photographs indicate, and I don't recall. I really feel surprised. Yes. I just don't have an explanation for these.

So, as far as you can recall, you don't even remember being dressed that way.

I don't know. The only other thing that I can possibly think of is that I may have been going towards my office to spend some time in my office or something like that, but I recall that my coming to the campus that morning had to do with something I felt that I had to do in terms of my classes, and I just assumed that I was coming to get ready for an eleven o'clock class or something that day.

But if I were doing that, I certainly wouldn't have been dressed like that, so the only other thing that I can possibly think of was that I was just on my way to my office. I don't know

whether I had office hours or not that day. It might even be interesting if there was a way to do it, to find out what my schedule was that semester and whether I did have a class that day or not. might have been on a Monday-Wednesday-Friday schedule, and this could have been on a Tuesday or Thursday. I don't even remember what day of the week Governor's Day was. I don't remember that.

Then we can just go back to where we left off—entering the stadium. So, there's people shouting slogans and chants?

Right.

What might those have been?

Oh, you know, pretty typical things like "Fuck war," "Make love, not war." Typical kind of anti-Vietnam, antiwar kinds of slogans. "Fuck war" may very well have been one of them, but something along those lines, you know

Yes. And then, would you have come in on this southwest entrance here?

Right.

And then, would this here, also the southwest, be the stands?

Right. The stands would be over here. We came in and went to the right, like this, and up around, and then into the stands. And that's another reason why I say that the officials, the dignitaries, and the podium was right here, we came around the track, like this, and then went up the stands here, with them just below us. So, again, I can't quite figure out this crowd. The crowd seems to be on the wrong side. [laughter] By turning around and looking up towards the back, they would have been off to my left there, and off to the left of the majority of the marchers that came around there.

Some of the other testimony we've listened to said there were a few circling a few times around the track before finally going up.

Oh.

Is it possible that this photo was taken during one of those circulations?

It is. You know, that would be possible. I don't remember going around a couple of times, but I wouldn't swear that we didn't. My memory is that we went in and just took one loop around, and when we got to that point, we went up into the stands.

And then, again, the same sort of question. Before you had been walking up, approaching the stadium, no sort of barriers, no police or anything, but at this point you're in the stadium, with a big crowd of people chanting stuff. There's a significant number of ROTC cadets there.

Right.

What were you thinking at this point? What sort of thoughts were going through your head?

You know, all I was thinking was that this was an excellent demonstration. The spontaneous idea really turned out to be a good one. Here were some military people (obviously) and politicians, and there were probably a newspaper editor or two—kind of establishment or the power community in the area—and I thought, well, great. Here they have organized themselves here, and here's this wonderful opportunity for us to express what we feel directly to the kind of people we would like to express this to. So, again, I was feeling as though this had turned out great. This is great, you know, to march around.

Did you still feel like you were playing a monitor role?

Yes, at least until we got to the stands, and then people went into the stands. And then, I figured, well, you know, OK. We safely organized this march, and except for that one incident with the vehicle, we'd gotten over here without any trouble, and then people just sort of broke up and filtered up into the stands. I didn't think of myself as being in any kind of monitor position at that point, and a monitor wasn't needed.

Did you hear any proposals for other action, other than marching?

No, I didn't. Nothing other than chanting and marching. And the chanting and stuff continued on after they went up into the stands, and I can remember on at least one occasion or so, just as I was clapping my hands or chanting myself, turning around to look at the people and getting some sense of how many there were in the stands.

What was going on as part of the actual Governor's Day ceremonies when you first observed them?

I think, if I'm not mistaken, that there had been some little kind of structures that were supposed to represent, I think, Vietnamese huts, built in the middle part of the stadium there. And my memory is that the national guard was there, and it appeared they were going to put on some sort of demonstration as to how you militarily act or deal with a scene like this or situation like this.

So, they were going to dramatize, basically, what was going on in Southeast Asia?

Right.

In the middle of the football field?

Yes.

Did you know that that's what they were going to be doing at the time?

Oh, no. I had no idea. I just assumed that they had some sort of a plan to get the ROTC into some marching order and then do marching maneuvers, or kind of parade, in a sense. So that's all I assumed. I had no notion that they had anything other than that planned.

And had that started yet?

No, I don't think it had really started yet. I don't think it had started until after we got into the stands.

Oh, so the ceremonies had not started?

No. Well, I think the ceremonies themselves might have started, but the part where the ROTC did their exercise hadn't started. Again, my memory is that there was at least a speaker at the podium. Whether it was one of the national guard officers or a dignitary, I don't really remember, but the program itself had gotten started, and some sort of speech was being made, but no action, in any sense, had started yet, at that point.

So, by the time you got into the stands along with the rest of the group, had you had any run-ins with any faculty members or administrators, or had anyone at any point talked with you?

No.

So, in a rough estimate of how much time elapsed between all this, everyone was in the stands, and then the ceremonies went on?

Continued, yes. And there were a number—a handful, a half a dozen, perhaps—African-American students who had sat down on the lawn part of the stadium, on the inside of the track. The bleacher seats were, I would say, on the outside of the track, and most of the marchers had filtered up into the bleachers, but I realized after I got up into the bleachers and looked down towards the center of the stadium that a number of black students had sat on the inside of the path, on the lawn part of the stadium there, sort of on

the edge. So, they were across the line in a sense, if you would take the path going around the stadium as a sort of a line. We in the bleachers were on the outside of the line, but they were just on the inside of the line, right down on the field itself.

Were they sitting on the field?

Yes. They were all sitting down in a small group there.

What were they doing?

Nothing very much at all. I can't even recall or remember whether they were chanting or anything like that. In fact, my impression is they probably weren't, but they were sitting there as a group. You could tell that they were all pretty alert and that there was a certain tension there, but I don't recall them really gesturing very much or singing or chanting or anything like that, at that point. And frankly, this is the first time that I even became aware of the presence of the African-American students. I don't remember seeing them back at that bowl. I don't remember seeing them in the march, in the group that was marching into the stadium. The very first time I became aware of them was when I saw them sitting down there at the edge of the field.

Were there any white students or faculty or other folks hanging out with them?

No. No.

OK. So it was a unified group of African-American students?

Right.

How would you characterize the behavior in the stands?

Boisterous, noisy. There might even have been some stomping on the bleacher seats. Disruptive of the ceremonies, certainly.

How?

It was raucous. Well, I mean, here are people at the podium speaking. I'm sure they had some sort of a loudspeaker system, but here they are: people nearby, or they're around them, who are singing and chanting and raising their voices up to a pretty high level. I've heard a description of this as being raucous. I wouldn't argue with that all that much. It was raucous.

I've also heard it be described as rude, and that depends on your point of view very much. As I said, antiwar slogans were being chanted. What are considered swear words probably were being shouted, so it may very well have, at least from one point of view, been considered to be rude. So, it was noisy. There was chanting. There was noise. And I would have to say that for anybody who was part of the dignitaries and trying to carry on some sort of a program, it was disruptive and disconcerting in that way. And frankly, I was aware, as I was there, as this was happening, that it was disruptive, but I thought that was good. I mean, that was sort of our intention—to be disruptive—so that we would try to impress the extent of our concern about it. Again, it was the feeling, basically, that unless you got it to a point where you were disruptive, they wouldn't pay any attention to you anyway. It had to get to that point, to that level, so that the point could be made. The fact that it was obviously disruptive wasn't something that bothered me. I thought, "Well, this is good." I mean, obviously, this is sort of the point of a demonstration, to be disruptive. And I haven't changed my feelings about that since that time.

So, did you have any moments where you had pause to say, "This is getting a little too much"?

No. No, I didn't feel that at all, until the action started down on the stadium ground itself. It's at that point that it suddenly escalated to another level that I immediately felt was dangerous. It caught me by surprise and immediately struck me as dangerous, just as earlier, when that student had put himself on the ground in front of the

wheels of that vehicle. So, during that time—a fairly brief time, we weren't all that long in the stands chanting and singing and making noise—I thought that it was going wonderfully: essentially being a part of that group and being involved with them and certainly feeling as though we were expressing a commonly held view, one that I shared.

What happened down on the field that signaled a change?

At some point—which wasn't very long, in my memory, after we got into the stands—ROTC members began appearing on the field itself, and they were dressed in military uniforms. They had rifles. I don't recall whether they had bayonets on their rifles or not. They may very well have. They appeared on the field, and I just assume that they were beginning some sort of program or some sort of demonstration that the ROTC had decided upon, and I noticed that they appeared from the other side of the stadium ground, and so they were coming towards us in the bleachers. So it was sort of scattered.

So they would have been far away this whole time? The cadets had been distant from the bleachers this whole time?

Yes. Yes.

OK.

Yes. And as I said, they came towards us in the bleachers from the other side of the center of the stadium area, the grassy area in the stadium. They weren't organized into any marching line or anything like that. They were kind of scattered out. It was almost as though it might have been in some sort of platoon formation, approaching some action.

I'm Brad Lucas, and today is June 6, 2000. This is the second series of oral history interviews with

Paul Adamian. It is being conducted in the home of Brad Lucas in Reno, NV. OK. Maybe we can just go ahead and start talking about things from the last interview that you want to clarify.

I was thinking in terms of why I got involved in some of the things that I did, why I felt so strongly about the opposition to the Vietnam War, and a lot of it came back. A lot of it came to me, I'm sure, just from growing up hearing about the experiences of my family, which was Armenian, at the hands of the Turks in around 1915 there. And thinking of all the other Armenians I knew who were literally *blown* out of their country and were in the United States, had come to the United States, and they were totally lost.

Growing up with that, you know, I could see what it had done to them as people and how it had just taken the ground out from under their feet. These were people who had thriving lives back there. My own parents, my understanding is, had a really quite nice farm, a large farm. There was a large extended family living there, with grandparents and so on, and they were all killed, and they lost that property, of course, and came over, well, literally, like strangers in a strange land. And I've always felt very upset at how, it seems to me, casually world leaders or nations or states, politicians are in subjecting people to that kind of thing.

So in later years as I was growing up, or as I got older and became aware of things like the Vietnam War, I could be watching television. I would see a Vietnamese woman, for example, with her dead baby in her arms or whatever, and, you know, they seemed to me to be people very much like my parents. Even their dress wasn't that different; they'd have a scarf over their head, long skirts, or whatever. And so I found myself *really* empathizing very, *very* much with people. The politics of all of this, or the necessity of it from a geopolitical view and so on, simply became irrelevant to me. To me, there was no justification of any kind for one group of people inflicting that kind of lifelong pain on another group of people, and that's the sort of thing that carries on.

My own experience was that it isn't the sort of thing that ends with the people who immediately experience those events, but it goes on to their children. And I'm sure it's been a big part of my character, in a sense, and in some ways I've even passed it on to my own grandchildren, and so on, so that that kind of suffering just goes on and on and on and on. And it isn't the way people might ordinarily think of it in terms of, well, there's some sort of a war going on, and it goes on for a certain period of time, and these bad things happen, and then the war is over, and then, "OK, the war is over, and everything is OK." There are terrible, terrible repercussions that go on and on from that. It's that kind of background that had a lot to do with my feeling very upset about what we were doing in Vietnam.

I think it would be accurate to say that basically my reaction to it was really more emotional than rational. It wasn't a matter of my sitting down or of my reading about geopolitics and coming to some sort of a decision about what wasn't a good way to conduct politics. That had nothing to do with it. It was just the emotional experience that I grew up with as a result of the experiences my family had and of seeing what seemed to me to be duplication or a reduplication of that going on again and a question of, "How can people do this to other people," and "What sort of geopolitical purpose could possibly justify something like this?" And as I said, to my way of thinking, with my kind of background, it wasn't anything that could justify that. So it was really a very emotionally upsetting thing for me, you know, to follow that on television.

And, of course, most people are aware or know there has been a lot written about how the Vietnam War is a television war, so that *was* a very big part of it. That *was*, of course, a main source of my sort of reaction to what was going on there.

So I just wanted to sort of touch on that again as some sort of indication or some sort of explanation as to what perspective or what direction I was coming to that from. I guess you couldn't really call it typically American or certainly not of an American whose family had

been in this country for generations, whether they had originally come from Poland or wherever in the nineteenth century immigration waves, but it was a much more immediate, much more recent, and much more alive thing to me, even when I got up into my forties, up into that age. And so my reaction to what I was seeing about what was going on was a very sort of gut, very visceral, very emotional one. But there was no kind of rational explanation that anybody could have given to what was going on there, which could have ever satisfied me.

In fact, not too long ago I came across a book that some academic had printed or published recently, and I can't remember his name. I read a review of it in the *New York Review of Books*, and the title of his book was something like *The Necessary War*. His thesis, or his suggestion, was that for geopolitical reasons it was a necessary thing for us to get into the Vietnam War but that it wasn't necessary for us to win it. Simply the effort that we made or the gesture that we made was enough of a message to Russia or China or the Communists or whoever, so that it was a worthwhile war. And that's the kind of point of view that I simply can't accept. That's what I mean by approaching something like this from a rational level, which to me never, never, never could justify what happened then. So again, you know, I just wanted to kind of emphasize or point out that my approach was basically a visceral, emotional one for which I don't feel any *regret* or feel, you know, as though it was in some way distorted or unfair or unbalanced. I think it's a perfectly good and a perfectly human way to respond to that kind of thing, and that's the way I responded to it.

So it wasn't just a case of you having troubles with authority.

No, not at all. Another matter that you had mentioned or brought up and that I answered in, I think, a much too terse way, I'd like to get back to and expand on a little bit, and that was that you had raised the question of drug use. I think I said something to the effect that, "Oh, there just

wasn't much of it going on," and sort of let it go at that. I want to talk about that a little bit more and be more accurate about it. I'm sure I mentioned at the time that this originally came up that my first contact with any drug at all was with marijuana, and that was in my last year at Oregon State in Ashland. And, oh, a colleague of mine in the Art Department brought a joint of marijuana over, and I think it might have been either Christmas Eve or New Year's Eve, or something like that. He kind of left it as a little sort of gift for the holiday season. My wife and I smoked it that night, and we were just sort of amazed at what an interesting effect it had.

Then we left there the following year and came to the University of Nevada, and it wasn't until just about the last year that I was there at the university that I had any contact with any drug, including marijuana or any other drug. I know for *sure* my wife never did again after that. And we were in Reno for about four years when my wife and I divorced, and I think that was probably in about 1968. So we separated, and it wasn't until that last year that I was still a member of the faculty that I started sort of hanging out with some people who weren't either faculty members or students at the university; they were sort of fringe people. In fact, there was one group who were . . . oh, I forgot the name. There was a kind of a service or support group that were supposedly helping people in rural areas and so on in the United States and were sort of like what we had internationally, where volunteers would . . .

Oh, like the Peace Corps?

The Peace Corps. But it was an internal sort of group like that, and I can't remember . . .

Job Corps?

Job Corps. [Possibly Americorps.] Something like that. And there was so much going on at the university and stuff during this period. Even before this began I never really did associate that much either with other faculty members at

the university or students, and I seemed to tend to end up sort of hanging out with either kind of fringe students who were older—some of them close to my own age—or a group like this that was also on the fringes.

I think they used to go up to the university once a week and meet, and there may have even been a faculty advisor up there, or something like that. So in some senses they were connected with the university but not in any kind of normal sense. And some of them would occasionally smoke marijuana, and I began smoking with them.

Up until the time when I was actually fired from the university, that's all that went on, like I never bought any. I never had a stash of marijuana at home. I never bought any. If somehow or another I got into a situation where there was some around, then I would smoke some. If it wasn't there, I never thought about it, and it just wasn't anything that occupied my mind or attention all that much. As I said, during that period it never even got to the point where I ever even bought anything from anyone. It just never got that far. I wasn't interested or into it to that extent.

Now, after I was told that I wasn't going to be able to teach my classes in the fall and got into that period, and then near the end of the year when I got fired from the faculty and then got involved in this whole long, legal process, which went on for a couple of years actually, and during which there was this incident which I may have referred to before—I don't really quite remember . . . I got some information from a source that suggested that the local police were going to pull some sort of a raid on my house. Did I talk about that before?

No, and that's one of the things I want to talk about.

Oh, OK. There was also a suggestion, or there was an implication, that there was even some sort of a notion of planting some drugs.

So here I am in this situation where, yes, it's true, I was occasionally smoking some marijuana, yet at the same time it's also true, and it's a fact,

that I never really had any marijuana *around*. You know, if a raid had been pulled or a surprise raid had been pulled on my house or something like that, at the *very, very* most they might have found a small roach somewhere. There certainly wasn't any kind of stash of any kind of drug around at *all*. And so when I heard about it . . .

Now Charlie Springer had told you that the . . . ?

Right. It was Charlie Springer who had told me that he had learned from some friends of his, some of whom might have been in the state legislature or something . . . I'm not sure exactly what their positions were, but they apparently were in a position to have heard something about this or to have found out something about this. And so, you know, I was very upset that they were going to do something on what was obviously such a deliberately large kind of scandalous scale and which was obviously an attempt to smear my name and reputation so that it would make what the university—the Board of Regents, or whoever—what they were putting me through more justifiable in the eyes of lots of people. Well, here, this professor is a druggie, and he's on drugs, and we don't want people on drugs teaching at our university.

Well, this was right before the October Board of Regents meeting, and the hearing was, I think, on the thirteenth, and this all happened in the same week. Your fortieth birthday, too. [laughter]

Yes. You know, after I was fired, for one thing, my attorney, Mr. Springer, I can remember him telling me at one point not to talk to any strangers or if anybody approached me and started asking me questions about things, not to answer them, not to discuss anything with them. He even suggested that if I saw some attractive woman or something like that, that I should be very careful of that sort of thing.

[laughter] Run like hell.

Right. Which on the one hand I understand as being good advice—probably it's good legal advice, or whatever—but I got very kind of paranoid about it. And so what I did was I really withdrew and retreated just into myself and into a *very, very* small number of people whom I had known for some time and sort of trusted and could feel relaxed with. So after I was fired and after this kind of atmosphere sort of developed, probably my marijuana smoking did increase; you know, I was smoking it more. Mostly it was a matter of simply having more time on my hands than anything.

I was just going to ask you . . . I mean, you weren't teaching.

No, I wasn't teaching.

And your dissertation, all that stuff, was behind you.

Right, that was all done. That was all passed.

What would be a typical day? If you weren't on campus, where were you?

Gosh. There was, of course, a period when I was still being paid, but I didn't have my classes. And during that period I would still go up to my office just about every day and spend some time up there. But that got more and more difficult, because I'd go to the office and spend an hour or two there, and then I'd go to the cafeteria to have some lunch, and immediately, you know, a bunch of students would come and sit at the table. They were very well meaning, and they were just very interested in what was going on and somewhat excited about it all. So they'd want to talk about it a lot, and they'd ask me a lot of questions about it, and it got to be too difficult to even sort of eat.

So I stopped going there, and then I started going to the faculty diner, and I got some entirely different kind of reactions there. There the reactions were certainly . . . perhaps not extreme, but certainly on a hostile and unfriendly side. I

can remember getting my tray full of food one time, and it was rather crowded. There were a couple of people sitting at a table talking, and there was an empty seat there, so I asked permission if I could sit down. They said, "Go ahead," and I sat down, and it went dead silent. You know, the conversation stopped. They didn't speak to each other, and they didn't say a word to me either—no conversation at all.

Another time I remember going in there and getting my tray full of food, and I was walking towards an empty table, and I passed one table where a faculty member was sitting by himself eating his lunch. I don't know who he was. His head was down, sort of over his plate. I didn't recognize him. I don't know whether I would have known who he was if I had seen his face, but what I do remember very vividly was he had a *Life* magazine open. Those people that remember *Life* magazine remember its primary virtue was that it used to have great photography, great pictures, and this particular issue or edition apparently had a number of photographs or a segment in it of one of those terrible, awful, brutal sort of ethnic wars or rivalries or tribal wars or whatever was going on in some part of Africa where tribes were slaughtering each other. This photograph was a two-page spread, and it was a picture of this starving, black child, a child that was still virtually a baby. Didn't look like it was even old enough to walk, and you could see its whole skeleton through its body. This was just like skeleton and then sagging skin over it. And this guy was sitting there looking at this photograph and eating his lunch, and I *just* couldn't put that together in my mind; it just shocked me. And so did the idea how you can be a sort of educated person, as this individual obviously must have been, to do something like that; to be able to sit down and be eating a meal while you are looking at a picture of a dying, starving child. I remember walking right past him and just putting my tray down. In fact, I think I just put it on the window sill there, and I turned around, and I walked out, and I never went back there again.

So after I was fired, during the period while I still had my classes, I was still going up to the university, but it just got to be a more and more unpleasant experience, and too unpleasant to even sort of go up for, particularly since I didn't *really* have anything to do. I was doing some work in a library and stuff like that, but obviously, I didn't have my classes. I didn't have any contact with the students and so on. So when I got fired, then, of course, I wasn't going up there anymore. And when this thing earlier happened of this report about the possibility of some sort of a police raid and so on, when Mr. Springer sort of talked to some of his friends about it and tried to get some advice about it, what he came back to *me* with was essentially the message that these people really didn't know what they could do about it. And so the kind of a suggestion was that I ought to just get out of town.

That made me very angry. That really upset me. I felt like, you know, nobody's going to run me out of this town. I'm going to *stay* here as long as I want to *stay*, until I feel as though I don't want to stay here any longer for whatever reason. If during that time this is the shit that they're going to pull, or if they're going to goddamn kill me or whatever, I'm still not going to run away. I'll force their hand if that's the way it's got to be.

So I stayed on there after there was really no need for me to, except, of course, that I was still working with Mr. Springer. But things had gotten to the point there where he had filed quite a bit of his work out with a woman who was sort of doing some of his out work, a lot of the paperwork for him. And I remember she was having some sort of problems of her own, family problems or whatever. But in any case, it kept dragging out and dragging out and dragging out, and during that period I really didn't have anything external to get me involved in any sort of daily kind of activity. And so most of the time consisted of sort of hiding from people and staying away from people and then occasionally getting together with a few of my friends and getting out of town and maybe going out to Pyramid Lake and

smoking a joint or There were a couple of occasions before I left Reno when we went out and ate some magic mushrooms, you know. That occurred a couple of times. But it was mostly a matter of my passing the time by sitting around, mostly reading, just kind of reading stuff and kind of biding my time and treading water until things happened.

So my activities shrunk down to just a sort of a pinhead. I just wasn't very active at all, as I said, wasn't all that interested in going out and running into people, because it seemed as though when I did, something kind of bizarre would happen.

Again, I can't remember the exact timing of this, but I can remember one occasion going to the grocery store and walking down the aisle with my cart. There was a little girl saying, "Oh, Daddy, I've seen him on television," you know, and I'd just wheel my cart around and take off. Or I remember stopping at a gas station to get gas, and the young man who was a gas attendant said, "Oh, aren't you Professor so-and-so from such-and-such?"

And, "Yeah," you know, and that sort of thing. I may have even mentioned in our first meeting that sometime later, a couple of years later I was out driving through Death Valley with my friend and stopped. Could see the only tree in a hundred miles and stopped under it immediately to get some shade, and there was a picnic table there. Then a few minutes later I noticed this little VW bug came out of the horizon and pulled up and parked, and the guy got out and walked over towards us. I'm only assuming that he was looking for a little bit of shade, too, but he saw *me* there, and, oh, cross my heart, he said, "Say, aren't you Professor Adamian?" [laughter] And here I was in Death Valley, you know.

And I said, "Oh, my God." So anyway, that was sort of what I was running into when I went out.

So this was sort of almost a reluctant celebrity status?

Oh, absolutely. I think the worst curse that I could ever put on anybody is "celebritiness" or famousness or notoriety, or whatever you want to call it, because, you know, for one thing my own experience suggests to me that they're terribly, terribly distorted. That is to say, people have a terrible misconception about what's going on and who you are and what this is all about anyway. And, you know, anytime anything like that happened, it was *really* a shock to me and just a very unpleasant experience. My way of dealing with it was to live in such a way that the possibility of that happening was as slight as possible.

So I spent *most* of the couple of years that I did stay there after the firing sort of under those conditions, staying very much to myself, trying to avoid people as much as possible and just kind of trying to get through each day, in some way that I could find to pass the time without requiring that I get out into the public.

So how long would you say you kept a residence in Reno, because I know you moved to Bodega Bay later?

Yes, I think it was about a couple of years.

So probably in like 1972?

Let's see, how did this work out? I had met a person there in Reno who eventually went out with some friends to Maine with the notion of spending a few years or whatever there in Maine. And they had rented a kind of an old farmhouse out there, somewhere I think south of Bangor, Maine. I can't remember the name of the town.

Later she had a kind of a notion of the part of the country where she would like to go. So we went to that part and began looking around for a school that she felt comfortable with, and we located a school, and then we settled in this little town. It was very close by where this school was, and this town was Bodega Bay. It was while I was in Bodega Bay that I began to, of course, meet some of the local people and began to

discover what was pretty obvious, that it was mostly a little commercial fishing town, village. Very little else going on there. There was just a little local grocery store owned by a family, and there was a little gas station run by a local family.

Just about everything else there was geared around commercial fishing. And I had always sort of liked fishing, sport fishing, when I was a kid. I always liked the water. I enjoyed going out onto the ocean and that kind of thing, and things sort of just fell into place as I got to know some of the people. I'd start going down and hanging around with them and helping them work on their boats and even would take a ride out with them when they went out for a day of fishing and so on.

Then it was about this time, I believe, that my uncle died, and he left me . . . I inherited \$11,000. And so for \$10,500, I bought a boat. I figured I had to get into something. I had made an effort to see if I could get another teaching position at some other university somewhere in the area, in the West or the Southwest, and by that time I had contacted a number of schools. I had written to them and gotten answers that there wasn't anything available.

When you applied for those positions, did you let them know what had happened to you in Nevada?

Oh, yes, I did. I didn't want to go into a situation where I went there keeping something like this a secret and then having it be discovered. I laid it all out as much as I could to make them understand that, "Well, this is what I'm coming from, and this is what you're going to be getting."

So I never got an answer, you know, suggesting that they didn't like my background or something. That may very well have been the case. They simply said, "Well, I'm sorry, we don't have anything available." What their real reasons were I don't know. I have no idea. But I remember writing to places like the University of Arizona, University of Colorado, maybe the University of New Mexico, something like that.

When nothing came through there, then I went up to Canada. I had a friend whom I had gone through graduate school with at Claremont Graduate School—a fellow by the name of Roger Seaman, who was teaching in the English Department at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver. So I went up there partly as a kind of a visit with an old friend and talked to him about, "Anything going on here? Any vacancies?"

And he said, no, there weren't. There weren't. He had a friend over at Simon Fraser University and he called him up and sent me over, and I went to talk to him and unfortunately got the same answer. In fact, this individual was telling me how they, in the last few years, had been just *deluged* with applications from American professors who had been blown out of their positions and who couldn't get jobs in the United States. They were coming to Canada looking for jobs there.

Yes. When would this have been, the trip to Canada?

Ah, let's see now. Let me try to think about that. Now, this was before I went to Mexico. This is before I went to Maine, and then eventually Mexico and back to Bodega Bay. Yes, it was before that time.

So spring of 1970?

I was still in Reno, in fact, when I wrote for other jobs. I had been fired by then, of course. I kind of thought that this was so bizarre that we really had a pretty good chance of winning in court, so I stayed around with that to see what was going to happen before making another move. But as the time went on and on, I began to feel as though, well, even though I might get some sort of favorable decision from the courts at some level, I didn't know what that *really* was going to mean in terms of was I going to go back to the university and teach or whatever. I thought that was highly unlikely. Then I realized I just couldn't sit around forever. I had to do something, and so

I started looking for jobs in other places, and nothing ever did turn up.

Then during that time when you were waiting, would you have gone back? I mean, say, like the semester after?

I think I would have gone back, but I *don't* think I would have stayed there. I think I would have gone back and maybe finished out the year or something like that, if that would have been possible. And, of course, you know, I can't predict what my behavior would have been like after I got back. I just don't know. But if it had come to that, and if I felt as though I was coming back on some sort of terms that I could accept, I suspect that I would have finished out the year and then very likely have made another change—either maybe gotten out of teaching or certainly have looked for another teaching position. But I doubt very much that I would have stayed for any length of time, if that had happened.

And were you pretty involved with the initial appeals process, or is it something that you just sort of turned over to Springer?

I'm afraid that I pretty much just turned that over to Mr. Springer. And one of the things that I've always sort of felt guilty a bit about and would like to apologize to him sometime, if I get the chance, is that I really wasn't a very easy client to work with. I think by that time I was so disgusted with processes, whole processes, that this legal thing also seemed to me to be more of the same on just another level and just dragged out and dragged out. And to a certain extent, it was an interesting experience for me in a sense that I learned that, at least sort of on this level, an individual gets involved in something like that and then once the lawyers take over, they take over. They run with the ball, because they sort of know the game, you know. Essentially you've just sort of given them permission to use you as a football in this game, and then you're just sort of the football. *They* know how to run the game,

so to a certain extent you become kind of a bystander in a way.

I had some decisions to make originally, and I think I'm being accurate in saying that when I was originally fired I think my first impulse . . . I had been so disgusted with this whole chain of events. I mean, you can go back to the times when I was involved in the civil rights movement and so on. Some of the sort of things that I had run into in some of the other colleges that I had worked at or taught at before coming to Reno all sort of coalesced around me. It's when I figured, "This is the final straw. The heck with it."

A couple of faculty members—and I'm not trying to hide their names or anything; I really don't remember who they were—suggested to me that I ought to take this to court. If my memory is correct, my reaction was, "Well, I'm not interested in getting involved in this unless it's done on a . . ." Rather than on a level of attacking some aspect of the process through which I was put by the Board of Regents and the university, I wanted to make it a freedom of speech issue. If you wanted to do it that way, if you felt as though it could be done that way, then fine, I would do it that way.

I also made it clear to him at the time that I didn't have any money. I had only gotten divorced a couple of years earlier, and when I was fired and left the university, I took out my retirement money from the university. I'm pretty sure I'm accurate in remembering that that amounted to thirty-five hundred dollars. And so I had no other income coming; all I had was that thirty-five hundred dollars. I told them, you know, if you think there's something good that could come out of pursuing this, OK, but I don't have any money to pay anybody for this.

So there was some talk about, well, some people might get together and try to raise some money somehow to help it happen. I think that did happen to some extent, but I don't think that in terms of the amount of money collected or anything like that that it ever amounted to even a fraction of what Mr. Springer *himself* spent out of his own pocket to do this. It really did end up

being money that came out of his own pocket, because the money raised just never really amounted to very much, you know.

Well, then it seemed like the original agreement was that he'd get about 40 or 50 percent of whatever was the final settlement.

Right. I think it was a 30-percent thing, yes.

And then it went down to 25.

Contingency thing? Is that what they call it? And I think his was 30 or 35 percent, something like that. And I said, "Well, that's fine," because as I said, there wasn't anything I could have paid him. So he would have been responsible then for all the cost and expense, and that is a very expensive process, all the legal papers and tons of papers, and I'm sure it costs a lot of money to do that. You know, somebody had to be paid to do that, and as I said, I think the money that was raised never came anywhere close to taking care of that. Then at the very end, he, of course, went . . . Did he go? When it ended up in the Supreme Court, I don't remember whether he went to Washington himself or not. I just don't remember. I guess he didn't because the case was rejected.

Yes, with no commentary.

So there wasn't any reason for him to go. But anyway, all the way up through his applications and briefs and stuff, all the way up to the Supreme Court, 95 or 99 percent, perhaps, of all the costs of that came from Mr. Springer's own pockets. And I was never in a position after that financially to ever be able to pay him back or anything.

Now one of the things you said is that you wanted it to be a freedom-of-speech case.

Right.

It wound up being sort of a case about the university code, under which you were prosecuted, and got bounced around. I could kind of go through some of this. Would that be helpful?

If you can.

But that basically filed suit against the district court in summer of 1971, and then pretty much by the following spring, spring of 1972, Bruce Thompson reassigned the case to Roger Foley down in Las Vegas. Later on that spring you were said to be living in Mexico. I don't know if that was true, spring of 1972. But anyway, this went on until the spring of 1973 when Foley ordered you reinstated with back pay and interest. So in spring of 1973, that's when Foley down in Vegas said that you should be reinstated. At that time though, it became more of a discussion over the university code, and it stopped being one about, necessarily, freedom of speech or academic freedom. It was that the code you were prosecuted under was too vague.

Yes. Right.

Did your emotions or your feelings about the whole legal process change when it became not about freedom of speech anymore?

Not really. No. Again, as I said, I'm sure I was a tough client for Mr. Springer to even handle, because once that process got rolling, I pretty much detached myself from it. And I don't recall at all being all that concerned perhaps that the focus had maybe shifted a little bit from what I had originally had in mind or anything like that. I thought, well, you know, the game is on, and the game will just sort of run until it's concluded. And I didn't feel as though I really had that much to say about what direction to go or whatever, that that was sort of pretty much out of my hands by that time. And I trusted Mr. Springer, and there was no doubt in my mind that he was a good attorney and a knowledgeable one. I felt perfectly relaxed and confident about letting it in his hands

and allowing him to make the decisions as he saw best and going along with it that way.

So it sort of just took on a life of its own.

Right, exactly. And that's one of the characteristics of that beast, you know, that it does.

Now, how long were you in Bodega Bay?

For close to ten years, or somewhere close to eight, nine, ten years. Actually, I was in commercial fishing. As I said, I bought a boat, and I was in commercial fishing for most of that decade. Then towards the end of the decade—1978, 1979, something like that—I sold my boat, because fishing was becoming more and more difficult.

And was this after your back injury?

That was part of it. I injured my back. I had surgery on my back in a hospital, a United States Public Health Service Hospital in San Francisco. And it was too painful to be on a rocking, rolling boat after that.

I would say that perhaps three-quarters of the fishermen usually had someone else that worked with them. They'd hire a teenager or maybe a brother or a cousin, or a relative would work on a boat with them, and for various reasons I never did that. I think it was mostly because I always sort of felt like if I went out there and did something goofy and sunk to the bottom, I would feel a lot better if I was the only one that I did it to than if I had somebody else on. I didn't want that responsibility. So I always worked by myself, and then as a result, it just became a little bit too hard to manage after that back surgery, which had excellent results, but nevertheless, I had been warned that it would be very easy to do something serious again on a boat out on the ocean. And so that had a lot to do with my decision.

But as I said, at the same time it was also true that the fishing, at least on my level, was . . .

you could see the writing on the wall. It was a pretty dying profession. I sold my boat. A lot of my friends kidded me about and sort of teased me about bailing out, but I went back there a few years later, and they had "For Sale" signs up on their boats. And I went back a few years later after *that*, and one of my friends was literally chain-sawing his boat up into pieces to drag off to burn because he couldn't sell it. There were no buyers, because the commercial fishing was done, essentially, and he couldn't keep paying to have it tied up at the dock. Couldn't sell it, couldn't keep it at the dock, so he was chain-sawing it up to drag off and burn.

So you got out of fishing, what did you say, 1978, 1979?

Somewhere right near the end there. And what happened was that I sold my boat. I had already moved out of Bodega Bay up into this commune a few miles out of town, out of Bodega Bay, and I was still up there when I was commercial fishing the last couple of years. And then I sold the boat.

So when would that have been?

That would have been around 1978. And then I continued to live up at the commune there for another maybe two or three years after that. And during that time I would sort of work odd jobs, mostly with my friends back down in Bodega Bay. When they needed an extra hand or if they were getting ready for crab season and were doing a lot of work on their crab pots, I'd go down and work for a week or two and that sort of thing. Or if they were going out herring fishing, I'd go out with them and spend maybe a week or so on their boats herring fishing, and I'd get a percentage of the catch.

At the same time, living in a commune as I did made it obviously a lot easier, because I didn't have rent to pay. I just lived in a shack that had no electricity or running water, no indoor toilet or anything like that. But there was no rent to

pay. We had a garden there. We had our own sheep and chickens and turkeys and stuff. So with the little money that I was able to make like that and the very little that I spent on myself—I've never been the kind of person that was into fancy cars or expensive toys or anything like that—I was able to get by, barely. There were times when I would have to borrow money. I could even remember one time waiting in a parking lot of the grocery store in Bodega Bay hoping somebody would come by that I knew that I could get a couple of dollars from to maybe get some bread or something. [laughter]

Yes. I was going to ask you about that because Dennis Myers did a few follow-up pieces about you in the mid-1970s. At one point, it was like early 1976, it was in the paper that, "He has been at times near destitution, at one point living on twenty dollars a month pension as a disabled American vet."

Yes, I was getting a G.I. disability, which I'm still getting now, and every few years that increases like two dollars, or something like that, a year. Right now it's up around something like ninety dollars. So back then it was probably around sixty, seventy dollars, or something like that. So I was getting that, plus, as I said, what I could pick up in doing odd jobs. And they were frankly under-the-table kind of things. You know, I'd just get paid in cash, and it would maybe be a hundred dollars, two hundred dollars, or something like that and under the table.

Mostly in fishing, or did you still do some lumber industry or any of that kind of stuff?

Mostly in fishing. I did work at a lumber mill for a while. That didn't last too long, because it was so physically brutal.

I worked on what they called a green saw. And what they would do is they'd cut down these big redwoods, and they would send these redwoods down the chute. I mean, these things could be six feet in diameter or more. As it came to the chute, I was the first person it got to. And

I had this huge saw near me, this huge saw blade, going at incredible speed, and it would slice off a slice of the tree lengthwise, which would be maybe about three or four inches thick. It would cut it, and then it would start falling in such a way that required me to grab this thing that could be like thirty feet long, and it was soaking wet, of course, because this was fresh-cut trees. I had to kind of flip it onto this conveyor belt so it would go down. And, you know, and I must have weighed like 140 or 150 pounds then, or something like that. So that's what I was doing all day long. I would be so soaked from the spray on the saw blade and on all the sawdust that at the end of the day I would be covered with sawdust. I looked like one of these creatures out of the woods or something like that.

So I worked for a number of months doing that. As I said, it didn't really last all that long, because it was physically so difficult. And then I think I worked a little bit at the gas station there in Bodega Bay for awhile, also. That was owned by a guy that ran a crab fishing boat, and I used to crab fish with him, give him a hand in that. And then when I wasn't crab fishing I'd work at the gas station a little bit, too.

Yes. We're going to sort of jump around in chronology, but some of the letters that you passed along have an offer of an assistant professor position from the University of Libya in February of 1973, and then in that same month you wrote to the University of Tehran. So there was a time where, in fact, shortly after UNR, you were applying to Western schools, and then it sounds like spring of 1973 you were applying overseas.

Exactly. Yes. I figure, well, I'm dead meat in the states. Canada might be sympathetic, but they just couldn't handle me, and the only choice that I had, it seemed, if I wanted to continue teaching was to find someplace overseas. And I really can't remember exactly how many places I wrote to. Wasn't all that many, and I'm not even sure, to tell the truth, why I wrote to Libya. I *think* I wrote to it, primarily, because I thought,

“Well, you know, they don’t like the United States, and they might not be all that upset because I got fired for protesting the war in Vietnam.”

And then I thought, well, you know, I’ve heard awful things about the place. It’s really a pretty uptight kind of culture and so on and ruled by this guy nobody quite knows what to make of. But I thought, well, it’s sort of located in a nice part of the world there. And gee, Greece isn’t very far, and Italy isn’t all that far. So I had some sort of a naïve notion that if I were lucky enough to get a job there, it might not be the neatest place in the world to be working, but it might be in an interesting part of the world, and I could maybe do a little bit of traveling there, which I ordinarily would never get the chance to do.

So I did write to them, and I *was*, to my surprise, accepted. I *was* offered a contract. I think in terms of money it was about \$500 more than I was getting at the University of Nevada when I left. I was getting \$11,500 as an assistant professor, and I think they offered me \$12,000, but I was going to get free housing there, and they were going to ship over whatever furniture and other stuff like that that I had free. So that would have been free. So in money terms it was about what I was making, and it wouldn’t have cost me anything to have made the move.

So it seemed to be OK, and then I started having kind of second thoughts about it: “Is this a good thing? Is this a good idea?” And I remember stopping and talking with Dr. Haddawy, stopping in and seeing Dr. Haddawy, who had come to the university maybe the year before, and he thought I was insane; he thought I was crazy to go there. And I was still kind of caught in the middle, because I felt like, well, “Sounds like this isn’t really a good decision, but on the other hand, I need a job.” [laughter] I need to work.

He said, “Well, look,” he said, “would you get out to . . . ?” When I went to Washington I was supposed to contact a Libyan ambassador, or I don’t know who he was, but a representative of Libya. They had some office in Washington, D.C., and Haddawy suggested I go to an office,

the name of which I can’t remember. It was something like [sighs] Office of Near Eastern Affairs or something to that effect. And he said, “Go and talk to those people.”

So I went to talk to them, and *they* told me that they thought I was crazy, so at the last minute I backed out. There I was in Washington, D.C. I mean, I was on the East Coast, ready to go and everything, but at the last minute I decided, “Gee, all these people are telling me it really isn’t a good idea.” And so I wrote the University of Libya and canceled it and bailed out—didn’t go.

Was that pretty much the last of the attempts to work in academics?

I was just dried out after that. I just didn’t want to go through this over and over again, of being rejected and not really *knowing* whether it was really a matter of if they didn’t have openings and stuff like that. The situation was changing. When I first got out into the full-time market from graduate school, I was lucky enough so there *were* openings, a lot more than ever since then. That was probably the end of the best of times in a sense for job seekers, and the market really tightened up just of its own accord, plus all the complications of the Vietnam thing and everything. And as I said, I never had a clue when I got rejected whether it was because they simply were filled up or whether they just didn’t want to touch somebody like me with a ten-foot pole.

I’m just imagining—and this is simply a guess—but there may very well have been some questions when I was at the university there at the end when somebody probably asked somebody, “Who the hell hired this guy?” And the person that it was might have gotten some heat, too. And I suspected that nobody elsewhere was going to want to take that kind of chance and have that kind of a backfire on them that way either. So I gave up on it. I figured there was no sense in pursuing it any further.

No desire to teach high school or get into some other near-academic position? [laughter]

No. Every once in awhile I'd be somewhere . . . like even in Bodega Bay there was a kind of an alternative school, although it was really for kids, but if I had wanted to enough I probably could have set something up. There might have been a half a dozen people who might have been interested in spending time, but it wouldn't have been anything that I would have been paid for. You know, this analogy or this fantasy may have absolutely no reality in physiology or anything, but since that time there have been times when I've sort of felt like a piano player whose hands have been cut off, and the nerve ends are still kind of twitching there, but there's nothing to do. So there certainly have been times when I've missed the classroom, I've missed students. I always *liked* the classroom; I like students. I hated administrators, you know. (Of course, this should be taken loosely!) But it just never happened; it just never came together.

Gradually over time it kept going in sort of a different direction. I figured by the end of the 1980s, most of which again I had spent just sort of odd-balling work and stuff like that, I was planning to move back up to Washington, because nothing much else was going on. And it was then that my older brother—my only brother, who lived on the East Coast and with whom I hadn't had very much contact with over the years—got in touch with me, and recently he had had a kind of a near automobile accident and was feeling pretty lonely. He'd never married, lived by himself, and was getting on in years. He's six years older than I am. I'll be seventy in October. His birthday, in fact, I think, is this month, so he's about seventy-six.

He wanted to get together, and I told him, "I'll never come out to the East Coast. I can't stand the East Coast." I told him about the West Coast, and he agreed to come out here. And I was back up in Washington at that time, and so I went looking around for a house.

* * *

So back to your legal battle. The U.S. Supreme Court refused to hear the final appeal.

Right.

Now by May of 1980, when the U.S. Supreme Court refused to hear the final appeal on your case, you had already moved up to Washington?

I had gone up there, yes. I had gone up there and I was up there for a few years and then came back down again.

So you've been in Washington since the early 1980s pretty much.

Right. Most of that time. Well, I was up there, then came back down to California for a while. I was living in Richmond in the Bay Area. It's north of San Francisco and almost right across the . . . I could drive around the top of the bay to Berkeley and Albany, that area there. In fact, I had some friends who were living in Albany then, so they were close by, and I could visit with them. So I was down there a few years, and I was still just kind of odd-jobbing it, sometimes with fishermen down there and sometimes going back up to Bodega Bay with people I knew up there.

Then it got to be too expensive for me to live there. I wasn't making the kind of income to support that down there, and I started feeling a little bit overwhelmed by the growth down there, the traffic and all that kind of thing, and decided to leave. I looked around for a while for something up around the Santa Rosa area, which is just inland from Bodega Bay—Santa Rosa, Sebastopol—and couldn't find anything. And I lived for a while in Cazadero, which is just outside of Guerneville, along the Russian River. I was there for about a year or two. Eventually, as I said, I just didn't like what was happening in the area, or from another point of view, nothing much was happening, you know, for me. So I left and went up to Washington.

Now, from the 1980 Supreme Court decision, was that pretty much it with your legal battles?

Yes.

And were you affected at all with that decision? I guess what I want to ask is how much did you think that that possibly might have happened, that the Supreme Court would have listened to it?

I think I was naïve enough to have expected too much. I still sort of felt that the whole thing was too bizarre. I mean, it was too bizarre to let stand that way. I still thought that there was a possibility that we would get a favorable ruling. I mean, I wasn't *crushed* when I heard, and I wasn't *shocked* or surprised. I was *certainly* disappointed and kind of disgusted, but I took it as part of, "Well, this is all part of the same bull shit." That was kind of my attitude toward it, and I felt as though I had kind of let it live too long in my life or let it live too long in my mind. You know, sort of let it infect some of my decisions for too long a period of time, and that in a way I was glad the damn thing was finally done and over with, and so I could just drop it and *go* from there as best I could.

Right. Now, had there been any attempts on the part of either the Board of Regents or the University of Nevada, any of the defendants, to settle out of court in that ten-year period?

Not that I'm aware of. Not to me. I don't know whether there had been any communication between Mr. Springer and any of these people. You know, obviously they knew that he was my attorney, and I would have assumed that if anything like that came out they would have contacted him, because I'm not even sure *they* knew where I was at the moment. I could have been anywhere at that time. So he would have been the likely person to go to, and I don't recall him telling me of anything like that occurring.

Yes. Because there was only one mention of it that came out in one of the newspapers. I think it was the Gazette in 1973. It said that you had filed asking for \$75,000 in damages. Now that was with the initial suit, but I haven't seen that in any of the legal work, and I was just wondering.

I don't remember that either. That doesn't ring a bell with me at all.

Then it was probably just a lot of anomalies in the newspaper articles.

Yes. I don't even know where they get that figure.

This reminds me that there was a time . . . and I can't remember when it was. I believe it was when I had been suspended from classes but not yet fired, when somebody approached me and asked me if I was interested in giving a luncheon speech for, I don't know, a chamber of commerce or something like that. I agreed to, which I realized later wasn't really a good idea, because I should have realized that it wasn't going to be a sympathetic group or a very receptive group. [laughter] But I went ahead with it anyway, and it wasn't much of a speech, because I really didn't want There were quite a few people. I remember there were people standing in the back of the room wherever this took place, so there were quite a few people there, but instead of talking about, I think, what *they* wanted me to talk about—which was all this stuff at the university and the Vietnam War and my attitude toward that I did talk about it in a much more indirect way, trying to communicate to them what I experienced or felt I had experienced at the university and in my relationship with the students, both in class and outside class. And that was a sense that I got.

Looking at this from a long, historical point of view, there may not have been really anything all that unusual about this period of time, except that it might have been exaggerated a bit because of the events of the 1960s and the 1960s revolution and music and sex. It's all of that and the Vietnam thing and all of that. For example, I would get reactions to questions that weren't really necessarily direct answers to questions, which suggested a real sort of disaffection between the kids and their parents.

I had experienced a number of times students who would come into my office, either

voluntarily or whom I had asked to come to the office to discuss something that they had written in one of my classes, and we would talk about that. It wouldn't be very long, it seemed to me, before they would be off and talking about what a difficult time they were having with their parents and how their parents didn't seem to understand them and didn't seem to understand what was going on, and that it was causing serious problems from there. They were obviously very bothered by it, very upset by it. It was very likely affecting their work and affecting their happiness. In other words, it seemed to me to be a serious problem, not a trivial one. And I had heard it enough times so that I began to feel as though . . . So what I tried to talk to them about was something to the effect that, "You're losing your kids."

Right. Was this one of the Town and Gown meetings, do you remember?

No, just me. Just me and this sort of business group, chamber of commerce or something like that. It's basically an organization of businessmen. As I said, I don't know whether they were interested in my views directly about the war and wanted me to discuss the war and why I thought it was a bad thing. I referred to that in talking, but I talked mostly about how they were losing their kids, and that didn't seem to go over well. [laughter] It bombed pretty much. And, you know, I don't know whether they thought that I was an arrogant asshole for suggesting that, or who was I to tell them what was happening with their kids, but they didn't seem to receive it very well or anything. So that was the only thing that I did in a public way like that, to an organization like that.

Yes. Where was this in relation to everything else?

You mean in the time frame?

Yes.

As I said, the only thing I can say is that I had been suspended from the university, but I was still on the payroll.

This is after this.

So it would have been in the fall sometime then.

Then the speech that I handed you was on the seventeenth.

Yes. It's September.

And just to build up to that, on the ninth of September you were notified that you wouldn't be able to meet your classes. The department met that day to talk about that. Were you there when the department talked about your suspension?

Not that I can recall. No, I don't remember having any departmental meeting about it. The only departmental meeting I remember having was . . . well, it could very well have been this one then. It was a meeting in which there was some discussion as to what the English Department's reaction to this was going to be.

There were a couple of members, at least, that I can remember clearly who were taking the position that they should take a pretty strong position themselves, objecting to the Board of Regents' actions. There were some other individuals, one in particular, who wanted to be much more cautious about this and argued against doing anything volatile or too strong a reaction. Kind of caution, moderation, and stuff like that. And that pretty much cooled things.

Could you say who that was?

Well, I remember one individual who thought that we ought to go easy was Mr. Herman, George Herman. He felt that maybe at this point, or for whatever reason, we ought to kind of take it easy and perhaps wait awhile or see more how things developed. But in thinking of the two kind of

views that seemed to be being expressed, Mr. Herman was one who seemed to think that it would be better if things were taken more slowly or done more slowly. I think that was pretty much then the consensus or the thought at the end of the meeting. That's really the one and only meeting that I can recall having with the department as a whole like that.

The newspaper reported that, "The department met to discuss the matter and unanimously rejected a motion to boycott all classes," which sounds like the same meeting.

Right. I can't recall a suggestion that we boycott all classes. I just don't remember that part of it.

But you remember some people arguing for strong action?

Right. Right.

Who would have been behind the strong actions?

Well, one that I can remember was a woman, Anne Howard. I believe her husband taught in the Art Department. And it was Anne Howard who felt as though this was a serious enough sort of violation of their relationship with the board and the university, so that a pretty firm and strong stance ought to be taken. I think it would be pretty accurate to say that she represented a few people on that side and that view; and Mr. Herman represented some people on the other side, in the more sort of cautious view.

As I said, my memory is that it ended up that the department wouldn't do anything at the moment, anyway, and perhaps in the future, but it was kind of left at that. I have no idea whether anything ever did come out of the department as a kind of a departmental statement or anything like that. If it did, I don't remember it.

Well, Bob Harvey sent a letter saying that, "The Department of English objects in the strongest

terms to the regents' actions," and cites some AAUP principles and such, warning that there was a danger of prejudicing your case, and basically things kind of just moved along for most of that week when you were first suspended. That second week, somebody painted graffiti all over campus.

Oh, is that right?

Actually we have photos. Someone turned in photos recently.

What were some of the slogans, or what did they say?

Well, the one that made it a newspaper headline was, "Free Paul Adamian." But there's others. "Fuck war," you know.

I see. Yes.

Various sorts of things. At this point, if you could maybe just talk a little bit about your state of mind or how you were reacting to all this, because you spent the summer knowing that you were being investigated, and apparently there had been some minor exchange of thirty-day notices sent back and forth—that kind of stuff. But up until the ninth of September there hadn't been any sort of warning. You were basically given a carbon copy of a letter sent to the dean saying that you wouldn't teach your classes.

Right. Well, it was really pretty overwhelming. I mean, very overwhelming. It was sort of like being in a room, where loud noises were coming at you from every direction. That's exactly the way that it felt—that things were coming from every direction and sort of whizzing by; perhaps you just got a glimpse of them as they went by and things just sort of flashing. All these things happening in this kind of flashing way. I felt very much out of control of anything, like this beast had suddenly been born and, you know, had come into the Mead



Graffiti on campus, from around the time of the Governor's Day demonstrations.

hall and was tearing everything up and ruining my kingdom and everything. [laughter]

It was just this real sort of a blast, a kind of a stunning sort of blast, where I would only be vaguely aware that things were being said, things were going on, and committees were meeting, and statements were being issues, but it was all just sort of whizzing by me. There was just so much of it, and it was so thick and dense. I really felt, as I said, really out of control. I had *no* idea what was going on. It was all just pretty much chaotic. It felt pretty chaotic to me and very overwhelming. I didn't know which way to turn or what to grab onto to get my balance back.

Now, I'm assuming you saw some of the graffiti, since it was all over campus.

No, I really don't recall seeing it. I'm aware that that did occur, but I don't really recall seeing it.

And then the following week, that's when the graffiti happened and all these meetings were

going on. Did you go to any of them, like the faculty senate or any of those sorts of things?

I don't recall doing that, no.

OK, because Wednesday the ninth is when you were suspended. A week later on a Thursday you gave this speech. Now, the one thing I wanted you mostly to read is that first statement [in the speech] where you admit to the crowd that Springer had told you or advised you not to say anything. But yet you meet in front of this crowd, and basically you take an entire system to task for not going through due process for basically the long history of essentially clubbing people down and dragging them away because they disagreed from Sattwhite on, and talking about Raggio and Slattery. Now I'm sort of curious why you would have done this.

I was angry. Yes, I was mad. I thought that the events of the recent days, the most *immediate* of which was the Kent State thing . . . Again,

this is common near the end of the 1960s. I mean the 1960s are almost over. In fact, I think a lot of people write in terms of the student reaction on something like four hundred or more campuses across the country to the secret Cambodian invasion, all that kind of bombing, and then the Kent State thing, and the subsequent eruption on hundreds of campuses across the country.

A lot of writers that I read kind of remark on that time as being the end of the 1960s and the end of the protest movement. Too many people were just blown away by it or exhausted by it, were washed out by it, and I think that's pretty much true. The anger that's here In spite of the warning that I had been given by Mr. Springer to keep my mouth shut, I just felt too angry, which is the cumulative effect of what had been going on for years, all the way back to the assassinations—the Kennedys and Martin Luther King, everything. I was just really too angry at the brute aspects of the authoritarian state, the authoritarian institution, to keep my mouth shut, and I just had to say what I felt, because I felt so strongly about it. So I went ahead and did it.

I haven't had a chance to actually read the speech, and I don't recall what I said, but I can't imagine that there's anything here that I've said that I would regret now or that I would feel embarrassed about now.

I was curious, also, about what you saw as differences in the atmosphere on campus [that fall], with the summer sort of separating the previous spring's events, and classes had started again. I'm sure there's different leaders and faces, then sort of shifting around.

Right.

And how would you describe campus that fall?

That fall? My memory is that it was pretty quiet. Again, by then I had pretty much separated myself from the university scene, and when I was suspended in the fall that increased my isolation even more, of course. So I really wasn't that much in touch with what was still going on, if anything,

in regard to this on the campus. It almost seemed to me if there *was* anything going on, it was some sort of minor skirmish over the hills there on the other side sort of thing. I'm not trying to suggest that in fact there wasn't anything going on. What I'm suggesting is that *I* had become kind of removed from it for various reasons. And so to *me*, if there had been anything going on, if there had been faculty meetings to further discuss this or raise concerns about it, to me they would have been small skirmishes on the other side of the hill, or something like that. They might occur, and you might occasionally have heard a shot from them, but that was about it.

Now there was going to be a class taught by you and others on revolutions, and this was at the end of August when word came out about this, and there's some exchanges in the paper. Do you remember when planning for this course happened? Was there something that started the previous spring?

It was late.

So a late plan.

Yes, it was late. I didn't know about it until either very late in the summer or very early in the fall. I don't know whether this honors program was just being established about then or what, but it wasn't that long before classes were to begin that I learned that I might have any opportunity to teach a class like this.

And this was something that you were contacted about and asked to help teach? Was it supposed to be with Joe Crowley and Douglas Meyers?

Yes. It was supposed to be a kind of cooperative thing, I think. And I was going to take part in it, but, gosh, I don't think I knew of it before school let out earlier. I think it was after that that I learned of it, but, you know, precisely when I got the word, I can't be any more specific. I just can't remember.

Since the origins are kind of unclear, and the record is kind of unclear about the class, too, and since you were suspended and weren't able to teach it anyway, it really didn't play that much of a big role, other than that it had been announced, and Crowley wound up having to suspend it.

Right, and I suspected that the announcement—when the general public or people outside of the immediate departments or faculty involved—as soon as they heard that, I'm sure there were people in the administration and elsewhere that were just really upset about the title of that class and that I was going to be involved in it. It could very well have been the final nail in the coffin there, that then this class is just one step more than they were going to tolerate, you know. [laughter]

So pretty much for the rest of September there wasn't all that much going on. Bill Raggio responds to the speech on the seventeenth. Just to read a quote here, he said, "It's frightening to know that this peddler of venom is teaching the young people of the state." So basically you're now not just dealing with the university or president and the regents, but now you're having public exchanges with people holding state offices.

Right.

And I assume you knew that this was upping the stakes, or did you feel that they had sort of initiated things?

I didn't play then, and I didn't care. I mean, I didn't think in terms of upping the stakes or that I'm putting myself in greater danger of losing my job and all that kind of thing. I think by then I just really didn't care. I just wanted to say what I thought I felt strongly about.

What I really resented was that there . . . you know, this was a time when Nixon had Spiro Agnew as his attack dog. He was the one that was coming up with all these clever phrases about

liberals and all that, and Nixon was obviously using him as his hatchet man this way. That was bad enough, I felt. And then I thought, for some *punk* like Slattery, and Raggio in particular to start using the same kind of tactic . . .

What had happened at the university—whether you agree with it or like it or not—was a kind of a cultural event. This was something that was happening all across the nation. There were people on both sides who are very passionate about these things, that people in the university, younger students, tend to be a little bit more active perhaps and then a little bit more passionate about it than other segments of the population. But I really kind of thought that this was a serious issue; this was a serious matter and that it was a kind of a national crisis in a way. I *really* resented people like Raggio and Slattery using it as a device to get themselves elected to some two-bit office. And Raggio in particular, some of the stuff that he said was almost right out of Spiro Agnew's mouth, and that's what made me think of him as kind of like a little Spiro Agnew kind of guy.

Slattery, I felt, was just sort of out of it, you know. So I thought Raggio tried even more than Slattery, sort of tried to take a political advantage of that as a way of getting votes. And if he had really been seriously concerned about what had been going on up there, perhaps they'd even come up there, perhaps they'd even participated in some of these discussions, and that would have been something else. But for him to be running for this little dinky office, to in a very cold and calculating way to try to take advantage of that situation as a way of getting himself elected to office, I thought was really despicable. So I didn't hold back in reacting to that kind of thing from either him or Slattery.

All right. And around this time then, too, students doing sort of the grass roots work wanted to put Charlie Springer up for governor.

I respected him for that and have always been grateful to him for his work on my behalf. I can remember going to his office, and he had a

photograph of him shaking hands with . . . I've forgotten whether it was Jack Kennedy or Bobby Kennedy. But he was obviously a supporter of the Kennedys. He was obviously, relatively speaking, a kind of a liberal, or at least left of center. He obviously didn't think that the Vietnam War was a great idea and a great thing for us to be doing, and so in that sense I felt that we had some affinity, but yet I never really *assumed* that he looked at me as—how can I put it?—a really serious sort of figure in this whole event. I think he was sort of more interested in the principles of the case.

So when there was some talk about him running for governor, I thought, "*Great*," you know, here's a guy where we tend to *feel* the same way about some things, and so I thought it was great that he was running for governor, and, of course, I hoped that he would win.

I don't know whether it's true or not, but I heard later on after he lost the election that right up until something like the last day or two, or when the very last state poll had been taken about which way voters were leaning, that he was leading his opponent. Again, I never saw these, but I was told that on the day before the elections, when all campaigning was supposed to have stopped, a whole bunch of ads came out in newspapers associating Mr. Springer with me.

That was for the supreme court.

Oh, was that when he was running for the supreme court and not governor?

That was in 1974.

Oh, that was later then.

That was for supreme court justice. Yes, it was four years after everything.

Oh, OK. So he had already run for governor and lost, is that it, and then was running for the supreme court?

Students put him up for governor, and he, himself, said that even if he could show 5 percent, it would be something significant.

I see. It was like a Eugene McCarthy kind of thing. Yes.

Yes, and he just really wanted to make a dent in things.

A gesture, right.

But then in 1974, it was right around the beginning of the election, the beginning of November, when an editorial came out connecting Springer to you. It was run in papers across the state.

OK. I was getting the two things confused. It was when he was running for the supreme court then. And again, I remember *calling* up. I think the name of who sponsored or published the ads was at the bottom there in small print, and I think I called them and started yapping. And he just laughed at me and said, "What are you going to do about it?" and just kind of laughed at me about it. Obviously, there was nothing I could do about it, you know. [laughter] Just that.

Now early in October 1990 you had written a letter to the editor of the Sagebrush asking for witnesses to submit statements.

I remember Charlie asked me to do that. He asked if I would see if we could round up some witnesses.

Is that right? And then on Friday, October ninth, there was a Board of Regents meeting in Reno. About two hundred students showed up for a rally. You spoke and called for radical changes, inevitable changes, in the university. Just sort of remarks, standard discussions of the September speech. And at the Board of Regents meeting they defended their decision that you should be suspended because, according to the minutes,

"The continuance would be of harm to the university community," et cetera. And then the following week, starting Monday the twelfth, it got to the mention of the narcotics plant or hostile raid, things like that.

Yes.

You had had the conversation with Springer, apparently, on that Monday, the day before your hearing, which was Tuesday, October thirteenth, and this was the actual hearing. Maybe we could just talk a little bit in detail about that hearing. It was an all-day hearing. Started at 9:30, went until 6:30 that night. People made comments about how you were dressed. You showed up in a pea-green sweatshirt, corduroys, and hiking boots, and I thought that was inappropriate for a hearing.⁴

[laughter]

Do you remember that initial hearing?

The only thing that I can really remember about the hearing . . . well, I remember I was standing up at the back, standing up at the wall in the back there. And, you see, this all has to do with perception. I mean, with their perception there. What I was hearing a lot from the regents, what was coming across to me, was that I was a leader of a lot of stuff. And accurately or not, I did not perceive myself as a leader. I perceived myself as an individual who was speaking his mind about these things that he felt strongly about. And if other people—students or faculty or *whoever*—agreed or were sympathetic to those views and wished to support them in some way that that was their decision. I mean, I wasn't *calling* meetings; I wasn't *calling* rallies; I wasn't *calling* for demonstrations.

Right. Drawing diagrams, right? [laughter]

Right. Yes, exactly. I was expressing myself. I may have spoken about this briefly before. I can't remember, but some of this came as a result

of my experiences over the last six, seven, eight years, involving the civil rights movement and being a member of CORE [Congress of Racial Equality] and being a head of a chapter of CORE for a year in southern California and having this committee. This committee would get together and would discuss and discuss and discuss what to do, and then maybe we would *do* something. And then we would have more committees, meetings, and so on, and I got to feel rather frustrated with that.

I also was kind of feeling like I didn't like being a leader in a situation where it *really* was very conceivable, given what was going on—and I don't know what degree of paranoia this was or if it was an accurate reading of things—where people could get badly hurt in ways. Sometimes by the authorities themselves, sometimes by groups. Like there was a antiwar rally held in New York City, and all of the construction workers came down and beat the shit out of the demonstrators, and the police just looked the other way—that kind of thing. I thought things were heating up to a point like that where I began to feel like it was one thing for me to do things which put me in difficulty of whatever degree or to whatever extent, but I did not want to lead other people into potentially dangerous situations.

People in a way don't understand. You know, you stand up in front of a classroom, and you look out there, and you've got anywhere from fifteen to thirty young kids out there, these wonderful kids, and a lot of them are real enthusiastic. A lot of them you could tell it's the first time in their lives they've really gotten excited about anything. And I don't know, it might be an odd word to use, but they were kind of *happy* almost that there was something exciting going on and there was something passionate going on. But at the same time, they were so young and innocent and, I felt, so naïve. And I felt in a way that they're lovely, but *God*, they're not as afraid as they ought to be of some things.

I didn't want to do anything where I felt responsible for something bad like that really happening. Again, as I said, if it had happened to

me, that was OK. It was the same way that I felt later on when I was commercial fishing. I'd rather fish by myself, and if I make a mistake, it doesn't hurt anybody but *me*, and small loss at that. So I tried not to present myself as a leader of others. People would come up to me and ask me a question about my views on the war or politics, and I would answer it, and then it would end up in the paper. But I never really went out to find anybody to make statements to or called up newspapers to tell them that I wanted to make a statement or anything like that.

I was also getting to the point where I was believing less and less in "leaders" anyway, that in a sense they couldn't be trusted. Especially like in the civil rights movement, it did seem to be true as more and more blacks We were seeing more and more of the radicals—some SNCC students, Stokely Carmichael, people like them—feeling that they can only go so far with the whites, and then they'll abandon you or they'll leave you. [SNCC was the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee.] And I began to feel more and more that that was true.

And Bob Dylan and people were singing songs about not following leaders and things like that. So I was beginning to develop that sense more and more, that I really didn't want to be a leader of anyone else, but that I wasn't going to stop *myself* from expressing my views and doing what I wanted to do, as off the wall as that might even conceivably be. That might have even been something of an effect of my admiration for Abbie Hoffman. Just kick up a lot of dust, or something like that. And so when the Board of Regents started talking about me as the *leader*, I got angry at that. I got upset about that, and I tried to say, "Look, I'm not a leader. I've done things. You can hold me responsible for those things, but I'm not leading anybody."

I tried to say something about how I felt that nobody in this room or on this campus needed me to tell them or to try to show them what was really going on, that they were all intelligent enough and aware enough to see that then themselves and make their own decisions about that. And so I resented being called a kind of a

leader, and I also thought in a way it was condescending and patronizing to others that felt that way—that is, intelligent enough to make up their own minds about events. You know, that, "Oh, they did this because Paul Adamian led them into this."

And I thought, "Well, are you telling me that these people are all just sort of stupid sheep?" So I thought it was unfair in that respect. I got kind of hot about that, and I did say some things about that, and that's mostly what I remember about the meeting itself.

Now, the meeting of the ad hoc faculty senate committee—there were five faculty members who were representing the faculty senate, who would then turn around and give their recommendation to Miller, taking it further along. I'm wondering, do you know any of them?

Not that I'm aware.

Phillip Altick, Charles Wells, Holyoke Adams, and Thomas O'Brien?

OK, O'Brien, Altick, no; Wells, no; Adams, no. No, I don't. In fact, that was something I was curious about. I always had this odd feeling that I would like to know who they were. I kind of felt like I would have liked to have perhaps written them a letter sometime, despite everything that went on, thanking them for their efforts and for their recommendations.

Right. Because at that meeting there were the TV monitors again with the closed-circuit TV. But a guy named Jay Sourwine was the prosecuting attorney. Do you remember anything about him?

The only thing that I can remember is that he asked me one question, and that one question was: "Mr. Adamian," or, "Dr. Adamian, were you aware that the Governor's Day event was a university-sponsored event?"

And I said, "Yes."

And he said, "Thank you."

And that was it. That was it.

OK. And apparently, it was at this meeting that they showed a film, a short, 16mm film of that day.

Of the Governor's Day events?

Yes.

I didn't see that. I don't recall seeing that.

It could be another newspaper anomaly.

It's possible it was shown after I left. I mean I might have gotten up after I made my thing and left. I don't know.

Right. Well, then in the middle of this week you turned forty. You had more discussions about this possible narcotics plant in your home. You talked with Bob Harvey, and Eugene Grotegut, and they in turn talked to Kirkpatrick. He says that there's nothing that he can do. Then at the end of the week you talked to a different Reno attorney, a Chan Griswold, about the whole narcotics police thing.

Gosh. I'm afraid I don't remember that.

Well, this was the attorney who suggested that you write out a letter of the week's events and leave it with that person. Maybe this was to keep it separate from Springer. But it was just something I was curious about. In the course of all this going on, the media was having a field day.

Yes.

Were you keeping up with the papers? I mean, trying to?

No. No, I wasn't. I didn't even have television. I didn't subscribe to the Reno paper. I think I did during the time I was married, but afterwards I never subscribed to it. So, no, I wasn't really keeping up with that at all.

You know, there was . . . [sighs] Well, I guess this is all after. I'm thinking of something that comes after this period. Well, this is later, being much later. When I was suspended . . . then Mr. Springer became my attorney. I can't even quite remember how Mr. Springer and I got connected. I'm not even sure about that.

Well, as I understand it—and maybe this might at least jog your memory—I'm not even sure it's true, but various faculty members who were sympathetic to your situation called around to try and find an attorney in Reno who would take your case and ran into considerable difficulties.

Yes.

Is that right? OK.

Well, that's what I was going to sort of talk about a little bit in terms of my own experience later. Because what happened was, Mr. Springer stepped in to help me out during this period and took me through my firing. But after I got fired, I kind of thought that I had asked enough of Mr. Springer. I thought that he had put out more than anybody could ask of him, given the climate there and everything and his own position. I mean, he was an attorney, a well-known attorney in the state, he had his career and so on, and I thought that I really didn't have any right to ask him to hang in with us any longer. So at that point I started calling other attorneys in the Reno area, and I literally went through the telephone book and called anyone who didn't look like simply an ambulance chaser.

I must have called—again, I don't think I'm exaggerating—a dozen different offices. Some of them just said no, right over the phone, and others I had meetings with. I would say at least a half a dozen of them I had meetings with. And every one of them expressed some sympathy, and I could tell that in some ways they shared my view about national events and that kind of stuff. But, you know, they said to me . . . and one I can remember in particular very clearly saying to me

that if he took my case he would lose all his other clients. At least I'm thankful that he was straight with me about it, and I understood that.

But I went through a whole bunch of attorneys like that locally, and every one of them that I even got close enough to talk to ended up like that, with their telling me that, gee, they'd love to help me, but their situation simply wouldn't allow them to. As a result of that, I ended up going across the mountains over to Berkeley. Well, there were a whole bunch there actually of left-wing, liberal-leaning attorneys in offices that were very, very involved in helping out students in Berkeley with all the stuff that was going on there. There was one family of a father, I think, and a couple of sons who were really famous. In fact, one of the sons I think is still like *the* attorney in San Francisco, Hallinen or Halloran. They were very almost nationally famous for being involved in defending left-wing people, so I went over to see them and told them my story briefly. They were very sympathetic, but they said they were just overwhelmed and just couldn't handle it.

They referred me to another group of lawyers, most of whom I think were younger guys and doing it just because they were into it. They said, "Well, look, we're real busy right now. We're *loaded*, but leave your papers with us and as soon as we get a chance we'll look at it, and we'll get back to you and see what we can do." And so I did that; I left it with them, and it went on for months and months, and I didn't hear from them.

I finally got in touch with them, and they said, "Look, we're sorry, we're just never going to be able to handle this." So I was left again with nowhere to turn. And it was then that, again, to my amazement really I've always felt grateful that Mr. Springer stepped back in to help me out. That's how I got back to him again, though, as I said, I really felt as though I had already asked enough of him. I thought it might even be a better idea to get somebody out of state that doesn't have to be as concerned about their local connections and how this is going to affect

them locally, you know. So I thought there might even be an advantage to that, to going over to California, but that never worked out, so I came back to Mr. Springer.

And then he was basically your counsel throughout this fall semester. The faculty senate hearing committee said that you should be formally censured, but that your suspension was also a censure in itself, but that maybe they should write you a letter and that you should get your classes back. At that point did your anger turn around a little bit?

Well, I felt a little bit more optimistic. I felt like, "Well, *good*. At least they're discussing something that seems a lot more fair than what had happened." And I may be wrong, but my understanding is that they went through this three times. That the committee got this proposal, that they recommended censure, that the dean, the president, accepted it, and the Board of Regents had turned it down and said, "Go back and study it more. You haven't looked at all the evidence."

Right. "There's eighteen points we'd like you to consider."

Right. I didn't know they had a specific list of questions that they needed answered.

Yes. They sent back eighteen points that they wanted addressed. The faculty senate ad hoc committee looked at all eighteen and said, "Here's some more stuff, but, you know, we're going to stick with our original decision." That's what went up through basically the end of the semester, and it got, finally, to the Board of Regents meeting in December when they finally made their final decision on that.

Right. And Dr. Miller had approved these, too, these recommendations. They had gone through his office, and he had approved them also.

So had you met with him or with Bob Harvey who was then chair of the English Department?

Yes, chairman. Bob Harvey had become chairman right at a really *bad* time, unfortunately for him. The poor guy. I mean, he walked smack into this. And he was certainly much more helpful and worked with me much more than any other individual faculty member. Certainly more than the previous chairman or anybody else in the English Department, or anybody else on the faculty. In fact, I can remember at least a couple of occasions when I met with Mr. Springer in his office where Dr. Harvey was there discussing things.

So, yes, I did meet with him, I did talk with him. I did things that made him furious at me. He got very angry at me. And I can remember one meeting in Mr. Springer's office, and it's really one of those sort of moments of epiphany, almost. It was a real typical sort of bright, hot, sunny day like this in Reno, and we were in Mr. Springer's office, which was air conditioned, of course, but you could see out the windows, and you could just sort of *feel* the heat out there. And there were the pictures of the Kennedys on the walls, and I was sitting in this plush leather chair. Dr. Harvey and Mr. Springer were talking quite a bit, and I was sitting there in a chair and looking out the window. And actually I was kind of drifting off, and you know, I can't pay attention to any more of this.

I was kind of drifting off, and the next thing I remember, Dr. Harvey was standing in front of me leaning over, and his face was almost right in my face. And he was sort of poking his finger at me, and he was saying that, "What you have to decide is whether you want to be a professor or not." It was, I think, a good question, but the implications to me were, "If you want to be a professor, you've got to stop behaving in this way. You can't be this kind of person. You can't shoot your mouth off. You can't be that if you want to be a college professor."

To me, it condensed a lot in my mind, thinking, "Well, you know, *yes*, in a way he's

right." I mean, what he was saying was right in a sense that they won't allow you to be a professor unless you keep on this path, pretty much close to this path, and don't make waves and don't make a lot of noise and don't kick up a lot of dust. But yet at the same time I thought, you know, "If that's what you have to give up, or if that's what you have to pay in terms of your own beliefs and feelings and convictions and humanity or whatever, then fuck it. No, I don't want to be a professor."

But I didn't answer him that way. It was just that he hit me with this question, and in some ways it kind of clarified things. So it was like what you would expect a department chairman to ask one of his faculty members.

It was right on in that respect, but, I mean, I think there was a kind of a level to it, too, that I don't know whether he intended or *not*, but I also sort of picked up on. I thought about that for a long time afterwards. Even after I started getting into applying for other jobs, there was that sort of thing in the back of my mind. And what he was implying is true, that if you want to be a professor, you know, you can't be this way or the way you're being, and is that what I really wanted? But yet that was my profession; that was my career. I had spent my whole damn life pursuing it.

I had only gotten my doctorate degree about a year or so before this all happened, and I had been in school all of those years, worked ten years on my doctorate. That's sort of what I *was*. And so it really was an interesting kind of question.

I did pursue looking for other jobs, and I think if I had gotten one, I probably would have stayed with it, assuming that it was kind of a good job, or I was happy there, or something like that. I probably would have quieted down a lot, because events in general were sort of quieting down. I don't know.

So you started looking for work before you had been officially fired?

Oh, no, it was after that.

So this is after this when you had this conversation.

Yes. Yes, it was long after. But that question, that thing that he threw at me, kind of stayed in my mind. I thought it was an interesting point in a way, but then it was sort of saying more than he really meant to say. In other words, he was saying, "If you want to be a college professor, this is the kind of person you have to be, and you've got to learn to live with that or accept that, and then you'll be OK, and you'll have a fine and happy career. But if you don't . . ."

Do you know when that conversation might have taken place? Shortly after your suspension or more towards the end?

I would say it was shortly after [the suspension] more than towards the end. It might have even have had something to do with the idea of my making some sort of gesture towards the Board of Regents to give them something to use as a way of softening their positions and stance. In other words, doing something to give them a way out perhaps, and I refused to. I didn't think I owed them anything like that, so I didn't. But I think it was around that period, so I would think that it was fairly early in the process rather than later.

Now we had talked earlier about a visit by Procter Hug to come talk to you.

Oh, yes. I was at home one evening, and this was in my little house down by Virginia Lake, I believe it is—south end of town there. It wasn't very late at night, but it was probably somewhere around ten or eleven o'clock. I heard somebody approaching my door and knocking on the door. And I went and answered it, and it was Mr. Hug, Procter Hug, and he came in, and we talked for a little while. I really can't remember the whole conversation or details of the conversation, but the effect of what *he* was saying was that he suggested that I tone down my rhetoric (i.e., my negative remarks about the Board of Regents). I

remember him specifically suggesting, or advising me, to stop my attacks on members of the Board of Regents. I also recall that there was a sort of an implication or a suggestion that I should write some statement of apology to the Board of Regents.

My attitude was that I hadn't done anything that I felt that I should apologize for. I didn't feel as though I had said anything that I should apologize for, that I should take back, and so I refused and declined to take his suggestions.

He wasn't there for a very long time, but after he had made clear what he had in mind, and I made clear what I had in mind about this, he then left. And, as far as I can remember, I never spoke with him again.

Was he upset with your response?

I guess. I mean, he wasn't terribly upset. I suspect that he had been hoping for something better. And it might be accurate to say that he was disappointed, but he didn't seem to me to be really overly agitated or overly emotional about it or anything like that.

He was pretty forthright, and I was pretty forthright in my response about how I felt about the situation. And so after we exchanged views like that, then he left.

Did anyone else try and tell you to tone it down or clean up?

No, unless we were to include some of the conversations I had with Dr. Harvey, and his trying to talk to me a little bit about what a college professor is supposed to be all about. But, no, I don't recall anybody as a spokesman for any group or as an agent for anybody or any organization or anything like that specifically coming and talking to me about things like that. Most of the rest of it was just, as I said, FBI people floating around and appearing and disappearing. That kind of thing.

[laughter] Right. Now, a lot of the other faculty got together, and they were pretty vocal about

their unhappiness at the way the Board of Regents were treating the whole thing. Were you aware of this going on, that other people were . . . ?

Very vaguely. Yes, and very remotely. Again, it's part of what I referred to earlier as this noise coming from all directions. I think I was aware that there were noises, so to speak, being made like this by individuals and groups, and that there were statements being signed, I understand, though I don't ever recall seeing them. For example, I understand that there were a number, perhaps as many as ten, faculty members who signed a *statement* after the Governor's Day event in which they stated that they had participated in the demonstration themselves, and I think they went so far as to suggest that if some sort of punishment was to be handed out, that they thought that they should be punished as well. Again, I never saw the document. I don't know who the people were who signed it. Some ways, I wish I do. I admire them for it, but, again, it was sort of like noise from the distance.

Right. Well, David Slemmons and Brady Keresy started a petition toward the end of October, and then later on there was call for statements of complicity. And papers reported that fifty people signed statements of complicity. I have materials from the archives. It's upwards of almost a hundred people who volunteered to say, "I was part of Governor's Day."

"We were there."

Basically knowing that this could get them suspended, thrown out of school, things like that.

Right.

And we'd talked really briefly that some of the students were over attentive. [laughter] They came on campus really wanting to have time with you to talk about things. How did you feel about that as things came towards the end, right up through all these hearings on campus? And did

you feel that they were helping you out as things went on, or was it sort of . . . ?

I really didn't think about it in that way. Again, you know, I was aware that there were things still going on. There were still ripples going across, but I never really thought in terms of, "Gee, that statement might help me," or, "That activity really isn't very helpful." Some of that may have been because so much of it was kind of distant noise and I didn't really know exactly what was going on. It was just too much of it going on at the time to isolate anything. And for me to concentrate enough to focus on it, you've got to get a sense of what it was and what its implications were or what its consequences might be. So I was just aware of this going on, but not of any kind of specific things and certainly never really thought in terms of, "This is good, this is bad," or, "I'm glad this happened," or, "I'm sorry that was said."

Well, some of it strikes me as, I don't know, an interesting diversion. For both of the major hearings that semester, someone called in bomb threats right in the middle of . . .

Oh, is that right? I wasn't aware of that either.

Yes, and I guess at one point they even cleared out the room until they could search it.

Oh.

So I was wondering how much knowledge you had of all that going on, particularly at the end. The night before the Board of Regents were supposed to make their final decision in their closed session, someone introduced a list of demands, and they said that the Board of Regents should resign all these other things, and that's what led to the various restraining orders that were filed. They said that demanding the regents resign is unconstitutional and therefore a threat to the state, et cetera.

Ah. Do you know, was there one in my name, for example?

Yes. Let's see here. It was filed in open court against Dan Teglia, Kevin Weatherford, John Andrews, and you, and, "all persons in concert with you."

Wow.

Among other things, I'll read here, "sought to harass and disrupt the Board of Regents meeting by "calling for a student strike at UNR, causing a bomb threat to be delivered to the building, standing on chairs and elsewhere in the meeting room and loudly interrupting the board meeting," and number four, "threatening to destroy the university."

[laughter] Like wave a magic wand and have it disappear, arise from the ground, and float off into the sky.

Did you have anyone try and serve you a summons about this restraining order?

Not that I can recall, no.

OK. Because there was an indication here that there was an attempt to serve summons to all four people listed.

I don't remember that. I think it's the kind of thing that I would have remembered, but I don't.

And then it was a Saturday morning when they decided in their closed session. The closed session just deliberated for an hour, then they came out with their very thick, written decision an hour later.

[laughter] Yes.

And what was your response at that point? It's mid-December. It's been going on all semester, anyway.

Yes. Well, obviously very disappointed. I don't really remember any kind of specific reaction. I guess *probably* more than anything else I thought, "Well, you know, it's over." Something to that effect. I remember feeling that they were wrong. I definitely felt as though they were wrong, that it was a bad decision, that given the circumstances of everything that had happened, it still was overkill. I felt that it was just a matter of their having decided, for personal, political, or reasons of that kind, and that regardless of evidence or testimony or anything to that effect, it wasn't going to make any difference, that it was sort of a done deed. So in that sense it wasn't surprising, because I'm sure I had already recognized that before it sort of came to that. Though I probably did have a little bit of hope that in the final meeting they would back off from such an extreme measure. Obviously, they didn't. But I think I probably felt more than anything else that, "Well, good, the damn thing's over," or something like that, which, of course, in reality it wasn't. I mean, it was just the beginning of another phase of stuff that went on for another year or so.

Do you remember what you might have been up to over the holidays after that?

The only thing I could say is I hadn't gone anywhere; I was there.

Then you were still around.

I stayed there. I was still living in Reno. I didn't have any money to go anywhere anyway, even if I had wanted to or had a notion of where to go. I can't be more specific than that. It was probably just another day to me.

And then 1971 rolls around. I knew you had heard about Jim Richardson being denied a promotion, and that was in February. You said maybe around this time you were going up to Canada to visit other schools. You left for Mexico probably, what, towards the beginning of the summer or earlier?

Well, no, I went to Maine first, to visit a friend, and then went to Mexico from Maine. And when I went down to Mexico it was winter. That was one of the reasons why we went. We got up one morning, and it was freezing, and we said, "Let's get the hell out of here and go to Mexico," and we just packed up and left. [laughter] So that would have been in the winter. It was probably summer when I went out to Maine. I wasn't there all that long. It was only two or three months, four months at the very most. But it got into the winter, and that's what drove us out, you know.

So if you went down to Mexico in the fall of 1971, you would have come back and then gone to Bodega Bay?

It would have been spring. Spring or summer, yes.

Now, where in Mexico did you go? Just all around, or did you have a place you stayed for a while?

Well, we went as far south as the area where Oaxaca is, and we rented a little place in this dirt village about ten miles outside a town called La Chigalo and stayed there most of the time we were there. We took some short trips from there, went to a few other places in southern Mexico. Well, at one time we were thinking of crossing the border into Guatemala, I think, but there were some weird things going on there, too, and it wasn't all that safe a trip to make, so I recall we decided not to do that. We spent most of the time in Oaxaca in that area, and then when it was time to come home we just headed back up north and came pretty much straight back to the states and ended up then in Bodega Bay.

Here's another article. Most of what appeared in the university paper in the 1970s was through Dennis Myers. I was sort of curious, because Dennis Myers says here, in an editor's note, "I am the editor of the paper," and it's kind of about Anderson. [Reading] "Adamian has consistently declined to give interviews to any of the Nevada

media despite repeated requests. Two weeks ago, for the first time in five years, Adamian consented to be interviewed by Sagebrush writer Dennis Myers." So I was wondering what might have precipitated you to finally give an interview after all that time.

I wish I could answer it, but I can't. I just don't know. It might have been that it was Dennis Myers, and I trusted him.

So you'd known him already then?

Right. I knew who he was. I knew him before then. I can't recall who else had ever asked for an interview and that I had declined, but my guess is that if Dennis had asked, I had felt comfortable enough to say, "Fine." Yes.

Right. Well, maybe we could spend the last time just talking about big, deep, philosophical questions.

[laughter]

One of the things that has come up repeatedly is the question, "If you had to do it all over again, would you? What would you do differently—if you'd do anything differently?" Would you have added, subtracted from that?

Yes, I don't have a heck of a lot to say about that, except that . . . And what comes to my mind, again, is what I had said a little bit earlier in our interview here about my experience through the 1960s and my involvement with the civil rights movement and my experiences there in trying to deal with people. Opening up their housing developments to blacks and their jobs to blacks and that kind of stuff, and the runaround, the incredible runaround, that we'd always get in response to this—just a real resistance. And what made it worse in a lot of cases was that, in talking to some of these people, they would express sympathy and tend to kind of agree that, "Yes, you know, these are things that ought to be done." But when it came time to actually doing

it, they would just stonewall, just drag it out and stonewall and defer and slough it off and so on. And I got very frustrated with that. I think I might have mentioned in an earlier interview that I got so frustrated that I took myself off the negotiating committee, because I was just tired of hearing that crap, and I wasn't very helpful in those sort of situations when what was needed was slow, gentle, persistent persuasion. That's just not what my character is. I wasn't good at it, and I took myself out of that situation.

At the same time I was getting a little bit disillusioned with organizations themselves and how far they seem to be willing to go in standing up for their principles and of pushing their principles forward. It seemed to me that, again, I found myself in the latter periods tending to agree more and more with . . . especially like with the black radical groups, that the whites weren't really going to take it as far as it needed to be taken and do what really needed to be done. It wasn't necessarily any kind of failure of heart or weakness of spirit. It's just that culture—they weren't capable of it, because according to that view, it would have taken the whites involved, or required them, to go *way* beyond boundaries that they would have felt were acceptable to them and tolerable to them. So the blacks were right—that they [whites] would only go so far, and that was never going to be far enough to really significantly change things.

As a result of that, you got the growth of the more radical black groups that came out of that kind of notion, people like Stokely Carmichael, for example; H. Rap Brown, people like that. And frankly, I tended to agree with them. I looked at our own group there in southern California [CORE], and I thought, you know, what they were saying was true. Here we were, mostly a bunch of white intellectuals. Most of us were faculty members at one of the colleges at Claremont University there, and it was true that our backgrounds, our experiences, and our places in the system, really did seem to allow us to go only so far.

Because of my own experiences, I could see that the lengths or the distance that we were

willing to go was not going to be enough, and so I frankly got disillusioned with organizations like that that were primarily white organizations. Fortunately or unfortunately, things got to the point where these new radical groups felt as though they had to disassociate themselves totally from any kind of white participation or white influence. It was a matter of standing on their own feet.

I had already arrived at a position of feeling as though I really didn't want to get other people involved in something which may come down hard on them and which I'd feel responsible for. That was *the* main reason why the morning of the Governor's Day event, when somebody handed me the microphone there in the bowl where a bunch of students had met or were meeting—demonstrators were meeting—I really didn't know what to say to them about what to do. I had been thinking about it the night before and was still very upset about what had happened at Kent State, of course, and very much aware of it.

In my previous experiences with demonstrations I was aware that they really did need a process of organizing and alerting certain groups—maybe even alerting the police if such a thing was going to happen. A demonstration in that sense was like an organized body of people, as opposed to a mob that sort of went on a riot, and I certainly didn't want to have anything to do with anything like that or to get anybody else involved in anything like that. So I was really very much baffled myself about what to do. You know, what do we do? How do we respond to this awful thing that's happened? And without any kind of organizing or without any kind of preparation, you know, I was very reluctant, or certainly didn't *want* to say something like, "Well, let's get in a line and march down to the federal building and protest in front of the federal building." Nothing like that had been arranged or anything.

So when somebody yelled out from in the crowd that we should march to the Governor's Day event at the football stadium, I said, "Oh, is that what you want to do? Well, great, let's do

that.” I thought that sounded like a good idea. It was on campus; it wasn’t going out into the streets of Reno or anything like that.

I had pretty much by that time come to feel as though I didn’t want to really actively, aggressively or in any sort of formal way organize any groups or *recruit* any people into any kind of an organization to hold demonstrations or anything like that, but yet at the same time, I certainly didn’t want to stop expressing my views and expressing how I felt about things and how I saw them and what I thought should be done about them. So that’s what I continued to do. And when somebody asked me for my opinion on some aspect of any of these things that were going on, I expressed them, but I never, at least, saw myself or thought of myself as being someone who was going to organize things to effect some outcome. In retrospect, I’m not sure about that. I’m not sure whether that was the best way to express my feelings and objections to what was going on, or if *really* to some extent—given the relatively backward nature of the university campus and of the culture there and of its being a considerably more conservative kind of place than, for example, Berkeley or any of those more radical institutions—whether if since *that’s* where they were, it might not have been better to have done it, or at least attempted to do it, more in terms of getting people with similar feelings together to then perhaps sign petitions, make statements, try to educate people about what the war was really about.

When I think about it, perhaps that might have been a better way for things to have happened, that there would have had a better outcome, and then I fall back on the feeling and the notion that it probably wouldn’t have, because in my experience, that approach didn’t work. I was caught in that sort of argument that people on that side used to *make* so often, that, “Well, you know, we want to change things, too, but we think it ought to be done within the proper channels.”

But, of course, the fact of the matter is they would just totally block those proper channels

off, so that when you attempted to do things the way you were *supposed* to, in this kind of rational, intelligent way, they really wouldn’t allow it. They simply wouldn’t allow it. They would stop it one way or another, so that all you were left with essentially was making enough noise so that it became uncomfortable to them. Nothing else was left to you, because you could write petitions for the rest of your life and it would just go into the wastebasket or be ignored, or some committee would be appointed to study it for the next ten years. But ultimately its purpose and effect would be that nothing got done. Nothing changed. And so it’s difficult then for me to say, “Well, gosh, it might have been better if it had been done that way,” because at the same time I feel like that wouldn’t have gotten anywhere, anyway.

So basically, looking back on it I kind of feel as though there was no other choice. There really wasn’t any other choice. It was either do something that was disruptive, that was sort of illegal, at least in terms of their notions of due process, and doing that kind of thing or nothing at all. And there was no way that, given what was going on and given how strongly I felt about it, that I could have done nothing. To some extent this was just sort of a matter of timing. I mean, it happened because I was at the University of Nevada. If I had been at another university, if the circumstances were the same, the same thing would have happened. If it had been a different kind of university—as some were, which *were* more responsive to students’ concerns about this kind of thing—then the Governor’s Day thing would never have happened. I would never have been involved in something like that. My career wouldn’t have come to an end. In a sense it was like a bad marriage, you know. I really shouldn’t have been at the University of Nevada, in a sense, and the University of Nevada really shouldn’t have brought me there. So it’s kind of a toss-up.

I haven’t really, even after all these years, been able to think of any particular thing that if I had gone back or I had a chance to go back to do differently, that I would have done differently or that it would have had any different consequence.

So I don't think there's *really* that much—at least for me as a particular individual—to say about something like that.

As a national cultural event, you know, *that* gets into talking a lot about the relationship between authority and its citizens and the expressions of discontent and the viable channels for that, and what's a democracy about, which is really sort of far beyond me or far beyond this particular little event. That's a discussion that lots of people have already taken up, and I'm sure they'll talk about it for years and years to come. And it probably will never be resolved. It was a historical moment when forces that were in existence just collided, and it was a time of really incredibly heightened tensions and emotions, and it was a really unique period. I'll be seventy years old in a few months, and certainly in my lifetime I never experienced anything like that. It may be a few more lifetimes after that that anything like that ever happens again, you know. But there it was. It did happen. [laughter]

I think I remember hearing once that Henry Kissinger, when he was secretary of state, was having a meeting with, I think it was, Mao or Zhu En-lai. I think it might have been Mao, and I think he asked him something about the success of the Chinese cultural revolution. Mao simply answered, "It's too soon to tell. Ask me in a hundred years." And I think that's pretty much true of this. I mean, the ripples are still out there. The proof of that, I think, is how strong the attacks are on the 1960s and the 1960s mentality and 1960s people from the right wing today, thirty years later. There are still books being written almost every other day dating the downfall of the American empire to the 1960s.

You know, that's when everything went to hell. Morals went to hell; everything went to hell. And you got guys like Bill Bennett—that right-wing guy who used to be in the Reagan administration, I think—and he's writing all these right-wing books about the decline of morals, and he blames it all on the 1960s. That's the way most of these right-wingers think. Well, if they're still talking about it, it's not over. I mean, it's as simple

as that. So who knows what the outcome of this is going to be.

To some extent, the left lost all of their goals. I mean, their economic changes never happened. We were talking about participatory democracy, more help for the poor, and elevating the bottom of the whole structure and equal opportunity and all of that sort of thing, and I'm certain that nobody is going to stand *today*, thirty years later, with a straight face and say that these things have come about. So the right really won on those issues; where they lost was culturally. We're still feeling the cultural effects of the sexual revolution, that sort of thing, the pill. Those are still part of the abortion debate and everything now. So it's obviously an unsettled or unfinished matter still for a fairly large segment of the American populace and for a particular part of its political spectrum, who still is really pissed off, really resentful, really angry.

A number of the people who are writing this way were radicals themselves—sort of born-again neo-conservatives who are repudiating all of this and talk about all of this as being childish and immature and spoiled brats, et cetera, and that's nonsense. Of course there was an aspect of that to this, but certainly taking it altogether, there was something of a *much* greater magnitude than young kids simply wanting to have free sex. And to reduce it to that is a way for them to be able to stick opinion to it and that's all. I don't think it really has any kind of validity, you know. So it remains to be seen what's going to come out of this.

How would you like your actions at UNR in 1970 to be read or recorded?

[sighs] You mean how would I like to be seen?

How would you like to go down in history? Yes.

How would I like to be seen in history, yes? Well, again, it would basically come down to what I've already kind of said, that I felt strongly

about things. I felt *horrified* by what our country . . . what it was supposed to mean and represent as I learned it coming up through civics classes in school, elementary school, and so on, and all that I've heard about—the fight for freedom and self-determination and all of that. And here we are at the height—I don't know whether it's the *peak*, but certainly at a very high point—as a power in the world, and we're siding with dictators; we're supporting dictators; we're helping them to suppress the yearnings, the demands of the lower classes. And it seems to me somehow or another that in these couple of hundred years we've almost sort of flip-flopped. We got on the wrong side of a lot of issues that were important to us as a new country. I don't feel as though, simply because I'm a citizen of that state, I should necessarily quietly accept that and support that. When I see what *I* think is the nation as a whole betraying its own principles, then I think I really do have a right to speak out against it and try to show people that we're taking a wrong track here.

It's not only that we're hurting ourselves as we conceive of ourselves—which has a lot to do with the way that we project ourselves into the future and what this country then becomes in the future—but, *God*, the brutal, awful things that we're doing to other people in the name of this. It's unconscionable to me. There's no rationalization for it at all. I mean, Communism has been defeated; the Berlin Wall has come down; we've got global capitalism now. McDonald's is everywhere. All of these multinational corporations are everywhere. And it's *very*, *very* difficult not to take the view that that's a *lot* of what Vietnam was about (i.e., making the world safe for corporate/capitalist expansion).

As this one recent author suggested, we didn't even necessarily have to win the war, we just had to show the Chinese and the Russians that we're going to stop Communism. It doesn't matter whether it's *really* the same kind of Communism as they've got or not. If it's something indigenous, that doesn't matter. We

call it Communism; we make it this bad thing, and all our efforts ought to be directed at destroying it, which is pretty much what we did.

You know, Cuba or various countries in South America . . . getting so far involved as to be assassinating duly elected leftist leaders of countries whom we didn't like because of the policies that they might have towards American business in their country. OK, we've won. Now, American business is all over the world. Are we *sure* that that's going to make for a better world? Are we absolutely sure about that? Are we taking care to make sure that everybody's included in this kind of general uplifting of the way people live around the world, or is it going to be a bunch of white guys becoming multi-billionaires and never being satisfied at how much they own and how much they have, and is that what it's going to be forever and ever, or what? Those are a lot of questions that they're dealing with now with such recent events as the WTO protests in Seattle.

So, you know, the 1960s isn't dead. The end hasn't come. We *don't* really know what the end is going to be. A lot of those things that people felt strongly about in the 1960s, including myself, are still alive. There are still a lot of people who feel that way. And it's changing slightly, dealing with new situations with globalism and all that kind of thing, but it's still basically the same principle. I'm very glad to see that that's still alive, and I hope it continues, and I hope it remains as a force to kind of *keep* the power of global capitalism and authority at least halfway honest and halfway decent with the people that it's making their money off of.

So that's pretty much how I see it. And as for myself, I just kind of see myself as one person, a kind of a grain of sand in a huge sand dune that some wind came along and moved. And I certainly wasn't a sand dune. I certainly never saw myself as a sand dune. But in retrospect, I guess, I could say I was a grain in there, and I feel OK about that. In fact, I feel better than OK. I feel good about that.

Notes

1. In San Diego on September 11, 1970, U.S. Vice President Spiro T. Agnew said, “In the United States today, we have more than our share of the nattering nabobs of negativism.”
2. Founded in 1942, The Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) was initially established as the Committee of Racial Equality by an interracial group of students in Chicago. CORE organized the Freedom Rides in 1961 and co-sponsored the 1963 March on Washington.
3. The Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, SNCC (“snick”), originated at Shaw University in Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1960.
4. In reviewing this transcript, Dr. Adamian wanted to point out that he had not been invited to the meeting by the Board of Regents. He was not up on the stage with them, and no official had requested or ordered him to be present. He was there simply as another person in the audience, hence the casual wear.

JOSEPH N. CROWLEY

BRAD LUCAS: Today is February 12, 1999. This oral history interview is being conducted with Dr. Joseph Crowley in his office at the University of Nevada, Reno. OK. Now, you had just mentioned that Governor's Day had a direct impact on your career. Could you elaborate on that?

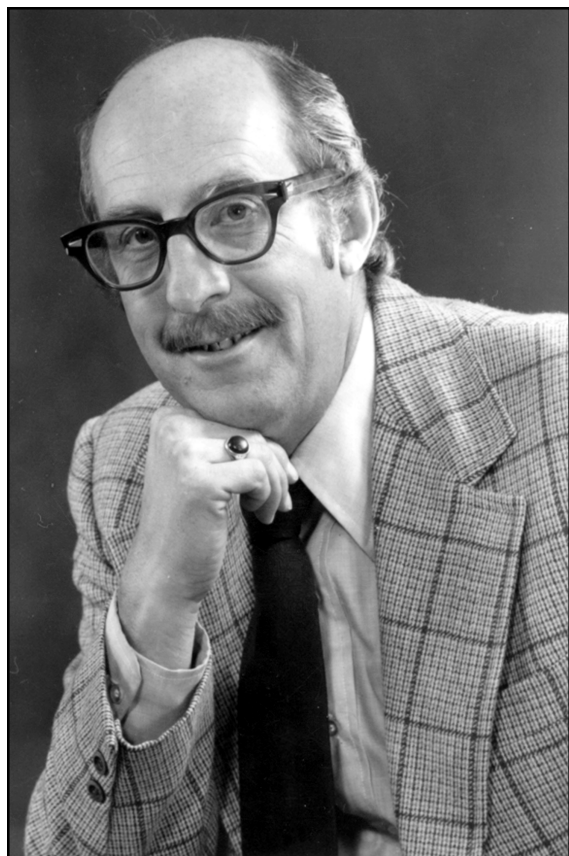
JOSEPH CROWLEY: Yes. On Governor's Day My recollection is (and may be hazy) that when the caravan started down here, I was teaching a class, and so I did not see the famous incident, but I did go to the stadium and see that frightening business. At least that's my recollection.

At that time, and for the preceding couple of months—maybe it was less than that—but Paul Adamian and I and a professor in the Philosophy Department (whose name I'm sorry I can't remember, and he's long since left here, but I believe his first name was Doug) had been talking about team teaching a course in revolution, on revolution. Paul was at the time, I think, probably at least the most visible and maybe leading campus radical—and you know what was happening in those days with the war and civil rights struggle, and campuses across the country in a significant state of turmoil as a result. So, it seemed a reasonable thing to do.

The philosopher had an interest in the subject, obviously, from a philosophical point of view; I had an interest in it from a political point of view; and Paul had an interest in it, I don't think, in terms of his discipline, but in terms of his activity. So, it was a good match, we had a number of meetings, and in those days there was a kind of a . . . I don't want to say underground, but after the College of Arts and Science had elected to go with a smorgasbord approach to a core curriculum, we had a kind of a core-less core, which I was not in favor of.

A bunch of people got together. A fellow named Bill Scott, who was a physicist here at the time, I believe, was the founder and leader of this effort to teach courses, to create courses that would not be core courses, but that otherwise would not get taught—that would be appropriate and could give some credence to a claim that we were still doing stuff that needed to be done. And I was involved in, I don't know, three or four of those courses.

So, we were planning this course, and then Governor's Day happened, and that was just the talk of the town for the longest time. I think I have this right, but there was a committee under the then-existing provisions of the code that a



Joe Crowley, 1970s.

campus committee, maybe a faculty committee, conducted a hearing on Paul Adamian, made a recommendation to the president, and I think the president accepted it. It didn't involve firing. And then I believe, the board—or at least a board sub-committee—had a hearing, and maybe more than one. I think it was at that hearing that I testified—it may have been before the committee—on behalf of Paul, as a bunch of us did. I'm no hero here; a lot of people felt very strongly about this. It was clear that the board wanted him fired, and so he was fired. That left two of us to teach this course, and so we put it together, this fellow and I.

In the meantime, sometime during the course of that year, I was teaching a night-school class: a basic American Constitution class. And there was a guy in there, a nice chap, who participated

(I do not recall his last name; I think it was Bruce something). We chatted privately on a couple of occasions. And that class was over, and I didn't think any more about it.

The atmosphere of turmoil that in part was created by Governor's Day—though there was a lot of other stuff, as Governor's Day, in a manner of speaking, was our Kent State—carried over into the fall and the election campaign. And so this philosopher and I put this course together, and it was open enrollment. It enrolled, I would say, the bulk—if not the entirety—of the campus student radical leadership, but some other people as well, including a dentist in town, who was then probably in his forties or fifties. He was taking, as far as I know, at the time only this course, and he was definitely of a conservative point of view.

Well, the course gets under way, and it's a serious course from my point of view, and so I assigned the literature. Another guy from philosophy showed up on the first day. (I want to say Gunter Hiller was his name, and this may be more than you want to know, but it does, I think, follow in a free-association way a logical train of thought, if that's not a contradiction in terms.) And Gunter said, "We don't need books anymore." And so, he was arguing, as we were explaining the curriculum and the reading list and the grading policy, on behalf of the students and with the support, I think, of at least some of them, "Forget these books. You don't need them anymore. Books are useless," and so on. And the students: some of them spoke emphatically in favor of that, and so we had a go-around there. And we thanked Gunter, and he went on his way, and we kept the reading list.

And it was at that point really mainly up to me, and so we had, I don't know, six books on that list, maybe, that were to that point the best books from a political and historical point of view on the subject, and they were serious, scholarly books. (We also, by the way, discussed the grading in that class, and a very strong contingent of students argued on behalf of assigning themselves their grade: so, they'd take the onus off of Doug—

if it was Doug—and me. And they lost that battle, too.)

So this was a serious course, and we got underway. And the next thing I know, there is a guy going around to, I think, just about every media outlet in town—television, radio, and the newspaper—explaining what was going to happen in this course. And he said that we (this was me really, I mean, that he named) were going to teach the students, among other things, how to make bombs, and et cetera. I forget all of it, but this was a course in “how to conduct a revolution,” right here in Reno, Nevada, which was—to anybody who knew me—truly laughable. As one of my daughters is fond of saying, they utter a word of thanks when I manage to get out of the driveway: I am not mechanically inclined, in the least.

So, the newspaper printed this story, and at least one radio station. I was really angry, and the guy who did this was my friend, Bruce, from this class, who turned out to be an ultra-conservative fellow, and having taken my class decided that I was (and I certainly was in those days) a liberal—as people would view those labels, although a liberal of, in many ways, a conservative bent. So, it’s in the paper, and it’s on the radio.

I’m sorry, I left out a step. In the meantime, and this would have been maybe September, the race for a seat in the United States Senate that was held by Howard Cannon was underway, and Bill Raggio—a very popular guy who was, or had been anyway, the district attorney—was running against him. The campus was not a well-regarded place by a whole bunch of people because of everything that was happening up here, and one of the then two daily newspapers (I believe it was the *Gazette*, the afternoon paper then) ran a series of stories in which Bill Raggio referred often to an incident in the Department of English with a teaching assistant, whose name was Fred something.

Fred Maher.

Fred Maher, who was said to have used some nasty language in the classroom. And I don’t remember how that all came about, but it became

public stuff and very controversial, and the university was getting killed: day after day after day this stuff going on. Morale here was at the bottom, because we felt ourselves under attack, and on our own campus we had serious conflicts among students over what was happening. So, it was just an awful time. It was a terrible time.

(Bill Raggio subsequently has become a very good friend of mine, but we were not friendly in those days. Indeed, I didn’t know him, nor did he know me.)

I was an untenured assistant professor at that point. I think I was still assistant professor. And so, I wrote a letter to the editor. I wrote this letter, and it was tongue-in-cheek, and I write reasonably well. The morning paper, the *Journal*, had not participated in this very much. I mean, they did not run all these stories, and it was a pretty good letter; it was a long letter. And the *Journal* ran it as an editorial, with a little forward that says, “We agree with what Professor Crowley has said.” The *Gazette* ran it maybe a day or two later as simply a letter to the editor, but ran it in its entirety.

And to my surprise, I got phone calls, and the people I saw on the campus . . . I don’t know. I think it was just finally emerging from this chaos and this terrible morale that somebody had said something that was encouraging and that got a good report in at least one of the newspapers, and that I believe really made Bill Raggio angry. [laughter]

So there it was! And this happened, as I said, maybe in August or September, I can’t remember. So I became, in a very small way, a kind of public figure, and certainly on this campus. And then, it was maybe a week or two later, and I think—probably as a result of that letter—that Bruce circulated his own press release that we were going to make bombs in that class. So, the radio station . . . I can’t remember which one it was, but I remember Dave, because he’s been a good friend over the years. He invited me down. He had a late-night show, a call-in show. He invited Bruce in first, and then he invited me in. And I brought some cookies for Dave from my wife, and we had at it, and it was a reasonably

well-listened-to interview. I think maybe there were some letters in the newspaper, maybe pro and con. And so, a couple of people told me that they thought it was a wonderful thing to have done, but I'd just lost any chance at all for tenure or promotion at this institution—which really wasn't true, because the chairman of the board wrote me a little note saying he just loved that piece that I had written. That was Procter Hug, who's now the chief judge of the Ninth Circuit.

Well, as it happened, there was an opening on the faculty senate, and so I was elected. I mean, I didn't run, but I was elected. Or (no I'm sorry) I was asked to serve, maybe. No, I was elected. (I'm not sure which.) Anyway, in the space of maybe a month, I wrote the letter; the revolution, of course, got underway. Bruce circulated his stuff. I went on the radio. A fair number of professors on the campus were really pleased with it all, so I got elected. And then, in 1971, I became the vice chair, and then I became the senate chair. I wouldn't have been elected, wouldn't have been vice chair, wouldn't have been senate chair, without Paul Adamian and Governor's Day, if you can see that train of events.

Had I not been faculty senate chair in 1972-1973, I would not have been acting president, in my opinion, in 1978 (twenty-four years ago next week). The board in 1978 fired my predecessor Max Milam. That was a firing board, and they had fired several other people as well. And they were less than well regarded by the time they fired Max, and so the guy who was then the chancellor, Don Baepler—I guess he was acting chancellor—suggested to the board that it would be in their best interest if they just turned over to the campus the task of, in effect, selecting the acting president, and I was by then the chair of the Department of Political Science, and I also had been involved in partisan politics, and I had been involved in the legislature—not as a member, but there. So, I was political.

The committee that was then formed to do this job was maybe twenty-six people. On its own, it chose (I want to say) maybe eight names, and they interviewed all of them, and I didn't take it seriously, because I had never in my life had a

thought about being president, and I was very happy with what I was doing. I was the chair, I loved the department, I loved to teach. I had finally a research specialty and some recognition for that, and then boom! Bob Gorrell, who was then the academic vice president, called me three days into this process: at the conclusion of it, he called me at home and said, "You're it." [laughter]

Well, knock me over with a feather! Shocking. Absolutely shocking development. I mean, I was no more prepared to be president of this institution than—forgive me, Brad—you would be right now. [laughter] But there it was. And I've always believed, and do to this day, that I ended up in this job, which subsequently I got as the regular president—or as they used to say, the permanent president (a contradiction in terms)—with Governor's Day. Does that make sense?

It makes sense, certainly. You had mentioned that you had been involved with the peace movement for several years before Governor's Day.

Yes, beginning in maybe 1967; certainly by 1968, deeply involved.

What sort of activities were you involved with?

We had teach-ins. I was involved in those. We had marches downtown; I don't remember how many, not a lot, but maybe a couple. And I was involved in those, and there was probably a core group of seven or eight people: Bill Scott, the same fellow who kind of headed up this effort to have a second curriculum (if you will); I think, Jim Richardson; Richard Siegel—it's too long ago. But there was a core group of us, and our biggest effort was to try to take over the Washoe County Democratic Party in 1968. We were, I think, fairly naïve, but we made a dent. We made a dent. And I've written a little piece on what that led to. But the short of it is that we did manage to get elected, finally—out of the county and state Democratic conventions—one member of the delegation to the national convention, and his name was Don Driggs, who at that

point was chair of political science and now is retired in Arizona. But we lost, because we were not supporting Hubert Humphrey. We were supporting Eugene McCarthy, and the group kind of dissipated at that point.

I had been active in Democratic politics almost from the day I arrived here, because I had always been active in Democratic politics as an adult, one way or another, one place or another. And so I continued to be active and in 1970 went to the Young Democrats National Convention as a delegate from Nevada, and it happened to be held in Las Vegas. And the so-called peace plank, which we had failed to get by the county and state parties, and then the national convention in 1968, passed the Young Democrats. By that time, you know, everything had changed, because Lyndon Johnson was gone, and Richard Nixon was President, and the war and the deaths in that war had finally convinced a really quite significant majority of Americans that it had to stop.

So, there was some success there, I suppose you could say. And so, by 1972 I was elected as a national delegate and then went to Miami. I actually was a supporter of Ed Muskie, but he disappeared early, and so I supported McGovern, and McGovern had a majority of the Nevada caucus, a bare majority, and that incredible convention in Miami (which I wrote about) is very fresh in my memory, even now twenty-six, -seven years later. So, I think I would have to say that that probably gave me some notoriety as well. But I don't think I would have been elected at the county to go to the state convention, let alone at the state to go to the national convention, had I not been involved in that way in 1970. I'd forgotten that until . . . and that's part of the chain of events, and you reminded me when you asked about the peace movement.

And those early years, you were still an untenured faculty member?

I can't remember when I got tenured. I think I got tenured and promoted in 1971. I believe that's the case, but I'd have to look at my personnel file.

But in the early years of the Vietnam War, were you pretty active in the peace movement?

Yes . . . well, no, I would say it took me longer than a lot of other people—longer certainly than Paul Adamian. Jim Hulse was another person who was active in all this, by the way. Possibly Bob Harvey. (Do you know Bob? It strikes me that Bob Harvey was very active in the Governor's Day sequence of events, and I can't remember if he was active in the Democratic Party stuff.)

Were you ever concerned that these activities would possibly get in the way of your professional development or your status in the academic community?

No. Probably should have been, but I wasn't. Basically I'm an optimistic person, who doesn't think anything bad is really going to happen, and as it turned out, it didn't. I mean, there was absolutely no trouble in getting promoted and tenured.

How would you characterize the students on the UNR campus at that time?

Well, I think if you were to compare them to what was going on, say, at Cal or Kent State or Columbia, pretty tame. I was very close to those students. They formed a chapter of the Students for a Democratic Society [SDS]. There's a fellow right down the hall named Bob Dickens who was my advisee and took classes from me, and he was part of the Students for a Democratic Society; he went on to get a Ph.D. in political science at Arizona, University of Arizona, and eventually ended up here as our director of government relations. So, if you wanted to talk about the students, Bob would be a good source, because he was right in the middle of it.

So, they formed up, and they invited me out a meeting that was at Bob Dickens's house, his parents' house, to be the advisor to SDS, which was the most notorious student radical organization here. Now, these kids were really not radicals. They were liberal, but they were not bomb

throwers. Somebody did start a fire at the old ROTC building. I think it was a fire bomb. Very little damage, and it could have been one of these kids, but I don't think we ever found out. But they were angry, and you could say militant, about the war and about civil rights. There was nothing wrong with that. And so, I saw my role as advisor to keep these kids out of trouble.

My sense then, and since then—and certainly not original or unique with me—is that we had a lost generation there of students who didn't get a chance to have the college opportunity. And it changed a lot of lives, maybe for the better, but some for the worse. A lot of them, of course, came out of it and grew up and matured and became stockbrokers and establishment people and mainstream folks and so on. I mean, a lot of these kids did.

So, my advice to them was "Don't go too far with this, and stay out of trouble." And they did. You know, they had debates, and they marched, and they participated in the teach-ins. And that's as far as it got.

With Nixon's announcement of the invasion of Cambodia, and Kent State, were you concerned that what had normally been a pretty much non-radical orientation on the students' behalf might turn bad?

Oh, absolutely. I mean, it's hard to describe the anger of that particular time—Cambodia and Kent State—and one would say the results of that anger here were not like the results at places like Cal and Columbia, but the anger was deep, and I was part of it, and those students were, and a lot of other academic faculty here were. That anger lasted for a couple of years, until we finally did have some success with the Democratic Party, and then it dissipated. [laughter]

In your earlier [1970] interview, you said that you had missed the rally at the Manzanita Bowl on Governor's Day, where a peace rally was supposed to happen.

Yes.

But you said that you did make it to the events at the stadium.

My recollection is that I went to that stadium and watched the near-collision between the ROTC cadets and the protestors led by Paul Adamian.

Can you tell me what you remember about that particular incident?

Scared. I mean, it kind of reminded you of the old days of military strategy when you lined up the troops and you sent them forward en masse and tightly packed: Gettysburg. But there were no weapons on the other side, those were the guys with the weapons. But as they came in that formation, and you saw that, and they just kept marching . . . It's like one of those experiences, I suppose, like an earthquake—which is probably over in fifteen seconds—but this maybe took a minute or two, but it seemed like forever.

Edd Miller, who was then the president, and others finally managed to head it off. I think maybe Paul himself was part of that (I just cannot recall exactly how it ended). I was very nervous about what might happen.

So, you pretty much arrived right when things were peaking?

Yes, well I knew what was going on, but I was teaching a class, and so by the time that class was over, the Adamian incident right up here had already occurred. The protestors had marched, or were marching, to the stadium, and by the time I got there, they were already there. I was just an observer, and I did not play a role in resolving that up there.

How many students do you think were on the field?

Oh God, I don't know. I can't remember.

Would you say it was roughly even numbers with the amount of cadets?

Probably. Yes. Maybe even more . . . more students, I mean.

And then, if I can back you up a little bit, you and Paul Adamian and another faculty member had been planning this course.

In the spring, before this happened.

Did you know Paul pretty well?

Well, I certainly knew him. I mean, I wouldn't say we were close friends. Socially, now and again, we saw each other. I liked him. He was a nice guy, and probably about my age. But he was radicalized by the . . . he was a changed man. He was an angry, angry man. And that had not been the case previously. I don't know what all went into that, maybe something else besides the war, but he was probably the angriest man on campus.

But he hadn't always been?

No. I mean, I'm sure he was a liberal, but he came about the same time I did. I came in January 1966; he may have come the same year, or he may have come in the fall of 1967. I can't remember, but we would see one another at parties and chat once in awhile on the campus or have a cup of coffee. And I don't remember where the idea of this course came from, maybe from him. As we talked about the course, I mean, this was not anger on his part. We had only had two or three discussions, and so I don't know exactly what he would have intended as his contribution to the course, but he never got a chance to make it.

Would you say that you weren't surprised, then, to hear of his behavior on Governor's Day?

I was. I mean, I would not have expected it to go as far as it went. And there are conflicting versions of the incident, so I don't know exactly what happened, but on the basis of what he was

charged with, that certainly would have surprised me. That seemed a step too far.

All right. And then the following semester, when he was dismissed, what was your reaction to that?

Well, I think we all knew it was coming. I mean, it was a disappointment, probably a determination shared with a lot of people to help him with his appeal. In that process, Charlie Springer—a just-retired justice and former chief justice of the supreme court and former attorney general of Nevada—was Paul's attorney. And periodically after that, we would meet, as I recall, in Charlie's office, and Paul was over in California, maybe fishing—I mean, commercially. We'd come, and we would talk about strategy and so on, and the appeal went forward, and I believe it took maybe eight to ten years before it was finally resolved. I believe, by the time it was finally over, I was the president. Do you know, was it 1979, 1980, 1981?

I think it was 1976, when the last filing was made. It died in court, maybe, a year or two afterwards.

My recollection is that I had just become acting president, or it was in that period, when the last gasp was heard. But perhaps that last gasp was 1976. I can't say for sure.

I need to check my notes as well.

Well, trust your notes more than my memory.

Do you think the Board of Regents treated him fairly? Or did you think they had other agendas?

You know, it was the temper of the times. The people on the board, many were excellent people. Procter Hug, the chair, was a wonderful man, a very strong supporter of higher education, and a most likable fellow. I mean, what can you say? We were all caught up in that temper of the times, and I probably did some things that if I were looking at it from the perspective of twenty-

eight years later, I wouldn't have done. But we were all going crazy in those days. It's hard to describe, but for me it was the worst part of my life. I'm not easily roused to anger, but it's the angriest I've ever been.

What effect do you think Governor's Day had on the campus climate in the years that followed?

I think it hurt us badly in terms of support from the community, in terms of support at the legislature. It didn't necessarily start with that, but certainly by the mid-1970s we seemed to have erected a wall here, or the community helped erect a wall, and we weren't talking. Our relationships were really bad, despite the best efforts of people like Edd Miller and Neil Humphrey, and in the legislature, it was the same story. We imposed on the people who fought that battle in the legislature—again people like Edd and Neil, who were good at it—a terrible burden that, of course, we didn't think about at the time. But it was an uphill battle for them down there, as I learned, especially when I became acting president in February of 1978, and then in January-February of 1979, still acting president, with a new chairman of the board.

I went to our first hearing in the Ways and Means Committee, and the chair threw us out in about five minutes. It was a pretty flimsy excuse, and basically, he didn't like the chancellor, for whatever reason, and so he threw us out. That told me something about the struggle that lay ahead. I already had a sense of it, certainly, because I had been hanging around down there, off and on, over the years, but we were a whipping boy and a ready target, and when you'd go to a hearing there, you could count on the television cameras and the newspaper scribes turning out in force, because there was always going to be at least one story there. And there always was. I would not say totally that was a result of Governor's Day, but it certainly was given a lot of substance and even momentum by what Governor's Day symbolized, and all the other activities that were going on, that this conservative community thought were very suspect.

So, the short answer is that there's no question about it. It hurt not just this institution, but all of public higher education in Nevada.

Would you say it was the last significant demonstration of activism on campus? Nothing else sticks out.

I don't know, I think a lot of frustration and anger were vented by Governor's Day. Certainly there was anger about what happened to Paul Adamian, subsequently, and we still had campus radicals, a march here and there and a teach-in. But I cannot remember another large demonstration.

And you had also said that sort of as a result of Governor's Day, you went on to hold the position you do now. Would you say that it stirred up more faculty involvement in running the university in general?

Yes. Part of the temper of the time was that there should be a greater role for faculty—this was across the country—and here we did have a tradition of faculty governance that was already there, and I think that was advanced, not just by Governor's Day, but by what was going on everywhere. There was a very strong push in those days across the country on campuses for very substantial student input in the governance of institutions, and that came here as well. It certainly solidified, I think, the tradition of faculty participation, which has always been consequential here, and if you were to look about at people who over the years served as chairs of the faculty senate, it was a place of consequence, a position of consequence, and a lot of them went on to, as they say, higher office. Deans, vice presidents, people like Jim Richardson (he was the chair and, well, he's a very consequential fellow on this campus), Bill Cathey (who's an associate vice president downstairs), Paul Page (a senate chair, is vice president), and John Marschall (now a full-time history professor, but for many years a key administrator as my special assistant and as a person who was for awhile our acting vice president

for business, and then was an assistant vice-president in student services). There were a whole bunch of others: Frank Hartigan, who runs the honors program; Chris Exline, former chair of geography, faculty athletic rep, and so on.

So, those are the names, and there are a lot more. Those are testimony to the importance of the senate in the university's business, and as someone who has always believed in a strong faculty role, I've done my best to sustain that participation and to stay in touch and to listen to the senate when it speaks, usually to adhere in one degree or another to its recommendations.

Is there anything else about your perspective on Governor's Day that might not be available otherwise?

Well, you know, the key that I carry around to my memory bank is a very rusty one, and it was hard to fit it into the compartment of my brain that's all locked up with those memories. I think I've emptied that compartment; I can't remember another thing. [laughter] So, you've done a very good job.

OK. Well thank you very much.

FRANKIE SUE DEL PAPA

BRAD LUCAS: Today is December 14, 1998. I am sitting with Frankie Sue Del Papa in her office in Reno, Nevada. If I could start by asking you about your years at UNR: what year did you start as an undergraduate?

FRANKIE SUE DEL PAPA: I started at the University of Nevada, Reno, in 1967 and graduated in 1971.

So for the entire duration of your time at UNR the Vietnam War was going on. What was that like to be at UNR during those years?

It was a very activist time to be at the university. I, of course, loved it so much, and I loved the atmosphere. I loved being there. In addition to majoring in political science pre-law, I was sort of majoring as well in extra-curricular activities, because I was very active in a lot of different things, primarily student government, and in fact, wound up being student body president my senior year, which would have been 1970 to 1971.

Right. Were you interested in being politically active before you came to UNR?

I got involved in student government in junior high school and was active. I was student body president of my junior high school and student body vice president of my high school. And in fact, it was at my high school that a high school counselor said, "You know, with your interest and skill levels, you really ought to think about going pre-law." So that counselor, in fact, was one of the people I have attributed the fact to that I would go and pursue a pre-law career.

Up until Governor's Day, which was spring of 1970, were there other major protests against the war that you can remember?

You know, there were a lot of things. Of course, when it was happening, it was happening all over the country. I think right before this, if my recollection serves me correctly, there was Kent State. I think Kent State happened right before this, and contemporaneous with this, at some point (it was either right before this or right after), they had the fire bombing incident at the ROTC building.

Right. That was afterwards. Yes.

Yes, I was at the university, and I remember because the newspaper headline in the paper in Las Vegas (where my parents resided) was "Reign of Terror"—or some such thing—"at UNR." And I remember my mother calling me and saying, "Come home! Come home!"

And there were a lot of black-white confrontations. I mean, it was a very activist period. People were interested in the environment. People were interested in everything. It was a very intense period of time when people were interested in a lot of different things, and it was a period of transition and change and deeply felt emotions about what was happening.

Because you were pretty involved with student government at that time, how would you characterize the race relations?

Well, you know, again, in retrospect, it was sort of symbolic of the period. I mean, there were things happening all over the country: relationships being redefined, explored, and that certainly was going on at the university. There were black leaders that were looking to have their voices heard. And it was a period of time when there was a lot of discussion, heightened awareness, concern, involvement. And some of the leaders, you know, on all fronts . . . I mean, it was interesting. It was interesting to know all these people. And in retrospect, look at them, you know, look at where they are now, the things that they've done with their lives.

Yes. Did you ever see Harry Edwards when he came to visit that spring?

No.

OK. Now, were you on pretty good terms with the administration at this time?

Yes. N. Edd Miller was the president of the university, and, in fact, I'm still very good friends with N. Edd Miller. He was a remarkable individual—very student oriented. There was the N. Edd Miller Day. Other campuses were burning

their campus presidents in effigy, and we were celebrating having him.

I recall he always wanted to take time for students. In fact, he has a unique ability. When you talk with him he makes you feel like you're the only person ever, because he so focuses on what you are saying and so listens to you. And he really made an effort. When I was student body president he would always invite me in, you know, to visit with him.

I remember in September (September or October) of 1970 we attended what was called a "Presidents-to-Presidents" meeting in Washington, D.C., where the student body president was accompanied by the president of the university. I specifically recall, because then-Secretary of the Interior, Walter Hickel, was one of the speakers, and he gave this great speech, where he talked about the Vietnam War. His line was that, "We cannot tear this country together."¹

It was funny, because I was up in Alaska several years ago when he was governor of Alaska, and we were attending the same dinner. I ended up having to speak, and I recalled hearing him, and my recollection was of that speech that he gave. He called me the next day, and everybody was all aflutter, because, you know, the governor of Alaska was trying to reach me. He pulls me



Students celebrating N. Edd Miller Day, October 17, 1969.

out of a meeting to tell me that it was the best speech he felt he'd ever given in his life, and it really meant something to him that somebody was listening and could recall it, you know, all these years later, which would have been twenty-five plus years later.

Back to N. Edd Miller. N. Edd was and is just a remarkable individual. We were really fortunate to have him, and he cared a lot about students.

Yes. Did you and he ever have conflicts over matters or goings-on on campus?

I'm sure we did. I mean, I'm sure we didn't agree on everything, but certainly nothing stands out in my mind in my recollection of him. Today, it's just one of respect and affection, and my memory is very positive, totally. I'm sure, given the times, that we didn't agree on everything, but nothing sticks out as being a serious differing point.

Did you ever have encounters with any of the Board of Regents at that time? Did you see them ever?

Well, I did. I saw them quite frequently, because as student body president, I usually went to all of the regents meetings, and so there was interaction. Nothing sticks out, but of course, we're now talking, yes, twenty-eight years later. It's a bit of a stretch to remember it. But I don't remember any specifics.

If we could talk maybe about Governor's Day itself. Now, you accompanied several of the administrators, with ROTC people as well, on that day?

Yes, I remember that it was interesting, because we were at the student union, and we were leaving the student union—and as I recall, you could still drive on campus in those days—when the incident happened where they thought that Professor Adamian was actually throwing himself down in front of the car. I think we were in

the Jot Travis Student lounge when Governor Laxalt and I can't remember all who were there, but we were going to then move up to the field, and then that incident happened. I didn't see it specifically, but I've seen that picture so many times, I can see that picture even today. There was a great deal of discussion, because some said that it was actually Paul Adamian trying to pull a student up instead of . . . But it was caught, and, you know, it's interesting, one of those interesting photographs. I don't remember too much about that, and maybe it's just because I remember the photograph.

But it's interesting, because I can remember the dress I had on. I remember then going up to the field, and we were all stunned that this was happening. I remember up at the stadium actually going down on the field to try to talk to the students, to try to stop the disruption of the actual event.

You know, now, in retrospect and upon reflection, given what was happening in the country, we were sort of asking for something to happen, because [the Governor's Day ceremony] was . . . the only focus was ROTC. And, of course, later what the university did—which I think was a much more ecumenical, if you will, approach—they expanded this to do all different kinds of honors programs, et cetera, so that it wouldn't be so focused in one area.

Yes. If I could back you up a bit, do you remember who you were riding with that day?

No, I don't.

OK. Also, just on a related note, with the ROTC program, UNR still had a mandatory ROTC program at that time, whereas many of the campuses across the country did not. Were you in favor of it at that time?

You know, I can't remember opposing it. I just don't recall. I don't recall, say, the student senate or . . . I don't remember us taking a position on it. And maybe we did.

I do remember that Colonel Hill (I believe he was the colonel) was an extraordinary individual as well. I mean, he was a very compassionate sort—not what you would typically expect of an ROTC colonel, you know, someone in charge. He was just a very well-rounded individual, and he wasn't very My recollection of him is that he wasn't very hardcore; you know, he was much more—what's the word?—interested in a lot of different things. Sometimes an individual's personality can stave off certain things, and I think in part, Colonel Hill's personality, which was so positive, may have assisted that situation, as opposed to if there had been someone who was really strong military that was inflexible. My recollection is that he was a very flexible, outgoing, well-rounded individual.

So when the car you were in got to the stadium, did you say that the protestors were already there?

No, I don't think so. And again, I don't remember. My recollection is that the ceremony had actually started, and the disruption came after the ceremony had started, or shortly thereafter. I could be wrong, but that's what my recollection is telling me right now as you ask me this question.

Let me show you a few photos. See if you can help identify some of these: we don't have any context for them. Here's photo one. It's apparently from the motorcade. Is that a familiar sight to you at all?

It's not, although this looks like Todd Bedrosian, but I could be wrong: the individual who is standing next to the officer in the sunglasses in the white shirt next to the police car. The gentleman looks like Todd Bedrosian. I do not know nor recognize any of the rest of the individuals.

OK. And then here we have photograph number two. It's the marchers with the banner.

I could be wrong, but the individual on the right looks like Bob Whittemore. I'm not sure though. It looks like him.

OK. And did you see any of the marchers on their way to the stadium with the banner?

No. Not that I recall.

OK, so they just showed up.

Yes.

So here would be another one.

[looking at photograph three] No, I don't believe that I recognize any of these people.

OK. So you were in the stands during the ceremony. Here's photo number four. Did you see the marchers enter the stadium?

You know, I didn't see them enter. As I recall, all of a sudden they were there in the middle of the stadium and the ceremony was being disrupted. And I remember, as I said, leaving the stadium to go down to talk to them. And that's about all.

OK. And here's a photo from the stands, photo number five.

Yes, photo number five. Of course, that's me.

In the white dress?

Yes. I remember I had a white dress on—I told you I remember what I had on—and that, of course, that's Colonel Hill.

Standing?

Saluting. That's N. Edd Miller. No, this may be No, I think it's N. Edd. I don't who this is. This is Fred Anderson, regent Fred Anderson.

Oh, to your right?

Yes. And this looks like Procter Hug.

Right. I think it is.

Yes. I'm sorry, go ahead.

OK. Most of the marchers had gone up into the stadium, but there was a group, mostly of Black Student Union members, who had stayed on the field, and then you had gone out to speak with them. Do you remember what prompted you to do that?

Well, it was almost an involuntary reaction. It's interesting, you ask yourself sometimes why you do certain things, and I think you do them I was the student body president, and these were students. So I guess I just took it upon myself to go see if I could reach out to them. No one told me to go. You know, knowing my personality, it would be just probably something that I thought was my responsibility.

Yes. Do you remember what sort of response you got?

No, I don't remember it. My guess is it probably wasn't positive, because I think that the ceremony was disrupted and halted, if I recall right. I think it was wise You know, when you look in retrospect at all the things that we've talked about with the Vietnam War era, with Kent State, with the feelings I remember the day that we were all there on campus when they did the lottery for the draft. And then I think that feelings were much stronger. Of course, we all now have the benefit of hindsight, having rolled this over in your mind a thousand times about what happened, et cetera. Even when you think about people who were lost, all the things that happened

But I don't remember. I mean, I just remember going down on the field and talking to them, and I think that the ceremony was cut short.

Yes. Do you remember any other particulars about Governor's Day in terms of either protestors or individuals like Paul Adamian or Ben Hazard or anyone?

No. Ben Hazard was the art professor.

Right.

I liked Ben Hazard, and Ben Hazard liked me. In fact, he gave me a piece of his artwork. And Paul Adamian I can't recall if I had a class from him or not. I don't think so, but he was a well-respected professor.

Yes. Were you surprised to see faculty members out there protesting or as part of the group?

I think, in reflection, the whole thing would You know, even though you know that protests are going on, it's like it's always happening to somebody else, and then all of a sudden it happens to you. There really hadn't been too much time to reflect on it, and everything is now tempered by what has transpired since then: all the news clips, the documentaries, the reflections. It's hard to have total reflection obviously, because it's all been tempered and filtered by what has transpired since then.

Well, what about the months afterwards? I mean, this had a pretty significant impact on the campus and most of the state—the fire bombings shortly afterwards and then the following fall with Paul Adamian being suspended and eventually fired. Can you recall any particulars of those months or what you thought the impact of Governor's Day was?

Well, I think that the administration—to their credit, as I said—tried to change things so that it wouldn't be as controversial and it wouldn't be just solely something for ROTC, and Governor's Day wouldn't be just for the military, particularly at a time when there are people who are questioning the war so strongly and there were such

feelings and such divisiveness. I think that what you see, what happened afterwards, was a more broadening of honors and awards and just trying to make it a focus for the whole campus and not just one segment of the campus.

The year itself was a very good year in terms of The president-to-president conference I talked to you about occurred in either September or October. We had a lot of speakers. We had a lot of activities. You know, we cleaned Manzanita Lake, we planted trees. It was a very productive and, I think, a good year. We changed the calendar system. The finals used to be after Christmas, and we'd fought and fought to try to have finals before Christmas so you could enjoy your Christmas vacation, and we got the calendar system changed. So there were a lot of positive changes. I'd given many, many speeches where I mention this period, and I refer to it as very positive, you know.

If I could just ask you a few more questions. Considering where you are now as attorney general—pretty heavily involved in politics and the legal system—did you follow the Adamian trial as it went on and on for about the next several years?

You know, I really didn't, partially because once I left the university, I went to law school in Washington, D.C., and so you're just that much more removed. And I may have, but there are so many things that have transpired between then and now that my recollection is not good in that regard.

Has there been any discussion about Charlie Springer's handling of this case in the years afterwards?

No.

No? Have you heard Governor's Day come up in other contexts having to do with people running for office or other administrators' treatment of campus activities?

No, I haven't.

OK. Are there any other comments you'd like to add?

No. For all of us who were there, it was just one part of the puzzle, and puzzle is not even the right word. It was one part of the tapestry of events that were playing out. Again, you know, all of this is, of course, colored by your reflection and what happened later with the war, what happened with President Johnson—all of these things that you're sort of living through. President Nixon . . . it was interesting, because there are so many things that have happened since then, upon reflection. But when you're living through it, it happens so quickly. It's like the situation where a class sometimes will have someone come in and do something very dramatic, and then they'll ask thirteen different people, "What did you see?" You're going to see thirteen different things, because, of course, it's being filtered through your own perceptions. And even now . . . but I do remember looking. I can still see very clearly the picture of Paul Adamian standing over the student. And what sticks in my mind was the comment that Many people were contending that he was there trying to help the situation instead of trying to instigate the situation. But, you know, I don't have any personal knowledge, and I wasn't as close to it.

One person that you may want to interview is my former husband, Jon Wellingshoff, who now works for the Public Service Commission for the State of Nevada, because I know he knew Professor Adamian, and he may have a better recollection of that day, because I think he was a part of the students that were actually there *per se*. So that may be one person you want to interview.

OK. Well, thank you.

You're welcome.

Note

1. Walter J. Hickel served as Secretary of the Interior under President Richard M. Nixon from January 1969 to November 1970. He served as governor of Alaska from 1966 to 1969 and again from 1990 to 1994.

JOHN R. DOHERTY

BRAD LUCAS: Today is October 2, 2000. This oral history interview is being conducted with John Doherty in his home in Reno, Nevada. Now, you did have a chance to look at the 1970 interview. Was there anything you found interesting in there?

JOHN DOHERTY: Maybe just a little overdose of youthful idealism, naïvety. But other than that, oh, I think I probably would've said pretty much the same thing today. I still remembered what it was that went on. [laughter]

Right. So now you started at the University of Nevada in 1966, and you're coming up from Carson City as freshman. What would you say was the political atmosphere on campus when you first came in?

Mackay Day was probably the epitome of the political activity on the campus. [laughter] You know, basically it was a cowboy school, a small-state cowboy school. It was a fun place to be. There wasn't much political activism at all. There was an active student body politic, but it was thoroughly inward-looking—basically a campus-wide sort of thing in those days. It was all run by the Greeks. A small campus probably is a very pleasant school, pleasant place to be. A fun school.

Mackay Day: Tell me a little bit about that. I have only a vague idea.

OK. Well, they don't have it the same way today as they used to, but Mackay Day was a Friday usually in early May. In those days a semester went all the way into early June, late May. And this would be kind of the last big blowout before everybody went into finals. And there were beer busts, and there were big parties down in the bowl, and there were raft races on Manzanita Lake, and there was all sorts of high jinks going on.

The Sundowners were in full force in those days. They had what they called the "turkey shoot" for Mackay Day. And there was, you know, quite a bit of student inebriation and partying and just good times going on, and then people dressed up in Western costumes.

So it was a pretty full turnout from most of the folks on campus?

Yes. There was a lot of social activities going on that were planned that really started earlier in the week and culminated on that Friday. And there wasn't a lot of attendance in classes

on that Friday, particularly as the day wore on.
[laughter]

Right. You know, in those early years for you there, were they also having Black Week at the end of April?

I don't think they had that in 1966 (and I could be wrong), but it doesn't seem to me that that probably started occurring until any earlier than 1968. Let's see, I'm trying to think . . . I was living in Lincoln Hall in 1966 and the first part of 1967, and I do know there were quite a few black students living in Manzanita Hall right next door and who were starting to get organized. A lot of those were very politically conscious, but I don't think they were that organized yet. But, I could be wrong as far as when Black Week started, but I don't remember it as being the big thing.

There weren't that many blacks. And it only took, you know, fifteen or twenty black students with somebody who could start getting them active to start doing something, and they would have been very noticed, they would have made quite a splash. And they did pretty soon.

Now, were you pretty politically active coming in, or did that happen later?

No, I wasn't. And I got into student politics . . . my brother-in-law, who had been president of Lincoln Hall before I got in, got me active in that. I got into representing Lincoln Hall in the student senate. I met Joe Bell in there and then the next year helped him in his campaign when he ran for student body president, which he won, basically because Nye Hall had opened. There were enough on-campus students that we had an independent group who were non-Greek that we could get him in there. And then a poll watcher who was working for the student government said it was the skiers returning from a ski outing on the election day, that actually put Joe over the top. On that day it was, you know, twenty-four votes, I think, he won.

[laughter] Oh, wow—that's close!

So the guy he beat is an old friend of mine I've known most of my life from Carson City, Bob Shriver, who's now executive director of the Department of Economic Development. And he's still a good friend. [laughter] Small state!

Now, was most of the campus pretty involved with the student government, or was that something that got your attention?

No. In those days they just started expanding the on-campus student housing. Nye Hall was a real expansion that in one building doubled—if not more that doubled—the number of students living on campus. See, student politics were run almost entirely by the Greeks, because they were organized, and they had a consistent group of people who were organized year after year, and alumni who said, "OK. This is what you've got to do." So, you know, they ran things, or I should say they had the people on most of the committees that were doing stuff, I think, because they knew these were coming up, and they put their names in. They'd do it. And they were just well organized.

In those days, for instance, the membership came by virtue of the living group. So each Greek house, if it had 16 people or 50 people, had a senator, whereas Nye Hall—and it had 570 people—had a senator.

Regardless of how many.

Right. And there were a number of people who were elected as off-campus independents. So it was largely a commuter school up until they opened Nye Hall. It was out-of-state, or out-of-town kids like myself from Carson, who'd come up and live in the dorms. And quite frequently, in the dorm within three years, there weren't very many seniors—and juniors even. A lot of them would try to move off campus into housing. I did that myself the last part of my senior year. But, you know, I guess, now everybody's trying to get into the dorms. [laughter] Can't find any room over there.

It's really tight.

Interestingly enough, they had to close Lincoln Hall down the second semester (I believe it was my sophomore year) and move everybody into Nye Hall. In order to keep a low-interest government loan that they built Nye Hall with, they had to show a minimum level of occupancy. [laughter] So they had to artificially increase the occupancy by closing down Lincoln Hall.

That's really interesting. And then when did consciousness about Vietnam start hitting campus?

I would say that it was about 1968, when the draft really started to have an effect. And what you saw then was a sudden increase. Now, also you had a demographic boom at that time, and you also had the war, so you had a lot more people looking for someplace to go to college. The California colleges were expanding, but not fast enough to keep up the population, and Nevada had a good reputation as a place to come and ski and party and go to school, and it wasn't a bad little college academically, in those days. So we had a real surge of California students who had a higher level of awareness on these things, a much higher political awareness.

And, you know, living in the dorms, you run into more of them. So there were a lot of people in the dorms who came in and ran into these kids and saw things. I first started getting interested in going to student government in talking to people who were active and were thinking of these things and started picking up things. I was probably as conservative as most Nevadans were, in my freshman year and into my sophomore year—if not considerably, at least middle of the road. I didn't start to really become politically active until, let's say, late in my sophomore year.

But it was the time, because of what was going on, and we were on a campus. And we had all these people coming in, and there were also some faculty. I'm sure there were a lot of people in different courses who were looking at things, and everybody's looking for relevance, and so they would bring it up. OK. Here's some aspect of the

Vietnam War and a discussion that's going on. What's relevant in our curriculum? That would lead to an interesting discussion of these things—and valid discussion. So, it just kind of percolates out, but I think, you know, that's the role of a university.

It's supposed to be that, and it happened. And as I said a few minutes earlier, I think this whole change that was occurring on the campus was just the edge of what was going to be occurring in Nevada itself, because we were going to have a tremendous growth, especially in southern Nevada—people who had all lived someplace else. And they weren't like us. [laughter] They were used to a lot of different things; they were used to more unusual things; they were used to more diversity. And as a result, you know, they weren't that surprised when they saw this kind of response to different things.

Right. Now, did you start out as a journalism major?

Yes.

So were you working for the paper right away?

They ran a few of my articles in the journalism classes, where you write, and they turn them over to the paper in case they want to use them. They also sent them downtown in case they wanted to use them there. It was fortunate the *Sagebrush* and the local paper each picked up the couple of the things I wrote. Then I think in my junior year I started writing for the *Sagebrush* on a volunteer basis, and then in senior year, they were paying me a little bit to write, as a regular staff member.

And, now, you say it was around 1968, maybe, 1968, 1969, when you start seeing a heightened consciousness . . . it's hard to find other words for it, but more activism on campus.

Yes. There were always pranks and things going on—but that's just student pranks. But I'm talking about actual activities where a political

idea was the reason for the meeting or the discussion or the thing. And a lot of people are sitting there looking at the draft. You know, like they say, the view of the gallows tends to sharpen one's focus. [laughter] So it was very important to a lot of people, especially to people of college age. And you know, there was plenty of people at that time right there who were flunking out and going into the army and going to Vietnam, and some of them getting injured or killed. So it was immediate cause-and-effect relationship there. That gets your attention.

Well, then you also did ROTC, right?

Right. Everybody did ROTC then. In 1966 male students were required to drill twice a week and go to class one hour a week, I believe—maybe it was two hours a week. And this is the interpretation of the regents, because it was a land-grant school. There's nothing in the land-grant legislation that says you have to do this. They saw this as one of the things they did as a land-grant school. I think they had to offer ROTC, but I don't think they had to require everybody to do it.

So we're all out there, and that was one of the first places you saw people starting to disrupt the status quo. It was a lot of these California kids who weren't ready for this uniform stuff. [laughter] And they were just cutting up! Some of those pranks they'd pull, and, you know, you just couldn't get them to swallow the discipline. When they're in college, they're not here to be in the army. So it was an interesting time, and it was probably pretty tough for the ROTC instructors at the time, too.

So, let's see, you were under Colonel Ralf?

Yes. Now, female students had curfews on campus. Male students didn't, you know. And it wasn't as if it was going to be the females who were harassing the males; it would have been the other way around. [laughter] It was the females who had a curfew.

Sitting ducks, sort of.

Yes. No, it was just run by a bunch of men who thought, "OK. We're going to protect the women." And then, you can't do anything about the men. Boys will be boys, that is, you know.

Maybe just getting more towards the end of things: when did you move into the Hobbit Hole?

That was at the spring semester, my senior year.

Oh, so it wasn't until then.

Right. And some people who were living there moved out, and I got invited to come in, and, in fact, I got the best room in the house. [laughter] Roberto Crawford and some other people, ones who had been living in there, for one reason or another they all moved out, and we had a chance to go in there. And I don't know how much you've heard about the Hobbit Hole, but it was a . . .

It used to be a coffee house? Is that it?

No. It was a flophouse, really. It was for student hitchhikers who would come in. It was part of a network of student housing, at least around the West Coast, where students could hitchhike up and down, and you'd find out where one was. You get to one; you're going on to another town, and you find it, or people get to town and see a student and say, "Where can I stay?" and they say, "Go stay at the Hobbit Hole." So we had this big dining room and living room, which we didn't use as a dining room; a kitchen and a table in the kitchen. And there were big couches there.

People would come in and sleep on the couches or crash on the floor, and we'd have a big pot of spaghetti or something and a big pot of coffee going. People would come in and have something. You know, they weren't supposed to stay indefinitely—stay a day or maybe two and then go. But, you know, in those days we didn't have any trouble.

We had one guy steal my car. [laughter] Left my keys up there. But it was a 1960 Mercury

Monterey Deluxe, and the gas gauge didn't work too well, and it was out when it showed about a little over a quarter of a tank left.

Didn't get very far?

No. Got about halfway to Fallon.

[laughter] And had that been a flophouse when you first got to UNR?

I don't know. I just know that at least in the previous year it had been. And again, I think it was all part of the movement of California students over here that would even create this kind of thing. And as soon as I became aware of it, I knew what it was. It was a great location right across the street from Manzanita Hall, which was a women's dorm. And it's where the Midby-Byron Building is now.

And so it was very convenient, and one of the conditions under which I was able to move into the house was that we maintain this. It was on the route. *[laughter]* You know, you can't just close down one of the stations on the route. But there were a lot of students who would come there from the campus, who'd come in and have a cup of coffee and sit down and talk, and talk politics. And it was a really neat place to be living in. Somehow I managed to go to school, too.

That's right. [laughter]

But I was actually an RA [resident assistant] in Nye Hall for a year and a half, which gave me free room and board, but I was itching to get off campus and try it, and this was a good opportunity.

Now, you lived with Doug Sherman?

And Woody Woodward and Ward Ryan.

Right. OK. Now, did you know any of those three beforehand?

I knew Ward. In fact, I think I may have asked Ward if he wanted the other bedroom when they were getting ready to fill it in. And I had met Doug, I think, but I didn't really know him very well. Woody—sort of. And it was a small campus. In fact, I knew Woody. I'm trying to remember if Woody had already lived there. I'm trying to remember that. Woody might have already lived there, at least briefly, before I moved in that last semester.

And it seems like any meetings or planning or anything seemed to happen at the Hobbit Hole.

[laughter] You know, it was convenient, and we were a receptive bunch.

So pretty regular affair, usually gathering . . .

It wasn't unusual at all for me to come home from classes and see six, eight, ten people sitting around having coffee and talking politics or just bullshitting. It could have been the coffee house where you paid, or it could have been over in the student union, but there was a number of people who just felt comfortable coming over there. And so it was a great place, you know. It was a lot of fun to live there. And the students respected the privacy of the bedrooms. They're very good about that, and never had a problem, except that one guy who was a hitchhiker who came in and took my car! *[laughter]*

So how was it with your roommates? I mean, were they all sort of equals, as far as political outlook and things like that?

We were all pretty much of the same mind and, you know, student activist sort of thing. And one was a university policeman.

Doug Sherman, right?

Right. And Ward was from Atherton: long, flowing red hair, very handsome guy, and would walk along the bridge above the bowl by Manzanita Lake, playing his flute to the girls following

along behind. [laughter] And Woody was from somewhere down in the Bay Area, down there.

Now, you moved in spring of 1970. So it was your last semester then.

Yes, spring of 1970.

And things were sort of heating up obviously the year before. Were things heating up equally on campus? I mean, by this point, I'm sure you're much more politically aware of the scene that's going on across the country?

It's hard for me to remember exactly what went on. (And David Slemmons in the e-mails that were going around tried to refresh my mind, but it didn't trigger any original memories.) But I know there was stuff going on before that. I was pretty heavily involved in student government prior to that. I was a campaign chairman along with Tom Myers, and the people who probably really led to my political awareness a lot more were him and Joe Bell, who was the student body president. I was involved in that, and that took a lot of time. So it was probably the antiwar stuff.

Let's see, I'm trying to remember, because I had to join advanced ROTC. And you had your first two years, which was the standard, and then you joined advanced ROTC if you're going to go on and get a commission. Well, I had a not-so-good semester and got word that, "OK. You're getting close to the edge; you better find a place to hide." I figured, well, if I was going to get drafted, I'd just as soon go in as an officer in the army rather than get drafted. So I know that I got to contradicting myself, because when I went up to Hartman Hall to sign up for advanced ROTC, they looked at me: "What are you doing here?" So they must have known that I was against the war thing.

But I can't remember what I might have done. As I say, there's quite a bit of haze after thirty-one years. But they were aware that I was opposed to the war, and so they were kind of curious as to why I was coming there.

But isn't there a growing sense that there were factions growing on campus, that there were folks on the left and the right?

Yes, an awareness of the long-hairs. Things were happening at Berkeley, so you'd see it and everything. And there were kids from down there who would say, "Yes, let's do that here, too." They would try to get some things going, but there wasn't really a "center" to all this stuff early on, and I wouldn't say, again, until later in 1968.

Now, I went to summer camp in ROTC., and they gave me a discharge because of my ears. I came back, and I know after that, things really started taking off. That would have been the summer between, I guess, the sophomore-junior year—summer camp. I can't remember. Maybe it was between the senior-junior year, so that would have been going into 1969, anyway.

Right. Then you participated in October 1969 in the moratorium?

Yes, I remember being in those things, and I don't remember when they were. I remember the march downtown.

What was that like?

We'd all gathered in the bowl, and there was the big candlelight thing. And I'm trying to remember if that was because of Kent State. It might have been.

Yes. There was a candlelight vigil after Kent State.

And we marched downtown?

The march downtown was for the moratorium, which was October 1969.

As I say, they're all kind of blending together. My memory of those things is telescoped, so it all seems like it took about three months to go to college.

Yes. [laughter] Do you remember that—the march downtown—though?

I remember doing it. Yes. I don't remember when exactly it was. But I remember going, and it was very interesting down there, because there was a lot of really weirded-out people who didn't know what was going on or why we were doing this. "That doesn't happen here."

And did it provoke any reactions?

Mostly just kind of grim stares. People weren't, you know, too likely to do something in those days.

Yes. But otherwise, not really eventful beyond the march itself? And there weren't any conflicts?

No. And I do remember Black Student Union stuff going on, which did an awful lot, because almost all the blacks came from someplace else, where they were used to things being different, and Nevada has changed a lot. It's a lot more inclusive now than it was in those days. You see, you read some of the public statements by some of the legislators and other people. [laughter] People had no clue. And I don't know if you've read some of the things that Lawrence Jacobsen said. [laughter] Some of the things he said are pretty funny, that . . . As an individual, he's a pretty nice guy, but he just had this down-home Nevada view of people who aren't like him.

Well, and things seemed to be going along pretty smoothly for a lot of those years, I mean, in Nevada, as far as keeping order.

Well, there weren't many blacks, you know—very few. And the few who were there were so few that they almost became the exceptions. But they started recruiting a lot of athletes, and that changed the whole complexion, I think. It was mostly athletes who were coming in. When there were some athletes coming in, and there was starting to develop even a very small nucleus of black

students, then it became a little easier to recruit other black students for purely academic reasons, which changed the nature of that group, too. Almost all the black students I knew were athletes.

Then in spring of 1970, things seemed to get really heated up with Jesse Sattwhite's case.

When they took over N. Edd Miller's office?

Actually that happened the year after Governor's Day.

Let's see, there was one that got in . . . and I wrote a column in the *Sagebrush*. I wrote an article, and they ran it as a column, which told me something. [laughter] So that was coming along. All these things were coming, you know. There was a lot of different things changing.

And was there a lot of interaction between sort of the mainstream activists and the Black Student Union?

Yes. Quite a bit.

Were you part of that group, too, then?

Yes. And I had a number of friends who were black students, and they had their own mission. So they would support the antiwar stuff, but I didn't see the same kind of response from as many people who were in the antiwar movement to support the blacks, because when they did their things, they were kind of by themselves.

I think maybe because they scared everybody else! [laughter] You know, they're all athletes—all these great big guys, you know! And they did have an edge. So it was mostly these people who weren't used to that kind of interaction. They supported it. And on a social basis, there was no problem there. But, you know, even then the black students were still keeping to themselves a bit, but not entirely.

What about the faculty? We have Adamian, Ben Hazard, and some of these others. Which, would you say . . . ?

John Lord, econ professor.

And so were these folks pretty prominent in the antiwar movement? Or were they sort of on the edges of things?

It wasn't until right, I think, in the last year that you saw too much faculty participation in the things the students were doing. And for one thing, you know, you're pretty busy. [laughter] (They didn't have computers in those days; everything's done on the typewriter. So that makes you real busy, right?) But as things got more and more heated there, and you got toward 1970, then you started to see a few.

And it was John Lord and probably Fred Maher, who, if I actually saw him, I might recognize him; I don't know. And Gunter Hiller, but he was so out there, who knew what he was doing? He was a kind of a strange fellow. And Paul. And I think there were several people from the Art Department who would show up frequently. I can't remember who else. And, of course, grad students are always grounded to the desk so bad, that they didn't have time to do stuff like that. [laughter]

Yes. Just walking around with strange looks on their faces half the time. [laughter]

So there were a few, not a lot. I think there may have been more support in the class or within the academic structure of things that are going on, but not an awful lot.

Yes. So then, by the time of Kent State and Cambodia, things seemed to really all come to a head, at least on UNR's campus, for the first time. Was that pretty much the first big response from the student community that you had seen?

It was—for the students and the faculty. And I'm trying to figure out whether it was because

things were just building up to that point and this was an excuse, or if it was the gravity of the situation itself. I've wondered, too, what would have happened if Kent State hadn't occurred, and if it would have gotten that strong. After Kent State, I mean, people were just coming out of the woodwork. We had a steady stream of people coming into the Hobbit Hole saying, "What's going to happen now? What are we going to do?"

People were kind of appalled: this was a Governor's Day. Why is it a military observance? Just because it always had been, I guess. I don't know. For all I know, the ROTC organized Governor's Day in the first place. I don't know the genesis of that.

Yes. It goes three decades, I think. It started in the 1940s. Well, you had been in several Governor's Day ceremonies up until that point, right?

Yes. I think I actually was out there in uniform in one when the first minor disruptions occurred. And I thought, "Well, that's pretty wild!" [laughter]

Tell me a little about that one.

(I'm trying to remember.) I just think there were a number of students wandering around and heckling and stuff—maybe twenty kids or something like that. And this was maybe 1967. These are probably kids who were supposed to be in uniform and said, "To heck with this. I'm not doing that."

Now, was it pretty standard ceremony stuff for the years that you saw Governor's Day? I mean, nothing stood out?

I don't remember. I would imagine if you got something that works, why change it? It's easier to plan, practice for the next one. It's the military way of doing it, you know.

Exactly. Keep it all standard. So the weekend before Governor's Day, you got Cambodia, the

invasion of Cambodia. Kent State hasn't quite happened yet.

How long was that after? About four days?

Yes. So there was Cambodia on the Thursday or Friday beforehand and then Kent State Monday.

Monday or Tuesday. Monday, yes. And Governor's Day was . . . Was it the next day?

Tuesday. Yes.

So obviously they had to be planning something.

Mostly that they'd heard about Cambodia. Do you remember any of the proposals for action?

Oh, yes. There were some people who said, "Yes. Let's go up there, you know, to keep it from going onto the field there. Let's take over this thing," or, "Let's go take over the administration building. Let's go give them our message." This is what most of the people I knew who had been there said, "Yes, let's go up there." And then we realized how crazy some of these ideas were. "OK, well, we're going to have some things that people know what to do." And so we said, "OK. We'll meet in the bowl and then go on up there, and we will not interfere with the motorcade. We'll go on up there, and we'll have our own march out on the track. And then we'll leave when everybody leaves." And that was the plan.

How naïve we were, in thinking that it could be held together, [laughter] but we were actually organized to the point where we had some people who were supposed to watch out for people who were doing stuff and keep things moving along. And Paul was one of those. His job was to keep people from doing things, keep them moving.

And, you know, it's actually the truth that he was pulling somebody out from underneath that car. He wasn't getting down there to block somebody.

That was Tom Myers who was down on the ground.

No. It wasn't Tom. I don't know who it was. But Tom was one of the people who was counseling, keeping things going, getting them up there. Did Paul say it was Tom?

Tom Myers was pulled down off the top of one of the cars.

Was he? [laughter]

He got in a scuffle with Colonel Hill, who was Colonel Earl Ralf's replacement. And there was a scuffle there. And Bill May was one of those . . . maybe that's even jumping ahead too quick.

I think I was in the back, way in the back when it happened. I was trying to get people out of the bowl, to keep it going.

So there was a plan. People had been talking about it over the weekend, and there had been some sort of plan. How formal was the plan?

Well, there was no organization, I mean, no organized body. But there was a bunch of people who said, "OK, let's do this," and everybody kept coming in, and that was the word. And if I can remember—it's been a long time—I think we tried to really do most of the organizing at the bowl, because obviously we had no other opportunity to talk to all the people. But we didn't have any megaphones or public address, so we just tried to tell as many people as we could, "OK. We'll start doing this." And then going up, it was all pretty spontaneous; we weren't an organized group to the extent that . . .

But there had been significant discussions about leaving the bowl, going up to the stadium, and doing something.

Right. But there was a message of no violence, of course. We were all pretty peaceful

people, you know. "Don't cause any problems or anything, but get up there. You know, we have a right to go up, too." That was basically the message. And there's absolutely no way to coordinate or control or govern all those people coming together for that reason. We had so much a bigger turnout than we expected in the bowl. I don't know how many people there were. I just remember that the bowl seemed full of people. And I would guess that would mean at least four or five hundred. Did you see any other counts?

It goes up and down. I've seen all sorts of estimates, from the different parts, but that's about what people say.

And that's a lot of people for that campus for that time. And, you know, now when you have a concert, you pull up four or five thousand people without any trouble.

Yes. To get a crowd of four hundred at UNR today would still be a pretty big feat.

[laughter] Well, you know, how many students are there then? Six thousand, seven thousand? So, I wouldn't be surprised if a major part of them were on-campus people.

Yes. The faculty who were around for these discussions Paul was there. Who else? Do you remember?

I remember Paul and John Lord. I don't know if Gunter Hiller was over there or not. Possibly at some point.

Dave Harvey, Jim Richardson?

Jim Richardson seemed to be walking around, trying to find out what people were thinking. He was trying to get a feel for what was going on. And I don't know if it was a professional interest or his own curiosity in what was going on. But he was there and almost observing in a way. You know, it's hard for me to remember if he was more active in speaking out; I can't remember. But he's

always been a good organizational person. So it would have helped if he'd done that. [laughter] But I'm trying to remember if he did. It seems to me that there was somebody from the Poli Sci Department.

Richard Siegel?

Not Siegel.

Joe Crowley?

No, not Joe. But I'm trying to remember if Wilcox was there, but I don't think so. And I just remembered, because I had a class or two from him. But it seemed to me there was somebody from the Poli Sci Department, but I can't remember who it was.

What about Paul? From sort of an insider's perspective at the Hobbit Hole, how would you describe him?

I think Paul was more comfortable with students than with other professors. [laughter] He really got along well with everybody. He was very interesting to be with. He would engage you in conversations and in areas you wouldn't ordinarily get into, and it'd be hard for me to tell you what it was, but he would really take you in interesting directions when you talked to him. And he was there more than any other professor, more than any other faculty member I can think of.

So a regular visitor?

Not a regular. He was over there a couple of times, a few times, but several times right there when everything was happening, because he was very aroused by the whole thing, too, and very concerned. So he talked to a lot of people just going around campus and stuff. But he had been over there a few times, but I can't remember: I don't know if Paul's recollection is any different than that. I'd really love to hear what he had to say.

As far as that weekend—what was going on in the Hobbit Hole—he doesn't recall much of what was going on.

He did come over there once in a while. But, in fact, I remember once we spent a weekend at the lake up there, cruising around, staying at a friend's house up there. And he had a really neat, little Volvo sports car—fun to ride around in. But it's hard for me to remember. You know, it just seemed to be a steady flow of people in that spring.

Right. I'm sure it was a different living arrangement than you're used to.

[laughter] Yes. And then what's very interesting is the traffic and people coming through from other places was pretty amazing. After a while, we got our own FBI agent, so we understood. This guy was out on the corner watching who was coming and going for several weeks. Not several weeks: I'd say maybe, oh, six or seven days, and then he was gone. And so at least we did see him. And Dave and a few other people had gotten their FBI files from the FOIA [Freedom of Information Act] there. I know what I was doing, so . . . [laughter]

Yes. Serious. Yes, the government-filtered story about it. But would you say Paul was sort of one voice out of many, or was he doing more prominent stuff?

He spoke out very prominently. Paul really allowed the students to take the floor in this. He didn't come in and assert himself or anything like that, anymore to the extent except that he was one of the guys doing this. And he really was one of the guys. [laughter] And I'm trying to think if Jonathan Andrews and some of the other people were up there. I think Bob Dickens is in the background around there someplace. And Bob had been politically active on the campus a long time and with SDS. You know, I never joined the organization when I was up there.

And then with the news of Kent State, you say things sort of escalated in terms of planning?

I think it was sort of all of a sudden people saying, "Well, what are you going to do now?" [laughter] Realizing that we should do something now! And I can't remember if we had a coherent plan to do something for Governor's Day, that would have jelled into much without Kent State, being that was the day before. And so what worse timing could Paul Laxalt have had in that thing to happen, you know?

You know, the one thing that blew our minds is that there was absolutely no reaction to it on his part that we could see. He gave us no sense that he thought this was a terrible thing to happen or anything. It was just business as usual: "We'll go up and have our little military parade. It was just a few students who got blasted away in Ohio, which is practically another country. So why should we worry about that? And they probably had it coming." Or something. I don't know.

Do you remember this? I guess I want to move to this here, the memo. You went in to Harry's Business Machines—with Brooke Piper—to run off this memo. I'm not sure which one it is. They're both identical, but they're different formats here. But this is the fake memo for announcing the cancellation.

Which never got done.

No? [laughter]

What a silly idea to think that Harry's Business Machines . . . How naïve can you really get?

I thought it was pretty ingenious actually! [laughter]

You know, see, if we had a computer . . . [laughter]

That's right. It would have been a lot easier. Do you remember the planning that went into that or how it all came about?

I think it was more of a lark, just to see. And I don't think we ever really expected it to work. I'm trying to think. I think it was Brooke's idea to actually go down. "Let's see if we can get a copy." And we should have realized there was no way that was going happen! [laughter] And, you know, I forgot about it after that. I think we'd had some beer and who knows else what? Then we went down there and, in fact, I left my notebook there.

Right. There was a photo of some Sagebrush article that allowed (it must have been) Harry to identify Brooke by name?

Maybe. Yes, I don't know. But I'd forgot about it. I figured, well, that's done. You know, that guy's going to take the thing and throw it away. So, OK. I don't even know if anybody ever went back to see.

I think, as I understand it, Brooke went back later with someone, and I have two names here: Whittemore or Waxman?

Bob Whittemore? [laughter]

Bob Whittemore. And Waxman?

No. That doesn't ring a bell.

Apparently, there was some inquiry into this, with all five of you. Fred and Bob Mayberry and Frankie Sue Del Papa. And, of course, nothing really happened.

Well, from what I understand happened, ours never got distributed. It didn't get anywhere, but somebody else took the idea and ran with it. And they may have used the ASUN copy machine, but I'm not really sure, because I never did see that memo until they filed the charges. But they tried to get us for distributing the other ones, and

the only ones who distributed this one were the administration. And so, "No, we can't convict them for distributing this, because they didn't distribute it, and they aren't the ones who did this one."

That explains the two different types of memos then. So one was the one that you and Brooke tried to print and didn't work; and then the other one was the one they got from the ASUN.

Right.

There you go. [laughter] OK.

And, you know, we never really thought it was going to . . . I was surprised that Brooke even went back to see. I didn't even realize I left my notebook there.

And then as far as I can tell, that night with Kent State, there was another gathering at the Hobbit Hole. It was the night right before Governor's Day. Dave Harvey and Jim Richardson were there, trying to talk everyone out of . . .

Yes, sure. Now that I think about it, Jim Richardson was there. And he was trying to do what?

Trying to dissuade people from going to the Governor's Day ceremony. At least, that's the way he has it.

It's probably true. (I'm trying to think.) I know there was some discussion. There was just too many people who wanted to go.

Were you one of those people who thought it should happen, that the march should . . . ?

I thought we should go up there and demonstrate. But I wanted it, you know, to be a peaceful demonstration. Just so people were aware that people were upset about what had happened. And I think it could have been Jim Richardson saying to just have a gathering in the bowl at the same

time. Aside from that, it's hard for me to remember what was going on. There was a lot of people talking and everything.

And then at the actual rally the next morning, you said that you showed up and there was a lot more people than you expected.

Yes. And they kept on coming. And the interesting thing was when we got all those people and started to move up (oh, toward where the governor's motorcade was heading, I guess in the student union, between the library and Lincoln Hall), there was already another couple hundred people up there, and they hadn't even been down to the bowl. So I think they were just gathering to see the parade.

So, from where you were standing, in the bowl, was there a particular moment when people started to move?

I can't remember how we started to do that. But then everybody started to go, so then they were saying, "OK. Let's go." And it's possible people were going up there the whole time, but I can't really remember. But when everybody started getting up there, it got really crowded, because there was already a bunch of people up there, and then it seemed like the first bunch moved through.

There weren't all the buildings up there then, beyond what's there now. And it was a new stadium, but there wasn't much up there! [laughter] And then it thinned out after that, because everybody started to stretch out. I'm trying to remember, but I can't really remember what happened in there. It would be nice if somebody had a video. [laughter]

Actually, I have some photos. I've been able to piece, more or less, some of it together. Here's photo one, number one: and that's Bill Copren, I believe, sitting there.

And Peter Henderson. He's back here. To the left. Yes.

In the back left, in the white shirt?

Yes. He's just watching. I think it's Peter. And that guy I've seen around: I can't remember his name right now. It looks like Ed Olsen. He's the information officer for the school and for the chancellor's office.

Right next to the woman there. This guy right here?

Yes, he looks vaguely familiar. [laughter] Let me see the other one.

This is number two here. This is in the march, too, on the way up.

That's Bob Whittemore.

That's Bob on the right there, with the striped pants?

Yes. Do you know Harvey Whittemore? He's a big lobbyist.

OK. Did you know who the other guy is?

Yes. I think it is Ron. They say that people came out of the woodwork!

Right. That's the fun puzzle trying to track them. I think you probably already saw that one [photo number three].

Yes. That's John Lord right there.

In the white shirt with the beard and glasses.

Yes. And that's Brooke. I was thinking that was Dickens, but maybe not. Let's see. Jonathan Andrews.

I know you said you were sort of in the back of the procession, as it was marching along?

I think I was well back here, because I was way behind. And see, a lot of these people, I'm

sure I knew who they were then. Because I remember running, trying to catch up to find out what was going on. We got there and were trying to get up there with all the people. See, this is after they already passed through and everything kind of spread out.

What was the mood like for the march up there? Was it pretty calm, or were people agitated?

It was . . . [laughter] well, I think it was a party. For a lot of people, it was a party. "Oh, this is exciting." For some people were very . . . This is on an illegal basis. People were very agitated.

And so this was at the front on the track, photo number four. And I think this here in the white is Fred Maher.

No . . . is that Fred? OK, yes. He does look familiar. That's Bob Harvey.

In the tie.

Yes.

So did you eventually make your way up towards the front?

Yes. Well, not right up to the front, but pretty close to it, over there, and I just started marching around the stadium. I thought we went the other way around but maybe not.

I'm not sure how these photos were developed.

Well, no, it can't be, because that's the old restroom over there—that's still there—or at least it used to be there. And this is where the bleachers are now on the west side. That was the restroom over there. I haven't been up to the stadium in years, so I don't know what it looks like. They've done an awful lot of work up there. You can see the hillside up by the Bureau of Mines when you're over there.

That's Ben Hazard with the black hat right by Bob Harvey. So you have a pretty good representation of faculty right up in the front of this thing, which, as I say, I wasn't at the front.

Right. And then so the march went around the track a couple times and then up into the stands. Did you go out onto the stands, or did you stay?

I think I stayed on the field or on the side—around the track down here. Let me see. See the arms? [Photo number nine]

Right.

[laughter] Those people had no manners! [laughter] Gave it to the black students that were up there.

And they went on the field pretty much when everyone went up into the stands.

Here's Ernie.

He's facing the camera pretty much?

Yes. Right there. He was a football player. And this guy: I'm trying to think of his name. That's Steve Peak, the attorney here in town.

With the mustache, facing left?

Yes. And I think that's Lloyd Walker. He and I got to be really good friends after we graduated.

And I think that's Brooke right there.

Yes. I think you're right. And it's a possibility that I'm in there somewhere, but . . . all these people.

This wouldn't be you, would it?

[laughter] I don't think I pulled my shirt over my head. Look for a guy with thin hair, trying to grow it long, but it doesn't work. And I think that's Joe Herman, whose dad was in the English Department.

OK. Right. So he's a student. Not the furthest from the upper right corner, but right in front of him.

Yes.

OK. Does anything stick out in your mind from the time in the stands?

I don't think I ever actually got up in the stands myself. I think I stayed out . . . (Where's that other picture?) This one. [Photo number four] If you went down here, there were a lot of students who stayed also down along the edge of the track down here. You know, some of them didn't go out around—maybe they didn't want the confrontation! [laughter] I think I was down on the field just trying to figure out what's going to happen next.

Now, were you kind of covering this for the paper at any point—taking mental notes about what was going on?

At that point I was writing columns rather than articles, per se. I mean, I was still covering the student senate, and I was so involved in this thing that I wasn't covering it as a reporter, I don't think. But I think I got together with Geoff Dornan, who was working for the paper, and somebody else. Are these Sagebrush photos?

These are photos someone just turned in to the archives. I think they're mostly after everything. And then as far as, you know, what happened in that next hour . . . ?

Well, you had a bunch of rambunctious college kids in there, and they were hooting and hollering and cheering and sig heiling, and they

get into chants: "No more war!" or "Hell, no! We won't go!" All sorts of things. And I can't remember if the governor finally just gave up, left, or what. Do you? They gave their awards out, I think. I don't think anyone bothered him with that.

It seems like basically the ceremony kept on. And toward the end, folks from the stands came down, and there was the possibility of a conflict.

There was confrontation at that point, but I don't think that much happened. I think all the ROTC people and stuff were aware themselves; they realized if we just let these students out of the way, then they wouldn't be a problem.

Most of the undergraduate males who were protesting had probably also done ROTC, so would there've been some sort of empathy going on there?

I don't know, because if they were freshmen and sophomores they should have been on the field. [laughter] Because I think the whole cadet brigade is supposed to be out there at Governor's Day. So, if I remember it correctly, it may be it's just the advanced ROTC people who were supposed to be out there, because everyone's getting the awards. I seem to remember being in uniform on Governor's Day out there when I was a freshman or a sophomore. But I couldn't tell you for sure.

And at one point—this is photo number eight—most of the crowd was up in the stands and then left to come down on the field. So Paul Adamian was noticeable; he didn't just blend into the crowd with everyone else?

Well, yes, but not like for the whole time. I think, you know, this thing waxed and waned. And it seems to me there were times, too, when you'd see a group of students get up and march around when something they thought pretty silly was happening. In little groups they'd do such a

thing. There was a lot of acting out and stuff going on, and I think a couple of times, Paul got into it himself, but I don't think he was non-stop out there, egging everybody on for the whole thing. I think that he could have spontaneously done it a couple of times.

They took their turns.

Now, I don't remember any other faculty, to tell you the truth, that were quite as obvious as him. [laughter] He was out there. He was the obvious target when they finally came down.

Right. Were you aware of anything that was going to happen and turn violent, or did you have any sense of that?

Well, after the confrontation everyone seemed to have a pretty good attitude and seemed to be pretty mellow. You know, "We are going to let them know we're here. But we're going to have a good time, and we're serious. We're not going to, you know, do anything out of hand." So it was a pretty big lawn party with a political message.

Right. So it wasn't really like an ugly, violent, rock-throwing . . .

No. The tension seemed to go down. I think the walk up to the stadium and walking around the thing really, you know, took the edge off for people quite a bit. And again, I can't remember. But it was terribly exciting. And I remember the sensation I get right now is that, "Wow, this is really wild!" [laughter] If I had any idea this was going to happen . . . I think we were all pretty freaked out, thinking, "OK. We're going to end up going up with a hundred people, and they're going to arrest all of us or something!" [laughter] And, yes, when all those people turned out, it was just, "Oh, my word! What do we do now?" [laughter]

Do you know where these photos might have been from? Photos six and seven. I've found no loca-

tion and am not really sure where that might fit into the rest of the days. And it's Paul up on top of the vehicle.

Yes. I think that's Tim Countis on the track there, but I am not sure. And that's Geoff Dornan with his camera taking a picture of the crowd. So I guess Geoff was covering it for the paper.

On the hood, next to Paul?

Yes. And I don't know who that is.

That's a better picture of him.

He must be the FBI guy who puts his camera in front of his face when everybody is taking a picture of him.

[laughter] Do you remember Paul speaking from this?

(I'm trying to remember.) I mean, you can see Hartman Hall up there, so this would have been out behind the old gym out there. But I don't even remember those buildings. You know, there's a possibility that could even be me, because it looks like my hair. I never had very thick hair. What do you think? Does that look like me?

It's hard to say. [laughter] It's probable.

Well, it looks to me like you got a lot of people walking up there. So that would be the way. That's the Bureau of Mines, sort of heading toward the stadium. And that's Hartman Hall right up there on the hill, right there. That's the ROTC building.

Right. Which got fire-bombed a few days after all this. And had you heard anything after Governor's Day, after the protest, about people wanting to do more to follow up?

Well, just, "Wow. Yes, we ought to go do this, and we ought to go do that." Or something like that. And it was always the kind of people you

knew never go do anything. But I was really amazed when that happened, because by that time on campus, there was a lot of people talking and everything. I kind of thought things were sort of dying down a little bit.

And there were meetings almost all that week.

Student groups and different people getting together to talk about what had happened on the campus.

Well, did you go to many of those?

I went to some of them. But I don't remember if I went to a lot of them. But it's kind of hard to remember what happened. It was, you know, a fast week. Classes were still going on, too.

This was your last semester, on top of that, so you had all that going on.

And then I think sometime very shortly after that, the charges came down, which got our attention really quick.

Did you have any interactions with Paul, from that point on?

Yes. I ran into him and saw him. And you know, we got together to support him. I think he stayed off the campus, pretty much right after he was charged. I think they took him out of the classroom. Didn't they? I don't remember.

Yes, it was the following fall.

Oh, was it the following fall? OK. So he was still there, but, you know, it was right at the end of the semester, when everything gets pretty busy. So I graduated and then moved out of the Hobbit Hole, and actually after I graduated I moved into a house with Ben Hazard and a woman who was an art student who just graduated, and Ben's son, his little boy. The four of us lived in a house on Holcomb Avenue. And I was working; I was a reporter for the paper, so I was pretty busy.

I think the next time I remember seeing Paul might have been When did they start the hearings?

It was the following fall. The first major hearing I think was in October.

OK. I think a bunch of people might have gotten together or something. I'm trying to remember. Tom Myers might have gotten people together. (I can't remember.) At least since that fall, I think I've seen him a couple of times, maybe two or three times, because he left and went to Bodega Bay, I think, didn't he?

Yes.

And I heard about him, you know, and told people to say hi and stuff like that. So we went to see him and then kind of lost track of where he was.

Yes. Maybe to back up a little bit: I wanted to ask you about the attack on the Hobbit Hole, while you were sleeping. All I have from that pretty much is some of the newspaper accounts of it.

I don't know much more about it. I thought it was pretty wild, and it was not very well done. But then the one at the Hartman Hall wasn't very well done either. Maybe it was the same person. I don't know.

Yes. [laughter]

But my car got a little bit damaged.

Because your car was out front?

Yes. It got fire damage, broke the windshield, and got some paint damage. So I sold the car to Geoff Dornan, as a matter of fact! [laughter] And I think I told him that it had a little crack in the block. And I told him, "OK, get this welded and it will be fine." And he didn't do it. And he was driving down to Carson City one day and the block

cracked. That was way down there, so he never even got it painted.

And that was it. He just left it. [laughter]

And he thought it was a mark of honor. [laughter] I had another car, my grandmother's car, the one that got stolen.

So you were just sleeping and then . . .

I think Doug or Woody or somebody came running in and says, "Get up! There's a fire!" I can't remember.

And did you ever get a sense of who it was? I mean, did you ever figure it out?

There was some report of car, a Corvair.

A late-model, metallic blue Cougar with a white vinyl top.

And, you know, it could have been anybody.

How bad was the house damaged?

It was smoke. Just smoke. As I recall there really wasn't much fire damage, it was mainly smoke that came in.

[laughter] It's interesting because a lot of people said, "Oh, what's going on?" And it was curious, because there was a number of people, you know, from the cowboy crowd who came out, saying, "Oh, we don't like what is happening." This kind of response. But I was really stunned; I think I was in shock for about two days. And I think of how all these people showed up, and students started cleaning walls; and I was just sitting there just in shock. I just wasn't even able to get up and start doing something. I was just so blown away that I think I left the house most of the time when I was there, because it was so strange.

Well, yes. You guys put the fire out, or tried to.

I think it was already out. I don't think there was much there. You know, I was asleep; I didn't see it. And I'm trying to remember, I was groggy. I woke up; I think they may have already put it out, for the most part. And I think the fire department showed up, and I don't think they had much to do.

So you went ahead and started doing journalism work down in Carson City? Or here?

No, it was the *Reno Evening Gazette*. They used to have two papers here, and so I went to work as a police reporter, which is a very strange experience when I first took over the beat of walking down to Briscoe's office. [Elmer Briscoe, Reno's chief of police.] He said, "Well, you know, John, we were a little concerned when we found out you were getting a police beat."

I said, "Well, you know, I was a little concerned too."

And he looked at me like that and said, "Well, I think we are going to get along fine." [laughter]

That must have been eye opening.

Yes. But I didn't have any problem. You know, I did the job straight. Now, the guy who was the police reporter for the *Journal*, Jack Stevenson, he'd been there forever. He worked rings around me, because he knew everybody and anyone. I didn't really have a chance to get the kind of contacts he did, but it was interesting, because there was a big investigation going on against the vice squad and the chief and some graft going on. It was the last of the old-style police departments, and it was on its way out. It was an exciting time.

Right. That's interesting. Now, were you keeping track of what was going on on campus? Did you still follow that, or was that kind of on the periphery for you?

I don't remember much about what was happening. And I can't even remember if much did happen up there other than Paul's trial going on.

I think what happened to him probably put a big damper on the faculty activities. Of course, Jim Richardson kept on working on his law degree. Did you talk to him about the Nevada Faculty Alliance?

Yes, there was a whole series on that, where they sort of took off with Paul's case. Now, you were living with Ben Hazard at the time. How long did that go on? Just through the summer?

Let's see. Well, no. I think it was into the fall, and then Ben got hired as associate director of the Oakland Museum of Art and moved over there, and then some other friends of mine moved in. Actually one other guy who's been a friend at the university, he moved in. And he was there for awhile. He was working up at Squaw Valley, at Truckee, and had a store.

Did Ben ever say anything about the fallout from Governor's Day? Was he pretty much sure that it wasn't going to . . . ?

He was afraid of doing anything about it, because he was black.

Right. That's not where it has been . . .

He never said anything. And then I got the feeling, the next fall, when he started there, when he started teaching again . . . he worked through the summer and stuff like that. It seemed to me he was pretty high on the situation up there, he was enjoying it. I mean, you had to know Ben. I don't know if you've ever talked to him. He's a character. And if he thinks he can get ahead of you, he'll start jiving you. Just have fun with you, you know. And you just say, "Oh, come on, Ben, give us a break." He would go into his inner city ghetto routine if anybody started crowding him. It was a good act to watch. And he was good at it. But, you know, I think he was enjoying it up there, just tweaking people's tails and being kind of loud—an exotic creature up there. And he was back and forth to Oakland all the time. On several weekends I'd go down with him and spend

time in Oakland, which is an eye-opener for me. [laughter] Certainly a culture I'd never seen before!

Sure. And so he was teaching that following year? And then commuting to Oakland to do the gallery?

I think he was. Yes. Back and forth. Well, see, he was doing art down there. He had been hired down there. And then when he got the job down there, he left and went down there. And he wasn't doing the Oakland Museum of Art while he was still teaching.

So the spring of 1970 was the last time he taught at UNR?

I thought he taught in the fall. That's what I mean: he started teaching that fall and he seemed to be, you know, pretty high on the situation. He was having a lot of fun. But it seems to me that it was later that semester that he took the job in Oakland and left. And then I think I went down there and visited him once more after that. But he was into a different thing then. And it was history. [laughter]

Yes. That's interesting. I don't know, can you think of anything else that might shed light on the crazy months of 1970?

No. It's just that I don't think you can read too much into all the meetings and stuff, in terms of an organization. I think it was the sequence of events that occurred, so rapidly together. As a culmination of all this, consciousness had been raising along through the semester that really caused things to happen. And I really think it's the presence of so many kids from California who moved in here with the draft looking over their shoulder—that's really the reason the thing took off and went. And that's not a bad thing, you know. I mean, there were plenty of people—home-grown people—who were involved in this, but I don't know that they ever would have garnered anywhere near the political mass to make

something go and to be willing to go and do something as spontaneous as it was. As I say, for the twenty or thirty people I knew who were in this stuff when we went out in the bowl that morning, it was just a mind-blower to see how many people showed up.

I remember Tom Myers saying, "Wow! Oh, my God! Where did all these people come from? Wow!" [laughter] (Tom was good on the rhetoric.) And, "We're really going to bring this place down now. Yes." (Meaning, "Now, let's go up and have a good time.")

Yes. Some of the statements come across being really on the edge of things. And Brooke Piper in his interview said some pretty amazing things.

I'd love to read what he said on there. Was this in his oral interview?

Yes. Well, he was just talking about the types of things people were proposing: yes, to have Hartman Hall explode while Governor's Day was going on.

[laughter] That's why we left it. I mean, that's how nuts we could get. And even over there in the Hobbit Hole, when we'd get forty or fifty people in this big room (bigger than these two rooms here), there'd be six different conversations going on, different groups. And everybody was pretty up in the air. "What are we going to do? What are we going to do?" And it was probably then when Richardson was in there, counseling reason. He was pretty young in those days, too.

Yes. A lot of new faculty. And do you know how long the Hobbit Hole was standing?

I was trying to remember if the owner actually fixed it up and rented it out again after that or not. And I think he did. And I'm trying to remember if it had already become a parking lot for awhile before the Midby-Byron Building was built. I don't remember. I'm going to tell you: it was the best place to live off campus I could think

of, right across the street from the women's dorm. [laughter]

Now, also I heard mentioned somewhere the Calico Kitten? Do you know what that was?

I think that was a woman. I think it was a person.

That was a woman. OK. [laughter]

I mean, as soon as you said it . . . In fact, I may have seen a picture of her. I think it was a slim, red-headed woman, but I may just be confusing things. I don't know. What reference do you have of that? Where did it come up?

It's on my list of things to figure out. [laughter] But I have no context. Someone, I think, started it in mid-sentence. Changed their mind or something. So I was trying to make a connection with that. Another thing: were there other places similar to the Hobbit Hole on campus? Other places where people would congregate?

Not that I was aware of. There were a number of places where students lived and you'd get over there and drink beer, something like that, but nothing major.

Places that you know of?

Well, Tom Myers's house. We'd get over there a couple of times, and you're all self-important and talking to each other about this thing, and you hear each other talk and stuff. And it's because most of the time there's not much else you can do but talk about it. Get each other revved up, drink a bunch of beer, and then go home. [laughter]

Or go marching.

Yes.

Well thank you very much.

DAVID L. HARVEY

BRAD LUCAS: Today is July 10, 2000. This interview is being conducted in Dr. Harvey's home, here in Reno, Nevada. Maybe we can just talk in sort of general terms. I'm curious about the responses of people when they first came to Nevada, came to Reno. Now you came in 1968, right, from the University of Illinois?

DAVID HARVEY: Yes. I had signed my contract and decided after I had signed the contract in March (I'm not sure of the date) to drive out and take a look at the place. And I had been driving West for many years, taking my six-week whirlwind vacations to the Southwest especially, and had been through Reno once. Then we—my wife at the time, Beverly, and I—hopped in the car. I can't give you the date, but I can give you the day: it was the day after Martin Luther King was assassinated.

And we had already made plans to come West, and there were people who were calling me up, even as we were packing, saying, "You've got to stay in town, because we're going to have to work up in Champaign's north end to keep the peace." (Champaign's north end is a black part of the community. It's a black ghetto.)

And I said, "No, you're just going to have to do this on your own."

I went out that night to Potter Addition—a southern white community—and talked around with people and things in general. Consensus was that [quote], "The nigger had it coming." So I had this absolutely bizarre experience. We left Champaign roughly at six o'clock, five o'clock in the evening and drove all night. That's what we usually do—drive twenty-four hours to get to God's country. And we listened to America burn down that night.

On the radio.

The riots. We were picking up clear channel stations after midnight, and we picked up Chicago, mostly Chicago (Oklahoma City, not much was going on there). In Chicago it was straight statements: "If you're in this block, there has been violence on this block, so you should avoid it." And they were reporting . . . It was a bizarre experience. We were in this station wagon speeding, you know, through absolute blackness listening to America burn down.

We got here, came through Death Valley and then up through Bishop and then up 395, and it

was beautiful country, beautiful country. We hit Reno at five, and this is before the interstate, too. All traffic going north and south went right down Virginia Street.

And so I think it was a Friday night, I'm not sure, but we drove right up, and the first thing I remember seeing was the mural at Harold's Club. And it was the most garish, bizarre piece of kitsch I had ever seen. And when you come from the Midwest you see kitsch—but this, *this* was kitsch. And so we turned and drove down Fourth and stayed I think at a place called the Donner Lodge. (I had my first tacos there; I had never had a taco before.)

I just sat there on the bed, and I looked at my wife, and I said, "You know, I very seldom fuck up, but when I do fuck up, I fuck up big." And we were so depressed as a result of seeing what I had bought into, sight unseen. But the contract had been signed.

So you hadn't been to the campus yet?

No. We went to the campus next day, walked through the Sociology Department unannounced, and Carl Backman was having lunch, and the secretary called him. He came screaming down the hill. Backman used to have what we would call "the treatment" for the Easterners. He lives right below what's called Landing Pad #2. And he has this ranch-style house, and he has this *great* view of the Truckee Meadows. So we visited him for awhile and then went up and had supper with him that night.

I remember coming down in his goddamn Jeep, and broke my finger, I think. And I was used to mountain driving, but I was not used to something like that—about had a shit-fit right on the spot. I didn't say anything. I maintained my cool. Then we went back, and we were supposed to go to San Francisco. I looked at my wife, and I said, "I think I just want to get back home." And so we turned around—and to pass up San Francisco, for me, was next to impossible. That's when the Haight was going strong, you know, and it was a good period. But we were so bummed out

by the place that we just turned around. We were home in . . . I think it took us thirty-three hours of driving.

So that was our introduction. The campus looked a lot different than it is now. There was nothing—virtually nothing—built north of Mack Social Science then. There was nothing up on the hill. I don't know if the chemistry building was there yet or not. The business building was not there. The library was there. I think the union was there, although I don't remember, but I'm pretty sure.

I do know that if you've ever seen *Mr. Belvedere Goes to College* . . . (Have you seen that film? It's filmed on this campus.) Lynn Belvedere breaks "the world's pole vaulting record" right where Mack Social Science is now. But it used to be the football field. Mack Social Science, I think, was not that old. (You can go look at the cornerstone. I want to say 1957, but it was a brand new building.) The social sciences and, well, all over the campus, were starting to recruit. It was a wonderful time, an exciting time, because we were getting a lot of new blood in, they were pumping money into the university, and stuff like that. And we were all full of piss and vinegar.

So what did you think of your new colleagues?

Well, what had happened is Backman had come back and fired the entire department. [laughter] He had gone to Washington, D.C., as an NSF [National Science Foundation] Administrator for two or three years, and when he came back there were all types of scandals, and there were a couple of people there who had decided they would retire at the age of thirty, you know. And, of course, they made the mistake of retiring before they had tenure. So he came back and just cleared most of them out.

One woman, who I met—had known—had a tragic love affair with a cowboy, and she up and just left. The man who brought me out here, who talked me into coming out, Alex Simirenko, had just gotten a divorce. And if you know anything about academics, there's a kind of a one- two step.

You get a divorce, and then you go find a new job. He was on his way out, I think, to the University of Pennsylvania.

So it was a new group, and Backman had brought in one of the kind of rising stars of the profession, a man named Stanford Lyman, who was an expert in race and ethnic relations. He had done, for his dissertation, a demographic study of Chinatown under probably one of the famous sociological demographers at the time: Kingsley Davis was his name. And Davis did some good stuff.

We had a young behaviorist—and boy, when I mean behaviorist, I mean a real ultra-Skinnerian—named Weldon T. Johnson. And Weldon was an Adonis. He was married to the perfect woman. They had a perfect relationship. He left within a year when his wife fell in love with another man and took off. And it was just about then that the obscenity commission was restoring up in Washington, and he got a job as a research director. No, I'm sorry, it was the pornography commission, and he got a job as a research director. So there was a lot of turmoil there.

Jim Richardson came in at the same time, and Jim was very straight at that point, and he was maybe culturally conservative. And Richardson was a Baptist—well, we called him a Sunday school teacher. We didn't know if he was a Sunday school teacher, but he sang in the choir. And in that first year, he left the church over the issue of race and the idea of whether there should be a segregated church.

It was a very tight-knit department. It was obvious that we were radicals in varying degrees. Carl Backman was not a radical, he was a good lefty liberal, but he always stood behind the radicals, you know, and all the trouble we would get into from time to time. Jerry Ginsberg, upstairs, was also one of those people. We had just kind of passed each other without knowing each other back at Illinois when Jerry was there for a year at the Institute for Labor and Industrial Relations. And so we were not encouraged to be radical, but on the other hand, we were protected as sometimes wayward youth, you know.

I remember one time, within two weeks of my getting here, I saw a debate between two people running for Congress. One was named Jim Slattery, and the other was Walter Baring. And they were having this debate right during a newscast over what the United States should do in the U.N. And, as it turned out, they were both for getting out of the U.N. Baring wanted to get out of the U.N. tomorrow. I think Slattery wanted to get out today. And I really got angry, and I picked up a piece of paper—letterhead stationery—and I wrote to the radio station saying I was going to lodge a complaint with the F.C.C., you know.

We had used letterhead stationery for personal use at Illinois—it was such a big place, you know—and I was never told not to do it. And we never did it for personal stuff, but I felt this was a part of my new duty as an academic. Well, as it turns out, that letter got put in the hands of Jim Slattery within, oh, forty-eight to seventy-two hours, and Backman came into the office, and he was white as a sheet, and he said, “You want to read this?” And it was Slattery calling for my firing.

And what happened was, again, they covered. Dean Harold Kirkpatrick had me over and gave me a little paternal slap on the wrist, and that was it. And what had helped is that when he called for my firing, he also submitted a list—and maybe this was a little later—of fourteen communist professors on campus. And I was told that my name had been penciled in at the bottom.

A late entry, right. [laughter]

I know what it was. Somebody sent him a list. Some professor on campus—it might have been a geologist—sent Jim Slattery a list of well-known communists on campus, and Slattery had penciled my name in at the bottom, which will give you an idea of the type of place we had.

It was not the head librarian, but a man who—because of his politics—had been deprived of head librarianship here, and he was one of the well-known troublemakers on campus. He wrote a letter complaining, wanting to know how it is

that he had been on campus for six years and had not made the list, but that Dave Harvey had only been here for six weeks and got on the list. And he wanted his name added to the list. I think there might have been one or two other people in essence doing the same thing.

What had turned out was that we had a reactionary government here. We also had a reactionary university *administration*. But as I've learned, these reactionaries were the old type: they weren't the Orange County type, OK? And they were Nevada troglodytes. But they had enough call for the intellectual tradition, that even though they wanted to carry on a holy war against the university, they always held back. They always held back.

Oh, six years later, somebody (I still don't know who) came up on my road (and by then Carl Backman was my landlord as well as my chairman) and put a Slattery sign up. You know, Slattery was trying to get elected. And so I called Slattery. I said, "Jim, you won't believe who this is. This is Dave Harvey. You tried to get me fired some time ago."

And he said, "I know who your are."

I said, "Somebody's come out and put a sign on the yard. It's up here where nobody's going to see it, so why don't you come and get it and put it where you think somebody can see."

"No." He says, "Yes, we'll just leave it there if you want. And by the way, I'd like to have your vote as long as I have you," you know, and that kind of blew me away. [laughter]

And then Slattery all of a sudden told me his story. He had a daughter who I think got a Ph.D. in biochemistry, and she had gone off to Berkeley and had her political head turned around, you know. So Slattery's daughter had become "a radical." At the time he was alienated from her; she was alienated from him. And all of a sudden I kind of felt sorry for the guy, because by then I had been here long enough that I knew that this was the type of thing that happened.

Well, my in-laws are there and a good example: they're Goldwater Republicans, and they raised Annie and they taught her all good Republican values, but it just took a little push to turn

her into a radical, see. And that's the one thing I've learned about teaching here at Nevada. A lot of these Republicans send their kids to school, and they want them to have an education, because education is good. But at the same time, the kids get a little more education than they're ready for, and as a result, what happens is some of the nicest radicals I know have come out of these conservative families.

So anyway, there was Slattery trying to get me fired, and again, the community came together. I never got a reprimand. That same year a black student, who had gotten straight F's, complained when I gave him a C. And so he filed charges against me saying that, "Harvey is a communist and a fascist." And it was obvious at this point that the guy was not in full control of much of anything. And so I was called on the carpet a second time by Kirkpatrick within a year. Only at this point he said, "Harvey, what the hell are you teaching in your classes? This guy wants to say you're both a communist and a fascist."

I said, "I don't know. You know, he's not one of our better students."

He said, "Well, look, he wants a B, you know. It's going to be easier for all concerned to give him a B and just pass him along. What do you think?"

And I said, "It's OK with me as long as he doesn't take any more classes from me." And so they gave the guy a B. He wasn't a kid; he was a vet . . . no, he wasn't a vet because this was before Vietnam. He had not been to Vietnam, but he was an older guy, who probably had been in the Korean War. And so that's how they took care of things back then. I think sometimes they still do. But the idea was that if we can keep the people from Nevada from knowing what we're really doing here, we might get away with something. At least that's how I interpreted it.

Well, maybe just moving on to the students: was there any evidence of activism on campus?

Yes, it was all over. It was all over. We had some kids getting their draft notices and just not going. This was probably 1969, 1970 by then.

And by then the resistance had grown to such an extent that the rumors were that the recruiting station in Oakland was only getting 60 percent of its calls, and people were just not showing up.

It kind of reminded me of the story they told about the last days of the French intervention in Algeria, where they would unload a full battalion at the train station and march them across town to the dock where they'd get on ships and get sent to Algeria, and between the railroad yard and the boat they would lose 50 percent of their soldiers. They'd just all march one way while the ones who weren't bright enough went the other way. [laughter]

Yes, yes. It was a wonderful sub-culture. A university cop that I knew at the time had me over to his house one night, he had us all over at the house and showed us around. And he showed us his bedroom where there's this wonderful, sensuous waterbed, and right next to the waterbed was the biggest goddamn marijuana plant that I'd ever seen. I looked in, and I thought, "OK. OK."

We might have had some spies and agent provocateurs then, also. We were never sure about a couple of people. Another university cop, for example, we're told, helped a demonstrator in how to use dynamite to blow up stuff. And when I heard that, we kind of went around . . . We didn't say the guy is an agent provocateur, we just said, "The only thing you're going to get with dynamite is loss of a limb, if you're lucky," and so we kind of cooled that.

There was another moment when some ultra-Bolsheviks were running around campus. There was a guy in economics, Ben Houlink. And then, I think, Ben might have been genuinely CIA. Well, you never know. We had a very nice relationship, but he was charged with being a plant and having a very unsavory reputation. And it was the only time, I think, I ever stood up and defended a right-winger. I went into my classes, and I held this up, and I said, "This is not the way you run a revolution." You know, this is back-handed, and you never had the balls to confront a person face to face, but you don't hang up anonymous posters all over campus. I think that was done in quite a few classrooms by the radicals,

and that pretty well cleared it up, although they probably did have . . . but we'll never know. We'll know someday. It doesn't make any difference.

So was there a lot of dialogue between some of the student leaders and faculty about . . . I don't want to say tactics, but just planning, I guess, consultation?

You have to remember—and, you know, I've seen it for thirty years now—when you come out of graduate school, you have more in common with the students than you do with senior faculty. So it wasn't so much consultation as it was fraternization. We went and drank at the same places, we hung out, you know. So there was at least three cohorts, maybe four cohorts of students. There were at least, oh, I'd say, four or five cohorts of students all the way into the mid-1970s, where my cohort of professors actually spent a lot of time partying with the students. And then later on, that constricted to where we just partied with the graduate students. But as far as tactics, yes. Yes. When something had to be done, we would sit down, and it wouldn't be a purposeful meeting, because we were talking all the time.

And so by the time I was there . . . I entered the University of Illinois in 1954. I left there in 1968. In the interim, I was flunked out once, and I got kicked out once. When I flunked out, I went back and worked at Granite City Steel for about two and a half, three years. Then I came back and crawled on my hands and knees and begged, and they let me back in. And then I was in for a year, and then they flunked me out because I failed ROTC, which was mandatory. I failed ROTC twice in a row. In fact, I still have, I think, the indoor record at Illinois for demerits, which is something like 1,500

But I had done so well with my grade point, and oddly enough, I found my air force instructor coming to my aid, trying to keep me in school, because one, I was an astronomer at the time. I was studying astronomy. And Sputnik had gone up what, three years before? Something like that. And the air force was very much wanting people like me, you know; this was the big science push

at the time. So I found it embarrassing, especially since I had stood up in his class, and he had let me have an hour to lecture. This was, oh, probably 1958 to 1959. I remember him asking me, "Well, where's the next war going to be? The air force won't do any good." And I just pulled a name out of the air. I said, "Vietnam." And I didn't realize at the time how correct I was. I can't believe it.

And so most of my professors were Marxists. A guy named Red Grange had come along there in 1954, I think, and purged practically the entire Economics Department—that's an exaggeration. But some of the best economists in the country at the time were thrown out of work because of his charges of them being left-wingers. So when I got there, I had all these left professors who were kind of crouching down, but they were still sending their message, so that when I started the Young People's Socialist Party in Illinois there was no resistance, you know. Everybody said, "Good, go do it." And I didn't realize at the time (I learned later) that, yes, most of them were Trots. Most of them were Trots. My mentor, Bernie Farber, belonged to the same cousin club as Mac Shopton. Do you know who Mac Shopton is?

No.

He's an American. He turned out to be a bit of a prick later on, but he was Trotsky's secretary for many years. And Trotsky was actually here in this country, and he led a group called the Shoppinites, which turned out to be—unfortunately, as a great many Trots did at that time—fighting a two-front battle: one against the Stalinists and the other against Communists. And they did some pretty sleazy things. Although, if I had to choose between the two, even though I'm a member of a party, I would probably go with Trotsky at this moment. I've always admired Trotsky more than I have most of the others.

But you know, I learned a lot in tactics at Illinois. Civil disobedience, most definitely. If someone spit on you and called you a nigger lover, you weren't supposed to hit back, but later on we

started hearing that there was more aggressive ways of doing passive resistance of civil disobedience. We did some of that.

When we got here, the question was, "Well, what are we going to do about the war?" And by the time I got here, Warren d'Azevedo was here, and he and a lot of the other people who were radicals had formed what I'd call a radical cadre. They weren't organized like that, but they created an atmosphere on campus that made it easier for people like me to come in here and be accepted. As far as tactics, I can't remember a hell of a lot of civil disobedience going on. There were some debates that we got into later on student protest rallies, but there was none of the actual civil disobedience—massive civil disobedience.

One thing that, you know, will get us up to Paul is that about, oh, sometime in March of 1970, I got a call from a friend of mine named Jerry Lewis, who was at Kent State, and Kent State had been undergoing some really stressful situations for about six months. And, of course, this is March, so this is about two to three months before. And he had been a boy scout. We were always surprised at Jerry because Jerry had kind of been a square boy scout, you know. He got to Kent State and got involved with the students.

And he called up and said, "What we've done here, and what I think you might want to do, is start setting up a group of faculty monitors, people who would be on the scene as objective observers." Because by then the police had gotten very, very savage. I had several friends that got pummeled—both before and then much prior to the democratic convention in Chicago, and then at the convention.

So he said, "Why don't you set up some faculty monitors?" So I went to N. Edd Miller, and Miller approved it just like that. I never really got to where I didn't like Miller. I thought Miller was a good person. In fact, the rumor was—and I think he had admitted to it—that when he was at the University of Texas, he and C. Wright Mills had been hellraisers. So what we had was a kind of a little liberal cadre here.

And so I went to Miller, and I said, "Why don't we set one of these up?"

He said, "We'll take care of it. Keep me posted." So most of the faculty monitors came out of the Sociology Department. And Richardson, Backman, and I think Stan Lyman were engaged in that. And so that's why we got involved the way we did at the Governor's Day demonstration.

Then did you see evidence or signs around campus here that were sort of prompting that? I mean, obviously across the country things were getting more heated, but was that happening here?

I am trying to think when the Black Student Union occupied the union.

That would be in 1971. In the spring of 1970 the Black Student Union was very involved with the Jesse Sattwhite trial.

Right. Right. And that was before or after Governor's Day?

That was before.

OK. And what were the dates on that again, for the Black Student Union occupying the ASUN offices?

That was in the fall of 1971.

Fall of 1971. OK, the faculty monitors were in operation for that occupation of the ASUN, because I was there, plus two or three others. And at that point we tried to talk to as many of the students that were out in the lobby. The black students—and I forget who they were—had barricaded themselves in the office, and N. Edd Miller was going to come in sooner or later and read the riot act or something like it and then asked the university police to clear the office.

I worked with other people just to get as many of the students who were sitting in out in the foyer there to leave, because we pointed out that when it comes, if things get bad, they might get kicked out of school. And so we talked most of them out, and some stayed. And so it was our job to

observe the police violence, if there was any, and to keep the notes and records on it. And as you know, by the time they got in—you know, they broke the door down—the black students had fled through an opening in the ceiling and there was nobody in there. And I guess at that point, I don't think anybody really got called up on that.

But as far as agitating, raising hell: there was a lot of talking, a lot of reading, a lot of political debates, a lot of circulating of petitions, one or two mass meetings in the bowl there, south of the lake. Later on, somebody burnt down the ROTC building.

Right. And that was about two days after Governor's Day.

Right. And we're pretty sure we knew who did that. These were guys who had come in from Berkeley—we weren't sure who they were—but they popped up at a couple of meetings and were talking in a way that might have allowed them to fade into the background in Berkeley, but not here. And they disappeared as fast as they came. And then, what, the next night they burned the Hobbit? And the Hobbit is where they had met the day before Governor's Day, too—all of them.

And you were present at the Hobbit Hole when Kent State happened, right, and talked to the students?

Well, you know, we were in and out of the place I don't know how many times. You know, if we wanted to get hold of someone, that's one of the places we would go look. But we were there that night. And Jim and I were there as faculty monitors, but our hearts were, of course, with them, with the students. So we sat and listened. I'm not sure, but I think we participated. I've never known myself to go a meeting like that and keep my mouth shut. Yes. So we had talked. Adamian was there. Fred Maher was there. There were lots of students there, too. And as far as the students who were there, I do not know at this point. I mean, I knew them at the time, you know,

we hung together, but I just can't think of their names now.

Can you give a ballpark figure of how many people were hanging out at the Hobbit Hole at any given time, especially that night?

Well, at any given time, I would say anywhere from four to fifteen, depending if they had any beer bust or parties there. There might have been a party there, but I don't remember. That night, oh, there were maybe twelve to twenty people there. I can remember that the Hobbit had a large front room, and then a dining room, and then a kitchen either off this way or that way. And the front room was filled without being crowded. There were people standing on the other side of the divider in the dining room, you know, talking. And so my guess (you know, just reaching for a figure) is maybe twenty people there. A hell of a lot more people showed up the next day, and there was a rally.

When I was at their house, I remember Paul getting up, showing (I guess it was) the *Chronicle* or the *Examiner* and opening it to full length, and there was the iconographic fold-up of the girl on one knee with her hands spread. And Paul was saying, "This can happen here. So the thing is, if this is the type of stuff you want, then you better leave, because this is what we have to avoid. We're just going to have to be very cool." And there was a feeling that the cops would. Whether it was correct or not, there was a feeling the cops would just love to have some provocation, because by then—I think the man's name was Elmer Briscoe—the local chief of police, had made a name for himself by hauling in hippies for "cutting their hair."

Really!

Oh yes, he even got a medal from—I want to say—The American Legion, but he was given awards. He was a good law-and-order type of pig. But Paul was very much a big voice of reason throughout, you know. There was no talk, I think,

of breaking up the Governor's Day rally, but of at least impeding the orderly process, at least to show them there's another side of the University of Nevada at Reno.

Well, then you and Richardson had tried to talk students out of that the night before.

Had we?

That's what I have so far: how you and Richardson went to the Hobbit Hole trying to convince them not to protest at the stadium the night before.

Hmm! I don't remember that. I don't remember that. That could be true, you know. Well, OK, somebody remembers better than I do, and I'll accept that as what they were saying.

But you were at the Manzanita Bowl the next day?

We were at the Manzanita Bowl, yes. So what happened is everybody went at the appointed hour. Somebody came up with the idea trying to talk Paul Laxalt into calling it off, and a committee went in to see. Now, I was not on that committee. Paul might have been, but I kind of remember who else was on that committee.

Well, Bob Harvey talked about actually going in and speaking with Laxalt.

OK. But he wasn't alone, was he?

That's what's hard to determine. As far as his 1970 interview goes, he doesn't mention anyone else, but that's not surprising necessarily.

OK. Right. I think there was a committee. Now, the reason I don't know to be sure is that we were walking behind, and people walked out of the bowl, and I don't remember the path they took. Did they go on the other side of Frandsen and then around?

I think they went in front of Frandsen, that road that goes sort of in front of the union and then in between the library.

Good, yes. Yes. That's right. And there were cars . . . I remember cars being parked in front of there, and the students held a symbol there, and there was a large number by then. At that point, it was I think maybe eleven o'clock, ten o'clock on the hour, because I had to leave: they were throwing a party for me for having passed my orals. So I had to go charging off to have, as Bill Wilborn would say, my "appointed cupcake" and punch, and then excuse myself. So that by the time I did that, they had had the confrontation between Lincoln Hall and the library, and I caught the crowd just as they were moving out. And the only reason I know about Bill May is that striped T-shirt of his: there's only one like it in the world, and he was wearing it, and the guy lined up in front of the car was wearing it at the time. This is something you can check, by the way.

Now, I've had several people who have identified Bill May. Well, what kind of a student was he?

Well, he was bright, he was a radical, he was a shit-kicker. He was more rounded than I was—much more—or more radical, more daring. When he left here, he went to Mexico for awhile, and he met a couple of times the widow of Pancho Villa and then kind of drifted back up and was with the UFWOC, the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee. Then he ended up, I think, at Golden Gate and did union representation for a long time and then got into immigration law, but Bill lived his values. I think we all admired Bill, because when push came to shove, he always took, what I call, a proletarian path. He's a good man.

But I don't know if Backman had come along with me from that party or not. He might have. And I should know who those other people on the committee were. You know, it just kind of

slipped, gone away. And so we went along. I'm trying to remember. I think we stationed ourselves on the track as marshals because we were able to watch most of it. And by then the crowd must have been . . . have you had estimates?

It's probably around three hundred. There's some people who want to say more, but it seems good.

I was going to say five hundred, but, you know, it's hard to say. And, of course, right there in the center you had the military, plus all the cadets that were going to get awards and all, and then you had the corps out on the field. And we thought things were going to quiet down. The crowd would eventually, we thought, have drowned itself out. It would just have worn itself out. The revolution was fun back then. I mean, we hadn't had to pay any prices yet.

But we had just learned there was a price at Kent State. I think a lot of people got the message that if we went any further, we would have to put ourselves on the line the way the people in Vietnam were putting themselves on the line, and that had not really been apparent up to then. We could always write off the thuggery of the Chicago Police, because that was Chicago, and it was Daley, and they really miscalculated. But now, all of a sudden, when Nixon defends the National Guard, it was obvious that the line had been drawn.

So things looked like they were going to calm down. And then the black students all came out and sat down, not on the field, but between the sideline marker and the center track, and all hell went loose. It was like somebody found a metal can of gasoline, right? And so things got all stirred up again. And I'll never forget: Goddamn it! Here, all of a sudden, I hear this cheering. I turn around, and here comes Paul running as fast as he can, both hands raised over his head and joining his black brothers. And I thought, "Good for you. Good for you." Like I said, we were kind of hypocrites and marginal people. We were there in sympathy, but we were supposed to be objective, but

when push came to shove, we were (at least I was) more in sympathy than an objective observer.

And were you surprised all this was going on at the time? Or did it seem like sort of a logical unfolding?

Yes, but not surprised, because we were so much in the middle of it that it was just happening. I mean, somebody has pointed out that after we lost the two Kennedys and Malcolm X and King, there wasn't much left for a radical to be surprised about. We were outraged over what they did at Kent State. And the more we read about it later, the more outraged we got. We were filled with our own virtue. I mean, we were right. And I think, with the exception of saying some cruel things about the grunts fighting there, I wouldn't take much back of what I said.

And it was like Paul had been the cork holding it in, and then the students just started moving out. Not all of them. And again, I do not know the numbers. It was big enough that it took There must have been six or seven monitors to go in like that, you know, at least forming a symbolic barrier to keep them from going on the field and actually having a confrontation with the drill team. And you know the story, of course, of Carl Backman, who had his beautiful corduroy coat ruined when he got stabbed in the back with a bayonet.

OK, so it was Backman? Most people haven't referred to names, so it's been hard to . . .

It was Backman, because we joked about it later. It was a *horrible* looking coat. It might have been a very nice coat at one time, but you have to remember Backman's not cheap, he's very generous, but he has a certain tight-fisted quality just in odd places. Like we used to go up to his place, and you know, the Sociology Department had parties. We were close back then. And Backman would always spring with a loin—pork loin—and you know, we'd just get shit-faced. You could always tell when Backman was drunk. And we

still do it today. I don't know how he does it, but he's got about five strands of hair right back here that stand up, and when it stands up, then we know. Well, I've never seen him pass out. I do not know what he does, but he gets mellow and mellow. But anyway, we used to joke about that coat, that maybe we'd just steal the damn thing so he'd have to go out and buy a new one. Well, we really used to get on him, because he'd buy the beer for the party, and he would go out and buy Buckhorn. You ever heard of Buckhorn?

No.

Ahhh. It was ninety-nine cents a six-pack, and we used to joke that you got a quarter back if you brought the empties back. But anyway, we got drunk on it just as well as the good stuff. Back then we didn't have that many bad hangovers. But Backman was the one that got stabbed in the back then. And, you know, it ripped the coat, but it was nothing serious. I think it happened when one of the cadets went by; they were pissed, you know. They must have done something like that and just caught him.

Yes. Do you remember them saying anything, the cadets, or were they tight-lipped, too?

The students? I don't know. I don't remember. I'm sure they must have been shouting at the cadets, you know.

I mean, the cadets didn't say anything in return?

They might have, but I don't remember. I don't remember. [long pause] After that we thought that Paul would get screamed at, you know.

So was it pretty obvious, right then and there, that what he had done would have drawn attention to himself.

Oh, no. What he had done is what we all wanted to do. Oh, yes. He had drawn attention to himself. Some people say that there were other

faculty members up in the stands who should have been put on trial with him. And, of course, that's true. There were a few down on the field that should have been put on trial with him.

Yes. And was this out of character for him, did you think?

I didn't know him that well. Paul and Fred were . . . I was in a very odd situation; I always was with the movement. I never got into drugs, and I was always the one that was expected to stand back and do some type of measured control when things got out of hand.

The Young People's Socialist League . . . There was a guy named Chuck Miller who had come through town. I guess he's turned into a fairly decent third- or fourth-rate poet now. But Chuck would always come through. I always knew when Chuck was coming through. I'd show up, and they'd have these immense fucking eyes, you know. I mean, the irises were like that. And I realized that Chuck had hit town with his peyote mushrooms, and everybody had had their ration of tea by the time they showed up at the union.

So there were always a group of us who, if we got drunk, went off and got drunk by ourselves, as part of the movement. As a graduate student of sociology, we got drunk every night practically. But when it came to organizing, for a group of people it was expected their job would be to stand back and be objective and see what the strategy was going to be the next time around. So I was of that. Paul and Maher were, along with Dave Phoenix and John Lord and Gunter Hiller. Now, Gunter was smashed most of the time, you know. The Philosophy Department was a very interesting group back then. Gunter (I think you've heard the story) gave grades one semester by passing out a covered box, and you reached in and you pulled out a utensil—a knife, a fork, or a spoon—and if you got a spoon, you got an A; if you got a fork, you got a B; if you got a knife, I guess, or whatever was left, you got the C. And that became part of the scandal. It was scandalous, but it was what they called good fun, you know. And we wish he hadn't done it, but we weren't going

to fire him for having done it. We'd just have to go talk to him and tell him, "You can't do that."

But I remember meeting at a place called the Burly Bull, which was, oh, sometime after the event, but before Paul took off. And Maher and him were talking, and they asked me point blank, "Do you ever do drugs?"

And I said, "No."

They said, "Why not?!" you know, "We'd swear that you did."

And I said, "Well, I'm political." And I'll never forget, they just looked at each other and said, "OK. Yes." I mean, there was that logic that they had assimilated that if you're political, you're OK, and you don't have to participate in the drug culture to be in that milieu. There were just some people who were political who don't get stoned, because they have to keep their heads about them. I was always impressed with both of them about that, because it was like, "What time is it?" I told them what the time was, and they went on, and it was my time to buy. We sat and had some more beer at the time. [long pause]

And we thought, "Well, he's going to get hollered at." But by then, you know, they had embarrassed a governor. He indeed deserved to be embarrassed. He could have stopped it all. And the reason he supposedly *gave* for not stopping it was he was not going to embarrass his friend, Jim Rhodes, the Governor of Ohio.

And I thought, "Well, that's as big a piece of shit as I've ever heard," you know: you don't want to embarrass the governor by calling it off. In essence, I don't think we asked him to call it. I think we asked him just to delay it.

Or acknowledge it.

Or acknowledge it, yes. Well, OK, I'll give you my version. I heard that the idea was to delay it and show some type of respect for the kids that had been killed at Kent State. And Jerry went berserk after that. And not crazy. You know, he had been a boy scout, and Jerry Lewis had been a boy scout leader, right? All of a sudden, he became a confirmed radical—still is as far as I know.

And that's because Allison Krause was about a hundred feet away from him when she got shot, and it transformed him. He was about as straight an arrow as you'd ever want. And in some ways that's the story of the 1960s: a lot of straight arrows got radicalized, and it took a lot to get them to come back into the fold later, and a lot of them did.

But most of the crowd stayed, what, on the center track and kind of spread out along there?

Later on, I think, but by then I was busy, you know, taking my stubby arms and stretching them as far as I could. But the one thing that I remember is the three hundred or so people who were there were just raising all types of hell. That's what sticks, you know, and then drifting down. But I think by then there had been a decision to disrupt the Governor's Day, and one person had not made the decision; they had just decided it was time to have a demonstration. Yes, these things are very effervescent.

Yes. Well, in the next week there was then the two fire bombings. How did you react to all that? I mean, you said you had a pretty good idea who did it and all.

Well, I was afraid things were getting out of hand by then with the fire bombing at the ROTC building. I was outraged that . . . the rumor was some Sundowners had firebombed the Hobbit. And they had shown up at one or two antiwar meetings.

I think they showed up after the bombing of Cambodia came along, and there were a bunch of us speaking. And they came in, and we thought there was going to be some hand-to-hand combat there. But, yes, we were angry that they had done it to the Hobbit. We were a little, I think, concerned that it had gone as far as a university building burning down. Because, you know, there had been some really serious problems on campuses by then. But, at the same time, my general view was, "Ah, so what." I was much more upset over

the burning of the Hobbit than I was the burning of the military ROTC building at the time.

Then shortly after—actually that weekend—the Board of Regents decided to investigate Adamian and Maher. Did you think more was going to come out of that at the time?

Yes, yes. I think by then we realized they were out to nail Adamian. We were hoping that they would maybe dock his salary or his salary increase or something like that. He had been given tenure. And I'm trying to remember, did they give him tenure the same meeting they voted the investigation?

The contract for the next year of tenure recommendation came in February, and it was supposed to be active in June.

But had they voted? I think they had voted him tenure, so that as of July 1st he's a tenured professor. And it was at that point that we realized that there was more than Paul's ass on the line at that point. That there had been noises already being made throughout the country of firing tenured professors. And I'm trying to remember, I think by then Stanford had nailed Bruce Franklin, hadn't they?

I don't know.

You know, Bruce Franklin was pretty intelligent, pretty sophisticated. I think he was an English instructor. But, yes, I think he was a full-time revolutionary. And I think they had come down on him. I know that a lot of the professors back then were afraid that I would get into some type of thing. So it was a real fear. It was not yet a realized fear.

Well, you were still junior faculty at this time, right?

Oh, yes! If you want dates, I had my final oral on the first Earth Day. That's how I remem-

ber it. I think that was 1970. And so by the time the Adamian thing rolls around, well, it had to be the same year, because they had thrown me that party for passing my final oral that I had to split and then come back on.

Yes, so I was junior, but at the time, even the fear of losing tenure was not as much as it has become, say, in the last fifteen or twenty years. If you stayed employed at a place for more than six weeks, you'd done something wrong: the boss hasn't fired you by then. And we used to say that jokingly.

Then, it seems like most of that summer was pretty uneventful. Students sort of left, and nothing really happened, particularly right here, in the summer of 1970.

Things very seldom happened here in the summers. Well, I mean, that was any summer. Where it happened was in administration. The administration would wait until some time in mid-June or July, and then when they had really odious things and skullduggery to do, they would do it in the summer because there was no one here to protest it. So we saw that pattern, well, not just here, but at most universities, which, of course, led me to realize earlier that there was a certain organizational edge that any formal organization has, because it's a twelve-month, year-by-year affair, and the student radicals all get dispersed, you know, about every nine months or so. So that gives them an edge. In fact, if the system hadn't been so shaky and rotten, you know, we shouldn't have gotten as far as they did. But we did, and it's never been the same since.

When was Paul's hearing?

Well, pretty much towards the end of the summer. There were two motions. One, that the decision was made to dismiss Paul and have a hearing. Then there's also the Interim Code of Conduct, which happened at the same time. And I'm really interested in your perspective on that, because I know you were pretty involved with the defense committee for Adamian but also had a lot to do with the Interim Code.

Oh, that's right. Right, right. God! I had forgotten the Interim Code. I don't even know what the hell it was all about, except it was oppressive. Tell me about that.

It was prompted by Governor's Day. There was a motion to come up with this Interim Code to make sure that the university had very clear rules about what was permissible behavior on campus. And then until those could be drafted, there is this Interim Code.

Who was on that committee? On the Interim Code Committee?

Oh, let's see here. [pause]

OK, if it doesn't stand out, I think it's probably because the people who were on it, while they weren't our allies, were we thought, sympathetic enough to the idea of academic freedom that they would pass some palliative to keep the Nazis down in Carson City off our backs. But Procter Hug: we had a few go-arounds with him. And, of course, you have to remember that Procter Hug's father was one of the establishment here in Reno. I think Procter Hug Sr. had had a high school named after him. And there was a tight little very conservative group of people who ran this town then, and he was at the core. There were others who were part of that circle who were . . . oh, they liked to hang with the radicals. They liked to party with the radicals. But they would soon disappear.

There were the little Thorntons. Do you know Bill and Jennifer Thornton? They had established a peace prize. I had always felt that maybe they should have given that peace prize to someone like Paul. But by then, they were . . .

I sometimes spoke of them as the crippled liberal contingent. What they were doing is they were trying to protect their own asses, while at the same time doing some type of gradual reform work. And that all disappeared by the late 1970s, although they still give the award, I guess, every year. But yes, I don't remember the circumstance,

but Hug and I would go at it from time to time. I never had much use for him.

What was the atmosphere on campus like that following fall? I mean, Adamian was dismissed from his classes. Maher had been sort of moved into a research assistant position, so he wasn't teaching.

Well, we were waiting. We were waiting to get the word. The word was circling on the West Coast that there would be an insurrection coming out of Stanford and we'd take our cue from there. And it never came. It just never came. You know, you look back on it now, and there was a lot of silliness on the left, but we were involved, we thought, in building a revolutionary base. And as it turns out, we were engaging in a self-serving self-delusion.

By then a lot of this had shifted for the black students. The black students were the group that were most vociferous, but they were also the most opportunist of the bastards, you know. But what they were doing is they A couple of them, I found out later, were rich kids, and they were playing ghetto. Talk to Warren. Warren has that down much better, you know, because I know Warren saved my ass and Jim's ass from having to cough up a large amount of money because we had co-signed loans with these guys, as did Crowley. Jesse Sattwhite, actually, I guess, stung Joe for a good size loan, and Joe had to pay it off. But you know, this was the period of white guilt and compensatory grading.

I was known on campus as someone who had done stuff on poverty, then I got roped into a convention to decide what to do about poverty here in the Truckee Meadows. And a couple of us went, and it was academics, representatives of the various minority communities. But anyway, I only went to one meeting, because it was then that I had found out that a line had been drawn by one of the black ministers, and that was, "We don't want any white academics coming in to our community and telling us how to run it. It's our community. We'll do what we want with it." And

at that point I thought, "Well, OK, you know, it's hard to argue against that, but at the same time this is opportunist as hell." And he later became a very important figure in what I would call the co-opted black community, you know. I guess he's either retired or dead now.

OK. That's one thing that was going on at this time. I also had become involved, and right about then, with the Indian community. It wasn't called the American Indian Movement, but it was an Indian group on campus. In fact, I think I was their advisor for awhile. And, of course, the important thing about being an advisor is you don't go to their meetings, you know. You kind of hope they don't do anything where they drag you up and say, "Well, you're responsible. Why did you let these people, you know, kill all the people in the wagon train? You're a faculty advisor." But Ed Johnson was out at the Walker River. Hell, it had to be 1971, 1972.

So the thing is you had the poverty. For me it was the poverty thing, it was the Indian thing, trying to worry about preparing classes. I taught something like fourteen different courses in the first five years I was here, which you know, gave me a hell of a training, but it was a

A lot of prep. [laughter]

A lot of prep. Yes. Later on, one of my students gave me all of his books. It was one of the funniest libraries I ever saw. Then I noticed that none of these books had been cracked, you know. This was one of the guys who just ignored the draft. No, I'm sorry. He went and got a lawyer, you know, and his father took care of him.

The committee—you were asking about Paul's committee—I was on it. I'm trying to remember who else was on it. Richardson was on it. I remember Jim was on it.

There weren't many records kept of the discussion about the fact that they wanted cash donations because the people didn't want to turn in checks—worried that they'd be traced and that sort of thing.

Yes. That never bothered me one way or the other. What bothered me, and what I learned much to my dismay, is that for the first four or five months throwing in forty bucks or whatever it is we were throwing in a piece was no problem. But month after month after month, and all of a sudden you realize how expensive protecting your constitutional rights are. And pretty soon, people just stopped giving. I think they stopped giving because it was too heavy a financial burden. And we all felt like shits when we did that to Paul, but it was literally that we just could not afford it.

Gene Grotegut was on there somewhere. And I told you that story about Gene and Charlie Springer and I sitting in the office. And I don't know the legalities of it to this day, but I was arguing that the first thing Charlie had to do was to go into court and get an injunction against the university, forcing the university to keep Paul employed while he fought the case because that would at least give him money to live on. And they were just adamant. They would not hear of it. And I said, "Well, why don't you try it?"

They said, "We're not going to try it because it wouldn't work."

I said, "Well, why won't it work?" and they couldn't tell me. And at that point I realized that there were some type of limits. Let's put it this way: there was an agenda there that I was not privy to, and I was always pretty naïve about stuff like that. But something was going on there, and I never did find out what it was. But I still feel that if they had gone into court, you know, the worst they could do is be told no. And if they could have gotten it, then Paul could have continued teaching, or at least he could have continued to be paid, which would have given him some resources to carry on the legal struggle. But they had never proved anything against Paul, you know. And my feeling was, when they prove it, then they can cut his pay off. Until then, he's innocent until proven otherwise. But they never got that.

(Now, you have to remember Gene, at the time, had political ambitions. He rose quite high in the Democratic Party. And I suspect that—it's

my own suspicion and it's nothing more than suspicion—he was trying to play He had come back to Nevada, I think with an idea. He had been born and raised in Nevada, he left, and he came back to become part of the political structure. He was going to go far, not so much as a candidate for something, but as someone who could be a king maker.)

And we would sit with Charlie from time to time and bounce ideas around about what his policy should be. And, of course, he got sabotaged almost at every step. He was supposed to go on television one night, I guess it was at the crucial point right before the election, and they "lost his tape." So I've never known why they didn't do what they did. And it could have been simply that they knew the law and I didn't, that maybe it would have been wasted effort.

But was there ever a sense that maybe they had just sort of grown tired of the case and weren't really actively pursuing it?

At that point, maybe they were tiring of it, but they hadn't tired of it yet—and it's the very fact that they were showing up at my office to sit and talk about this thing. But I think it wasn't so much people were tired of it. If you can keep people mobilized, you know, constantly then you have no problem. But, again, the university and the courts have these long periods in which they normally operate, and keeping people mobilized over a period of time like that is virtually impossible, especially if you're in a position where you have very little that you can warn people with one way or another.

Anyway, Paul ended up moving, leaving. He went to the Bay Area, like any sane person would have, and we lost contact with him. He would come back from time to time. I remember we were very optimistic when he finally got his case into court, and I'm not sure who was his lawyer by then. I'm not sure that Charlie was anymore.

Yes, he was.

He was? OK. And we went down. I remember going down to his trial, and I was left with the impression that the judge had already made up his mind, you know, that the fix had been in, because they refused to hear most of the stuff that could have stood in his first case.

Let's see. Something I'd like to come back to is in early 1971 when the regents denied promotion of Richardson—when Richardson was denied promotion shortly after all this.

Right, right. Oh, yes! That was going on at the same time?

Right, and he turned around and won that. But at the end of 1971, end of 1972, there's a lot of moving around of the case. Bruce Thompson, a former regent, had to withdraw because of conflict of interest, so it got moved to Vegas in 1972. And in 1973 Adamian was ordered reinstated with back pay, and then that was overturned again later in 1975.

And was that here where that was done?

That was at the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco. And it wasn't until . . .

Was the trial ever sent back here?

At the very end it was. They brought in an outside judge from San Diego. No, that was in federal court. Yes, I don't think it was ever heard here—not any of the appeals were ever heard here because of the local jurisdiction.

I remember going to one of those, where Paul's case was kind of "fish or cut bait" and the judge just wasn't going to hear of it. He just wasn't interested. And I had assumed by then that the establishment had decided that enough was enough. I'd forgotten about the reinstatement order. I'm not sure how the hell that happened.

Do you think all these turn of events brought the faculty closer together in terms of their own bargaining power, or solidarity, or things like that?

It brought some of us together. It also drove wedges between us and the more conservative faculty. I remember there used to be a big auditorium in Thompson Ed., and Paul called a meeting to form a union. Am I right about that?

That fall, probably, after he had been suspended?

I think it might have been, yes.

Yes, he did give a pretty fiery speech. A very lengthy one, too, at Thompson.

Yes. And I think it was then that I actually joined the union at that point. I'm trying to remember whose auspices it was under. I know this: that there were a bunch of people who were AAUP at the time, and they did not like that union. It was just a little too radical, and we were convinced that they were just a little too Uncle Tom. And they gave—or they tried to give—Paul a going-over at that meeting, but he held his own there. Ironically, the union, I think, was later taken over by the AAUP clique. Indeed, I think it now is officially an AAUP organization. So that was kind of sad.

I know that Rich Siegel and I had some words, some falling out at that period, and he had been fairly close, I think, with Adamian and his wife at one time. And he was particularly unforgiving of Paul, although, I was never sure why.

Do you think he could have done more to improve his case after he was suspended—things like these really fiery speeches?

No, I've been around here long enough that he was dead in the water. You know, he could have *walked* on the goddamn water, and they would have appointed another committee to look for the rocks. Again—and I'm not romanticizing

it—it was just a different period. He was doing what the radicals were supposed to do.

And I don't think that he did anything to hurt his case after that. I really don't. I can't remember him doing one thing, you know, but the lines had been drawn, and the conditions of struggle had been set. No, Paul conducted himself, I think, with a great deal of honor.

Later on, the rumor was that he had gone to Bodega Bay, got a boat, did some fishing (now we know that to be the case), but I think he was living at the Morning Star Commune right there in the hills, and we always thought that was pretty cool, you know. So I can see that some of the people over in geology might have thought, "Well, goddamn it now, I know we did right by firing that mother fucker, right? He was just a drug-sniffing hippie." [laughter]

Well, what were some of the things . . . I mean, are there other people who said that he hurt his case? Kind of refresh me on it.

For someone who had been dismissed, had classes taken away from him, and persisted in speaking out against the administration at these open meetings and such, I mean, it seemed sort of self-annihilating. He just didn't care at that point that it wasn't an issue. But I'm just sort of curious what other people were thinking at that time, you know. Was he giving himself more rope, or giving the regents more rope to hang him with, or was it not even seen that way?

I didn't see it like that. Others might have. The thing is, by then I was pretty well convinced, and I think I was right, it was going to be a kangaroo court. You know, the thing is: what are you going to do—say you're sorry and back off? Who needs a fucking job if you have to do that? And, of course, they might have forgiven him, but he would have been a eunuch the rest of his life here. I don't think he did anything wrong. He took up with the daughter of the state attorney general at one point.

That was Dickerson.

Dickerson. And I always thought, "Well, that's style," you know. And I think there were some people who resented him for doing that. But my position was that it was none of their business. This didn't have anything to do with what happened on Governor's Day, you know.

And don't slap his wrist. Go ahead, go slap his wrist—make lots of noise. They did a lot of huffing and puffing and stamping of their feet and pounding on the table, but when the smoke cleared they said, "Don't fire him." That was the recommendation of this faculty committee.

Right. Which Miller then turned around and said, "I support their decision." And that wasn't sufficient for the regents.

No. And Miller was a good guy. I mean, we were embarrassed. All of us were embarrassed with our friends across the country, when right in the middle of the antiwar movement the students threw an N. Edd day. Was it "We Love N. Edd Miller Day"? I remember thinking, "Jesus Christ! What are we going to tell our friends?" You know, they're there rocking the foundations of academe, and here, the best we can do is the students are sucking up.

Well, how important do you think were Governor's Day and Adamian's trial to this campus, in the years that followed?

Oh, I think it was important. It was kind of a last hoorah. I'm not sure what we did after that. By then, you know, the revolution had fallen apart. I would still go out and debate the head of the ROTC over drafting, demanding that instead of randomly selecting people, what you would do is weigh it so a person's probability that they'd make the draft would be by their parent's income so that all the rich kids would go first. My feeling was when they start sending the boxes home to Scarsdale, then the American people will say, "Enough is enough."

A lot of us had to do a lot—a lot—of re-evaluating. I went into about a four-year depression

for all practical purposes. I think I took the demise of the 1960s harder than most. Other people, you know, adjusted and went on with their lives. It took me a long time. On top of that, I had divorced, been remarried, and that disrupts a life.

That's why I'm happy you're doing this, because I'm not sure a lot of the people here even know what went on. They've heard little bits and pieces, but I think it was very important, you know. And then the university prospered. It died spiritually, but it prospered physically. You can go look at all the buildings and stuff that we have now. And they left us alone. They left the radicals alone. But, I mean, there at least was about a twenty-year period where academic freedom actually worked a good part of the time, and I think probably Paul bought us some of that. I think more and more there's general embarrassment among the people who had gone after him: they would still put him up against the wall. They would, you know, stamp their feet and justify what they had done.

But it was a sad time, yes. I personally feel that I failed Paul—even to this day—that I should have increased my contributions, you know. We should have gone down together. But I didn't. And I think Jim feels like that to some extent, because Paul put it on the line for all of us. It's odd, the sense of camaraderie that develops for many young people. Paul and I, believe it or not, were young back then. I was in my thirties, and he was couple of years older. Among the older faculty, he's still looked upon with some amount of nostalgia and a great deal of respect. Are you finding any antagonism toward Paul?

I'm not hearing it vocalized. To a certain degree, there's either indifference or a real, honest, passionate response about what happened. I think the people who were against the demonstration at Governor's Day and were sort of happy to see Adamian leave don't have much to say about that period. They sort of don't want to be involved in those discussions.

Yes, yes. For Warren, the civil rights part of the Adamian affair is much more intense than my

perspective is. But I think he probably has a sounder feel for what was going on at the time. That wonderful confrontation with him and Bob McQueen. Do you know about that?

No.

Well, when Jesse was doing the dozens with McQueen, there was something like, "I'm going to just pound your ass into a little puddle." And McQueen was head of the scholarship committee, and there were a lot of us who were not happy with that, because we were conventional, and McQueen was probably a racist (and maybe he wasn't). But anyway, he and Jesse got into some type of screaming match. Bob McQueen brought charges against him, and they had a trial. And Paul was still on campus. (I'm not sure what the dates are.) Paul was there, because I think I remember sitting in the same row or right in the same area at the union. They had just set up this wonderful television studio at the Nursing School. It was like they had this new toy and they wanted to use it, and they were smart enough that you did not want a crowd there because it would be filled with people like me and the shit would hit the fan.

So they very discreetly put it over into this television studio and broadcast through the closed-circuit television over to the union, and we sat there and watched it. And it was one of the high points of my life with the university. McQueen got up and had his say, and it was just all pure bullshit. You know, for someone handing out scholarships to black students, he should have known that there are ways that they talk. So anyway, he got done, and they thanked him. He got up, and he turned around, and he walked out beyond. The camera followed him, and there were two doors: this door went to the hall; this door went to a broom closet. And he was so shaken that he walked into the broom closet and closed the door behind him. And the cameraman, instead of going back, just kept it right there on the broom closet. And in about two minutes, McQueen stepped out of the broom closet, didn't say a thing,

closed the door, and went out the other door.
[laughter]

I've always wondered what was Bob McQueen thinking about when he was standing there in this dark broom closet saying, "Oh, shit! now what do I do?" And, of course, the cameraman was just absolutely vicious at that point. It was then I think a decision was made, and we all went running out of the union over to congratulate Jesse. I seem to remember something like that.

Yes, I think he was just put on probation as a result.

Yes. Yes, Jesse was a pussycat. He really was. I mean, he was black bourgeoisie who just wanted a chance at being respected. I remember one time—and this was within a year after all of that—there was a woman named Becky Stafford here, who later became the dean. And she was Harvard educated, good liberal type, and Jesse's wife had taken a course from her (probably research methods) and had gotten a B, you know. Well, Jesse was really irate at that. And so he called up and told Becky, "I want to come see you about this, and we are going to have it out."

And Becky said, "OK, fine," and then came and saw Carl and me and said, "Jesse Sattwhite is coming over tomorrow, and he's awful angry. I'd like to have you and Dave here just to take care of things."

And, of course, like macho assholes, we said, "Sure, we'll be here."

So Jesse comes walking into the office, and I hadn't seen him in four months, and I realized all of a sudden: Jesse is big. And here's Carl Backman and Dave Harvey, right, and they're going to protect Becky from this guy? Well anyway, what we did is we kind of hung around outside the door, and they had their thing. And Jesse came storming out, and he just took his arm and just slammed me against the wall and said, "Get the hell out of the way!" and went charging out.
[knocks twice on the table]

And I thought, "Well, that went pretty well."
[laughter]

And then something very sweet happened. He waited about a half hour, and he came into the office, and he says, "I'm sorry about pushing you." He says, "You know, when someone fucks over a man's wife, he doesn't have any choice, you know."

And I thought, "Good for you, Jesse." So, yes, that's how I'll always remember Jesse, is me going to be there, right, to intervene—and Jesse would have been about *that* tall and just blam! Have you ever met Jesse?

No.

He's a big guy. He was a tackle, I think, or a guard. I guess it was a year later, he showed up and had gotten a job with the state. He carried a black briefcase, and, you know, dressed like a good Carson City bureaucrat. I've always liked Jesse. And I think he came up just to show me that: you know, just to say, "See, I made it."

ANNE HOWARD

BRAD LUCAS: Today is March 1, 1999. This is an oral history interview with Dr. Anne Howard. It is being conducted in Reno, Nevada, at Anne Howard's office. Well, when did you come to UNR?

ANNE HOWARD: I came in 1963 in September—actually Labor Day weekend, 1963, and with my husband. We both had positions here, he in art and I in English.

And roughly how big was the faculty at the time?

About fourteen. And about four of those people were brand new that year. We had quite a turnover in those days.

And then several years later when Paul Adamian came to campus, was that as a result of someone else leaving a position then?

I can't remember whether Paul replaced someone who retired or whether we simply expanded, because we were quite small for awhile. I think Paul came about 1965 or 1966. I know that we had just granted him tenure in 1970 when all the trouble came up. [laughter]

Yes. Do you remember anything about the job search or bringing him to campus?

In those days, we never had funds to do complicated job searches. People called their friends. That's the way it was done practically all over the country, which meant that the powers that be in the department would call up and say, "Do you have someone interesting in such a field?" And I think that's the way Paul was hired. We certainly didn't meet him before he came, but he came well recommended from Claremont Graduate School, which is certainly a respectable place to be from. And he was in eighteenth century [literary studies], which is what we needed.

Did you know, or did anyone know, about his involvement in Southern Oregon College where he was teaching before he came here?

I didn't, but that doesn't mean much. But I don't think anybody would have been upset. I think we were a pretty open-minded department at that time, but I don't remember hearing anything. Did he have complications up there?

He was involved in a labor struggle with the university administration.

I don't think that would have been held against him, to tell the truth. [laughter] Yes.

All right. What was he like as a junior faculty member?

Well, he was friendly, he was a very effective teacher. The students liked him a lot. He seemed to know a great deal. That's about as much as I can say. In those days, we taught a lot. We taught four courses each semester, and everybody taught composition. That meant that there wasn't an awful lot of free time floating around, and I guess I had less than some, because I still had pretty young children at home.

Did you know Paul personally?

Yes, we knew each other in a sort of general way. The department used to be considerably more sociable than it is now. And we went to parties at his house, that sort of thing, and we had friends in common. I knew his wife, but I wouldn't have called them our best friends. They were good friends, though. They were people that we liked and associated with in a generalized fashion.

And during those initial years when Paul was here, the Vietnam War was going on. And although the UNR campus is not really well known for its activism, could you describe what the atmosphere was like around here?

Well, there were actually a lot of people on campus who were strongly opposed to the war. There wasn't a very organized student response to it, I think. One of the university administrators made the remark once that, "Unlike Berkeley students, the students at the University of Nevada had their feet on the ground."

And the response that most faculty made to that was to add, "And their heads in the sand." There was that general belief that it wasn't a particularly politically alert campus. There were always a few interested students and people who were opposed to the war. And this was a pretty

broad range, but it was a small group and not a very noisy group.

Right. Did you get the sense that that was maybe changing around 1970 or so?

Well, I think it may have been, but we're still talking about a very small group. I mean, it was not a noisy campus. All the men were required, as you know, to take ROTC, and this made it a little uncomfortable for them to be opposed to the war.

I had a few students in my classes who'd been in Vietnam. I had a student—only briefly, because he was arrested for dealing dope—who had been a mercenary over there. But that was rare. I mean, a few people had been in Vietnam by that time. A few vets had come back, but not a large number.

What was your view on Vietnam at the time?

I was strongly opposed to it. I thought we had no business getting caught there, and I agreed with all those people who said, "Why don't we declare that we've won and leave?" I was very concerned. I had a son who was getting pretty close to draft age. I did not think we belonged there. I was very much opposed to the people who got us there and felt we'd been lied to a long time. I remember the first draft lottery quite well, because my son was in college at that point, but that was after the Adamian to-do. But there were a lot of people who were really upset about a draft, that were upset about our being there, but I wouldn't say there was an organized resistance on campus at the time. You always associate with people who agreed with you politically, almost everyone I knew personally. And I think this was generally true for the department: everyone I knew was opposed to the war. But to what degree is another question—and how far they would have gone with it.

In the months that preceded Governor's Day, I know there was a lot of unrest with the black stu-

dents on campus. Can you tell me a little bit about that?

Well, I don't remember that too well. The next year I remembered it better, because in 1970—from July on—I became director of freshman English and had direct dealings with the notorious Jesse Sattwhite. But at the time there were not very many black students on campus. They were not terribly well organized, though they had tried to organize, and there was sort of a split between black students who wanted to be activist and black students who just wished everybody would leave the question alone. But there was a black student society (I've forgotten its name, but other people might remember) that tried to get some black studies started on campus. The Art Department hired one of the first apparent black faculty members in hiring Ben Hazard, who was an artist of good status and an active man. He was not one to sit back, not one who would ignore what went on. He had a good deal of support, too.

When you say "an active man," could you elaborate on that?

Well, he wasn't the person who simply let these things go by. He had ideas of what they should do about it, you know. He came from the Bay Area and had many of the attitudes from there.

Did you know him very well?

Yes, I knew him. My husband was in the Art Department, and he had been very pleased at their hiring Ben for various reasons: both because he was an activist—and my husband thought that was fine—and because he respected him as an artist. And he thought it was a great coup for the Art Department to hire him.

Yes. With all the activism going on around campus in the late 1960s, the 1970s, did that spill over into the classroom a lot?

Oh, there were always lots of questions, but we had other kinds of problems in the schools. There were people who wanted to sit in on the classes, saying that we were teaching the wrong things, that our students were teaching. The biggest brouhaha I remember—started the very day I became freshman English director—was when a state senator from Tonopah, I think, named Emerson Titlow complained that his daughter had been given pornographic material to read in class. [laughter] And it was true that she had been given a poem written by one of the instructors, and it was a very good poem.

This was before my time. It had happened some months before, and it was clear that this was being used for political purposes, but I hadn't had anything to do with that. I just got the results of it. I would have discouraged TAs from distributing their own poetry in class had I been around then. But then a lot of TAs thought they'd do just about what they chose, and this has been a problem forever. [laughter]

But we didn't have a lot of problems. Oh, they were in little things here and there, and just the usual rumbles that I think you expect in any student population. There were drug arrests and a lot of people very annoyed, because by this time marijuana had certainly become a part of student life. And it was a felony in Nevada (and it still is a felony in Nevada), which was not the case a lot of other places. Nobody was cool about it. The local students seemed to be pretty calm and peaceful, and there was always the idea that there were out-of-state agitators that came in. And I don't think that was true. They were almost all students. It's just that the vast majority of students came from the state, so, you know, there were varieties of responses.

Now, of the TAs at the time, how many were there?

Thirty-five.

Wow!

It seems like a lot, but at the time we had no program of the sort that we have now with lec-

turers, although I proposed one, which got nowhere. But for all of our freshman English classes, everyone taught freshman comp. All the faculty did. Our full-time staff and TAs taught. We had a lot of them, because they carried the program primarily. That number went down a little bit later, but at that time there were thirty-five—I remember that number all too well—and a few extra letter-of-appointment people that we had.

Compared to the faculty, would you say that they were more active in terms of the peace movement?

I think they were about the same. We had, oh, a faculty that I think was, if you'll excuse dirty language, liberal. And some of them had perhaps broader ideas that they didn't express considerably, but nobody worried a lot about it. We had all had to sign loyalty oaths, which upset everybody who had to sign one. But I know my husband and I were very upset about it when we came, but we had two kids to feed and jobs to hold, and we signed them, even though those oaths sort of disappeared eventually. But it was a pretty conservative Board of Regents, as you will discover. [laughter]

Yes. Well, having come here in 1963, did you know much about the political climate at UNR beforehand, with Minard Stout?

We had heard the stories, the terrible stories, about what had gone on here. And, in fact, when I took the job, somebody at the University of New Mexico said, "Well, I think things are all right there now."

And I thought, "Oh, my gosh, what have we gotten into?!"

And we'd heard about that, because if you were at all interested in university life, you had heard the stories. But another person at New Mexico, whose name I've forgotten now, said, "Well, the faculty there proved themselves willing to stand up for their ideas," and I thought that was a good comment. And so it was kind of mixed.

We had friends that thought we were going right to hell, "How can you take your children to a town like Reno to raise?"

And we said, "Well, how can we feed our children in Albuquerque where we do not have two stable jobs then?"

And how old were they?

The kids were five and nine when we came.

OK. So by 1970 then it would have been . . .

My son was in his last year of high school, and he graduated from high school in 1971.

So you had exposure then to the high schooler's point of view on the war and such.

Oh, yes! Well, of course, he certainly followed his parents, who were probably a little left of most people, you know. And I don't mind saying that. I always have been a little left of most people I know, and it seems to me our university campus has gotten considerably more conservative. But, you know, what do you expect? Most people are making money on the stock market. They changed their attitudes. [laughter]

[laughter] When we get to the months before the 1970 Governor's Day protest, did you get the sense that things were escalating at all on campus?

[sighs] Well, there had been protests against ROTC—several of them. And I can't fix dates on those, but I remember there had been a steady complaint about the ROTC requirement. We had a colonel, who I think still lives in town—Colonel Ralf—who was not the most diplomatic of souls I knew. And for students it was really pretty bad, I thought. They're making a rule for the men that didn't apply to the women. We'd already begun to chip away at some of the ridiculous rules for women that didn't apply to men. There were rumbles, but never a very large, organized protest.

The black students had gotten annoyed from time to time, but it was just a few students who wanted black studies, wanted various things. After 1970, I have more vivid memories because having the freshman courses to deal with, I ran into some rather strange circumstances. Where you're on the front line, I'm afraid, in dealing with the rest of the world . . . [laughter]

What would be some examples of that?

Oh! We had a fellow who came up and wanted to picket the campus because of a short story that had been assigned in his class, which was a first-person story in which the speaker and the teller of the story was a bigot. And I think the story was called something like "This is my Living Room." If you read the story with any consciousness at all, you'd realize the whole intent of the story was to show the narrow-minded, hatred-filled mind of this person. But the black man who read it had not caught that tone, and he thought the university was pushing this kind of thing. And, oh, we had several conversations with him before that happened.

We had one TA who decided it might be interesting to surprise his students by shooting off a starter's pistol in the class. I don't remember the context for this, but he did, and one of his Vietnam vets hit the floor, and that was terrible. He was a young man who had not been in the ROTC, who had not gone to war, and . . . that was a serious problem. We persuaded him that some things you did not do in class.

We had some pretty noisy people. We had the fellow at the time—I think he was there at that point—who has since become quite well known as the author of *Doublespeak*. He teaches at Rutgers, or he may have resigned. Bill Lutz. He's always commenting on National Public Radio. He had started his Ph.D. in the early 1960s. Then he'd gotten a job elsewhere, and he came back, I think, late 1960s to finish that degree. He's the author of several books about political language and *Doublespeak* you know, if Orwell is still within the reading requirement. But he didn't

write his thesis on rhetoric at all. He was interested in something else.

But we had a number of noisy people. The editors of the newspaper were hopeful that the university would be more lively. And there were various people connected with the newspaper who really were trying their best to do some rabble-rousing, and they weren't getting very good results. I sympathized with them, because, you know, we're just 250 miles from—less than that—Berkeley. And Berkeley seemed to be a model for the way students responded to the world.

And we had our own problems with language here. A number of my students had mothers who sat in the classroom and listened to the class. This happened to me once. A strange woman appeared in the back, and I went to say hello to her, thinking that she was somebody's mother or guest, you know. And that was before we had students of anything but twenties age. And well, she'd come to see what was going on in the class. You know, she was really aggressive, but I didn't mind. My class was perfectly open.

I never said dirty words in class, and I got annoyed at the students who did. The same young man had had us in trouble the first time.

"Oh," I said.

He said, "Well, I don't know, maybe I did say it!"

And I said, "Look, *you're* teaching this class. You need to know what you're doing in the classroom." (And it's a hard thing to persuade some people.) Indeed, you are responsible for what you say there, and you have to recognize that not everybody has the same standards you do. But this is the only one that stands out.

Well, Fred Maher is one who got a lot of publicity for some of the language in his classroom. Can you tell me more about him?

Fred Maher is an interesting case. Well, I didn't know about his language. I was, I think, on Fred's committee. Fred was a fellow who had a master's from someplace else who came here and entered the Ph.D. program. I think he was

badly accused because he was seen as a rabble-rouser. I didn't think he was a particular rabble-rouser, but then I had different standards than lots of other people. He was pretty earnest, but his academic problems were severe, I think.

But he didn't necessarily stand out more than the others?

I didn't think so. But there again, you have to recognize I'm sympathetic to this view. There were some, and the one I could name and probably won't—the fellow that got us into all the trouble with his language—I think he just wanted to be doing what was popular. I didn't really believe he honestly believed in any of this stuff. But that's only a personal judgment. There were not a tremendous number of students involved in it at all that ever got their names written down or anything like that. And there were a lot of faculty who were sympathetic.

Right. Now, later on, Fred and Paul would be the only people who would really bear the brunt of the demonstration on Governor's Day. Were they close friends?

I don't think so. I think they had similar ideas, but I really can't say. I don't really know.

Didn't seem that way, though?

No. Paul had numbers of people he was closer to than he was to the members of the department. But as I said, ours was a sort of generalized social acquaintance, and I can't say that much about Paul.

I'd had one person tell me that Paul Adamian's heart was much more with where the students were, and he felt himself more a part of the student culture.

Oh, yes, indeed he did. Yes. I think he did. And a lot of us had similar feelings. Now, I know in the Art Department they were greatly sympathetic, leaning for the students. You would have

thought that, by their age, most of the Art Department (who were people like my husband) would not be, but by inclination were always more sympathetic with the student cause than with the establishment. I guess you'd call it insistently anti-establishment—not very trusting of the establishment, however you defined it, and sympathetic to what students cared about.

Now, in the late months of 1969, Paul and his wife split up. Did you know about that?

Yes, I knew about that. She's kind of a zany person. I only knew they split up. They lived not far from us, and we used to see their daughter dash across Seventh Street, which appalled me. They had looser attitudes about child raising than we did, but that's not unusual. I think Christine had a job as a social worker or something like that. And she was liked and respected, but a little bit zany. I never knew what was behind that, but they did split up.

And how was Paul taking it?

I don't know. I didn't know him that well to know how he responded to it. But they'd been married quite a while. But so many marriages break up, that's hardly the sort of thing that you remember anymore.

But there was nothing noticeable about how he was conducting himself around the office and things like that.

Oh, no, I never noticed anything. It's hard to believe, but in those days most of the men in the department wore a shirt, tie, and jacket to class. That's since disappeared in the general leveling attitude, and Paul never did much. [laughter] He might occasionally dress up to the degree of a sweater instead of a sweatshirt, but he was also the sort of person who always had his classes in circles, which I always found sort of a pain. And he spent a lot of time talking to students and dealing with students, which I envied. I thought he had a really nice relationship with the students.

And it was my understanding that he didn't talk politics in class. He taught the things he was asked to teach very well, and I always heard good reports of him as a teacher.

Yes. So up until Governor's Day there was no sense that Paul was necessarily out on the margins of the faculty.

Well, some may have thought so, but, you see, I am sitting a corner. I had an awkward position in that I was still the only woman in the department. But I didn't know the wives very well, because I worked, and they didn't. Most of the wives didn't. And so I don't really know how a lot of the other people thought about it. The people I talked to were people who felt much the way I did, but Paul had sort of the courage of his convictions—the same convictions that a lot of us had, but that we had, as the saying goes, “given some alms to fortune,” as we had families and a sense of being cautious. It wasn't that his ideas were much different from ours. In fact, there were a lot of us who were unwilling to stick necks out.

Now, I think, yes, we both had tenure by then, but I remember my husband, who was not a cautious person in most ways, was appalled when his picture appeared once on the front page of the *Reno Evening Gazette* in a student demonstration. He says, “Well, of all the things I've ever done, why is this the only time my picture appears on the front page?” [laughter] But not to the degree of really backing down from everything.

And we'd given Paul tenure that year, and there hadn't been any question about giving him tenure, as I recall. We had weird standards, and we didn't have a lot of very careful rules, so I think that the majority sort said, “Well, we'd sort of like to have . . .” [laughter] It wasn't at all like what goes on now, but that was true all over the country. And so we were quite put out when he was removed, because we'd done that sometime during the academic year, and it was to take effect in July. As you know, that's one of the big problems.

Had other faculty members been denied tenure in the years while you were here?

Oh, well, other faculty members in our department. Well, this was a couple of years later, and one of the people in the department then was refused tenure. And sometimes people, if they thought they weren't going to get it, would just leave. Until 1970 you could always find someplace else to go. Later, well, there wasn't any other place to go. As you know, now people go to a school, and they stay there, mostly. Rarely, sometimes they might move at a high level when they've established a reputation, but the vast majority of faculty members now just go to a university and get tenure and stay, because there's such a glut, as you know. [laughter]

So it wasn't necessarily a default action to give a faculty member tenure in the English Department?

No, it wasn't. You did consider them, but you know, the full professors sort of gave a nod, and things happened. And that was post-Laird. Yes. As long as Laird was here, all he had to do was express an opinion, and the rest of the faculty went around. I mean, he wasn't chair, but we'd have long arguments in faculty meetings, and then Laird would express his idea, and suddenly the subject was finished. [laughter] But that's an outsider's view. You can't imagine what it was like being the only female there, and getting patted on the bottom and all that sort of thing.

Really? [laughter]

Well, there was just one offender of that sort, and he was a full professor, and you don't say nasty things about full professors. Ha, ha. [laughter]

But as I say, I felt somewhat out of things, an essential outsider. But there were people who got in trouble (and I'm trying to fix these dates). I can't remember when Jim Richardson started getting in trouble. But he certainly did when he

defended Paul, because he was the public spokesperson.

A lot of us on the Adamian defense committee were rather quiet about it. We had the account at a bank. I was at one time either secretary or treasurer. I don't know. We didn't tell anybody who the contributors were—and a lot of people contributed—and they worried about depositing money in the bank, because we were sure that people would find out who was supporting him. But Jim never at any time hid his support, and he paid for it later. They tried to deny his promotion to full professor, which was ludicrous, because long before most people on this campus were publishing or doing things, Jim was doing all of that stuff. But not many people got in trouble.

Well, who else was on the Adamian defense committee?

Oh, I'm trying to remember.

It's not very well documented. [laughter]

No, it isn't. I'm trying to remember. Certainly people in our department in general were, I think, but I can't really recall. I think probably Elmer Rusco was on it. A lot of people may not have agreed with the demonstration, but disagreed, because there was a real distrust of the Board of Regents at that time. Quite earnest and acceptable distrust. And I'm just trying to remember . . . probably Bob Hardin. I just can't recall. I remember Jim. David Harvey, maybe, over in sociology might have been on that committee.

Some of the people who were there were a bunch of faculty who tried to make sure that the students didn't get . . . who accepted the idea for a demonstration, because they thought it was outrageous that they didn't cancel Governor's Day after Kent State. I mean, that was the real issue. Here the National Guard had shown its idiocy, and they thought it was very, very bad. Mostly they were people who had tenure, because they had really distrusted the Board of Regents. We didn't distrust the president, who very carefully kept out of it. Have you talked to him? He's

still around, if you know him. A nice man. Probably cagey about the whole thing, if I know Edd [Miller]. There were people in the Art Department who were on it. Most of those people are not there anymore. I don't think there's anybody in the Art Department now that was there then in the 1970s. Ed Martinez wasn't there yet, and he's the one that's been there the longest. Well, Howard . . . but Howard had just come, and I don't believe he was on the committee.

Howard Rosenberg?

Yes. Yes. He arrived in 1967, 1968, but he didn't have tenure, and he didn't have his degree. And he was like anybody else, being cautious. Charlie Ross was in the Art Department, but he's been gone a long time, you know. And I'm sure there were people in the Political Science Department and probably in history. I don't know whether Jim Hulse was on the committee or not.

Was Joe Crowley?

Joe might have been. I just don't know, because Joe was quite new, and I don't think Joe had tenure yet. And I think there was a line between those who had tenure, because of this distrust of the Board of Regents who did occasionally step in and say, "No tenure," after people had been recommended.

Oh, by the department?

I'd heard this now. Yes. And we didn't have very good communication going between those people. I was on the faculty senate in 1970—from 1970 to 1973. I guess Joe was president of the senate in 1973, I think it was. Yes, because that was when he went out to the committee. [laughter] But he was too new. I don't know whether Richard Siegel might have been on it, or might not, but I just don't remember. It's a convenient thing to forget.

Sure. [laughter] But were you here on Governor's Day 1970?

Yes, I was here. And it was kind of an interesting affair. I'd wanted to go up and see what would happen, but I had an independent study with a student, and I couldn't think of a way to get out of it. And so I was in my office, and I heard that there was something going on. I went up, but by that time things had sort of finished. But I was in the office when the people went by. You know how Frandsen Hall is. And I didn't hear anything that caused me to wonder what was going on. I mean, if it was a demonstration, it was a quiet demonstration, because I came in the back side of the building and went to my office. I was then in Room 13, and not the one I had been in, and I knew this was going to go on, and that the faculty were all wearing ties and jackets and looking respectable. I remember that was a rule they had decided on. And my husband had gone up there to be one of the people to watch the students. I really thought I ought to go, but I couldn't get rid of this student.

So, then did you know that there was going to be some sort of activity?

We knew there was going to be a demonstration, that the students were going to protest. I did not know that they were going to be down by the union, which is what they got worried about. I knew they were going to appear, and they'd been given permission, I think, to appear up by the field (which isn't there anymore), which is what all the faculty was trying to keep organized so that nobody did anything wicked. Now, this thing that took place outside the union, I didn't even hear it. I can't think that our conversation was so enchanting. [laughter] But it didn't make any noise to speak of.

Now, some people have said that it was sort of a spontaneous move from the Manzanita Bowl down to the stadium.

It could have been. Well, if it was, it was quiet and peaceful, because I sure didn't hear it sitting in Room 13 down here on the ground floor of

Frandsen. [laughter] It was well organized and peaceful. Maybe they just decided to do it.

And when did you hear about what had happened up at the field?

Oh, very shortly after it. People in there came into the department and talked about it. I didn't listen to it. I turned on the news, and I heard about it from my husband then, when he heard about it from people in the department who drifted back and said there had been a confrontation, and I heard a lot of wild stories.

Like which ones? What sort of things did they tell you?

Oh, well, they said that someone had lain down in front of the governor's car; Paul Adamian had climbed on the governor's car. Heard that one, which I don't think was true. But I knew that Paul was responsible, and I wasn't surprised that something had happened. I knew they were going to demonstrate and that some of the helpful faculty were trying to organize to keep that orderly up there. But, you know, stories filtered in. "Oh, Fred got arrested." I heard that. I don't think Fred did get arrested, but we heard that.

And Paul was in trouble. Well, he was. [laughter] But, of course, Paul was looking like Paul. He was wearing a sweatshirt and jeans. He didn't look like the rest of the faculty, and he was, you know, kind of an independent fellow. As I told you, at the thing up there, I heard that he was on something. I didn't think he was. He was no more than Paul always was, you know. I don't know what he's like now, but he was always a guy with a lot of outgoing energy. And I would never have been able to guess whether he was high on something or just excited about what he talked about. He talked about eighteenth century literature the same way.

[laughter] Did you know of drug use for Paul? I mean, was Paul an active drug user at the time?

I have *no* idea. Almost everybody we knew did a little pot from time to time, discreetly—knowing the laws around here. But I know it was fairly common and probably still is. [laughter]

Well, after Governor's Day I'm sure you would have seen Paul. Do you remember having any conversations with him afterwards?

No, I don't, because he sort of kept his own counsel for awhile, and this was almost the end of school. You know, our calendar was different then, so there was still some school time. It was very close to the end of school, the first week in May, but we hadn't gotten onto this present ludicrous calendar. I think we had a couple of weeks of school, and I just don't remember.

I remember the shock: it was the first week of school when we came back, and we had a meeting, because we had to pass on tenure for two more faculty members. It was interesting, and we probably had the least tenure discussion you ever heard in all your life, because the first thing that happened was that we were informed that he was suspended, and nobody had heard a thing about this before. The Board of Regents just dropped it on us.

Now, you said that two people were out for tenure and that they basically were passed over at that meeting?

No, they were voted on at that meeting.

They were voted on?

Yes. And again, it wasn't a big deal in those days to think about tenure. You sort of brought it up, and people did not even know it was . . . you didn't have to prepare all this stuff. You didn't get visited; you didn't get letters, none of this stuff. That's only been about the last fifteen years. But in those days, people sort of talked it over: was there any reason not to give this person tenure? I mean, that was the general tone. And we did that on two people. And both of those are kind of interesting. [laughter]

Would you like to talk about them now or move on?

Not with your machine on. [laughter]

OK. So the announcement of Paul's dismissal came through. What was the department's first order of business?

We were outraged! We were outraged. Then, of course, the first thing we had to do was to find a way of covering his courses. I don't remember what was done. If I'm correct, that was Bob's first year as chair. He might remember. He's got a pretty good memory. Have you talked to Bob Harvey?

Not yet.

Well, you ought to, because he was certainly on the hot spot there. I mean, he and I still joke about the first day that this state senator was jumping on one of our TAs.

Yes. And so what happened in the months that followed? As I understand it, the department officially requested a reprimand rather than dismissal.

Yes, indeed. It's a familiar story. They did not think that it was high class in misdemeanors. [laughter] We felt that it did deserve some attention, but even [Governor] Laxalt himself wasn't particularly put out by it, so he said. He hardly knew that it was going on. The department backed him up, and I think we backed up Fred, but I don't think it did us any good.

Did you have the sense that it was going to happen anyway? That Paul would get fired?

No, I didn't. I didn't. But as I said, you know, I had a kind of odd relationship there, and so I didn't go to the poker games.

Yes. Well, what was the student response like?

Well, you heard a lot of the students thought it was a storm in a teacup. I think that might be a general view, that it just wasn't a very big, important thing, but they also were the sort of students who didn't think that Governor's Day was a big, important thing. Why on earth were they protesting? Of course, it's Governor's Day. You know, I think the vast majority of the student body were unconcerned, but those who cared, cared very strongly.

Right. And by the end of that semester, it was fairly clear that Paul wasn't going to come back to teach right away, that it was going to be a longer legal battle. What do you see as the repercussions in the next couple of years, as a result of that?

Certainly the effort to get the thing to court was serious, because, well, we'd gotten Charlie Springer. I know you talked to Charlie. He was a very busy young lawyer who actually was getting ready to run for governor and was willing but busy, and his head was pointed in the right direction at that time. He's changed a lot. [laughter] But again, people do when they get older.

I just don't think that it was a big issue. We, I think, decided early that we weren't going to be able to do anything for Paul, that it was in the courts by then, and that the current Board of Regents was going to stick by where it was. We didn't have anybody running for the Board of Regents who seemed any better. And I don't know, I guess maybe it's my anti-establishment attitude that's always existed. I've never been able to feel very comfortable about the Board of Regents. [laughter] I always look at them as adversaries, and I'm afraid I still feel that way. And I felt that way.

I always liked Edd Miller, because he was approachable and reasonable. And in 1969, you know, he got this wonderful celebration in honor of him. And the students were sympathetic to Miller, and he tried very hard to be fair. We didn't consider him the enemy, but I wouldn't be surprised if this whole business hadn't been sort of an urge to him that it was time to move. I mean, a

suggestion to him that he might be happy if he went someplace else. [laughter]

I don't know. I have no idea. We just eventually accepted it, and we got the position. And I guess we kept the position, but I don't remember who we filled it with.

Might have been Ann Ronald, who came the following year.

She came in 1970. Yes. But she was, actually, officially in a different position. Oh, Elmer Cole came in that position, I guess. I think we hired Elmer that summer. Ann came in 1970, yes. And I think we hired those people the same year. And the next year we hired Bob Merrill, so he wasn't here at the time that started. Yes, 1970 is when Ann came. And Elmer Cole, whom we hired, has since died.

How do you think the department was affected in the years that followed, or was it?

I don't know that we were badly treated for any reason because of it. The dean was always sympathetic to us—both deans. In fact, Kirkpatrick, I think, was there, who was a liberal.

He got removed some years later for quite other reasons, and Gorrell then took the deanship, and Gorrell was good but certainly, I think, opposed the action of the regents.

These people, you know, look at the history: this English Department was really on the firing line during the old battle days with Minard Stout. And they maintained an attitude like that, and that was the atmosphere that I perceived. And if there were a conservative sound out of this department, I wouldn't know now. I just don't know the people. And I don't know them for different reasons now.

Right. Well, you mentioned the Stout administration. Do you think that it's possible that Paul was sort of put up as a sacrificial faculty member at Governor's Day as a result?

Oh, he was the choice that they The Stout business was in the 1950s. It was long gone. But I think Paul was the only faculty member clearly in a leadership position there. That's quite true. There were lots of faculty trying to support the students. He was the only one—and we always joke about this—in a sweatshirt, and I think that had a lot of effect on these square people. Excuse me for using language like that, you know, but everybody else looked straight, and Paul looked like Paul, you know. And he had sort of wild hair. I suppose at that time he had sort of longish hair, but then a lot of people did, but nobody thought it peculiar. You see, I'm talking from my own corner. I've just never been what you'd call middle-of-the-road. [laughter] I try to behave myself in public. When I have causes I've tried to behave myself very well, earn A's, because I had two things I wanted to take care of: the Women's Studies Program and the Women's Center, and it makes you a public, polite person—to a point. [laughter]

You wrote an article for a publication that was put out by the ASUN. It was called "Naimada."

Yes. Yes.

Can you tell me a little bit about that?

About *Naimada*? Well, you should know something about *Naimada*.

All I know is that it's Adamian spelled backwards.

Yes. And that was a response that was a sort of women's article, a woman's attitude. That was, as a matter of fact, taken from a speech I'd given, a talk I'd given at one of the Rocky Mountain [Modern Language Association] conferences, one of these other places about the position of women in the profession. I think it was Rocky Mountain MLA, or something like that. I don't know, I just handed it over. A person that I think was involved with that is not here anymore, Jackie. She lives in Las Vegas, and she's gotten married too many times for me to keep track of her. But Mary

Stewart might also know about that. Have you talked to Mary?

No.

Because I'm not sure whether it was Jackie or Mary who was publishing, but we used to have a publication called *The Forum*, which was a political opinion magazine, as opposed to the *Brushfire*, which was literary. And I'm not sure, but Mary might know something about that. Did you read it? I don't have a copy of *Naimada*. Have you read it?

I can get you one. Do you know why it was named that?

It was called that to support Paul. That's exactly it. And I think it was 1971. I'm pretty sure that's when it came out, and we wanted it to say, "We think that Adamian needs support." And Jackie whatever-her-name-was (a very bright and very pregnant girl, as a matter of fact [laughter]) put this together, and in some ways it had some women's protest type stuff in it.

OK. Was there anything I'm missing that I may not have asked you about?

Gee, I don't know. I'll probably forget whatever it was I should have told you. I really felt that Paul had a lot of support from the faculty. You might want to look through the faculty senate minutes, for example, for this time, and from the student newspaper. You've probably done that.

Right. Yes.

Who was the editor? I can't remember whether that was George Frank or . . .

Actually, it moved around at that point.

Oh, one time the editor was one of our graduate students, Hank Newer. Was he editor at that point? Does that name ring a bell?

I don't remember.

Yes. And I can't remember whether . . . there was a guy named George Frank and Kelsie Harder.

Kelsie Harder rings a bell.

Well, if you talk to Kelsie, he has a really sharp memory and will remember all the details. But Kelsie's right up at TMCC. He's chair, was chair. I don't know what he is right now. He's in the Art Department up there.

OK. Well, great. Well, thank you very much.

I wish I could think of anything else that would just make your day. I really can't. [laughter]

Oh, you already have. [laughter]

PROCTER HUG JR.

BRAD LUCAS: Today is July 25, 2000. This interview is being conducted in the office of Procter Hug Jr. in Reno, Nevada. Maybe we can just pick up where we left off thirty years ago.

PROCTER HUG JR.: All right.

Did you have any reactions or surprises in reading that interview [done in 1970]?

No. It was interesting that it recalled some of the details that I'd forgotten, but it was accurate.

So there's nothing that you wish you wouldn't have said or that later maybe you might have changed your mind about?

No. No, actually I was pleased with what I said, because that is the way I felt then and the way I felt now.

Great. And we were going to talk a little bit about how you got into all this. When did you first become a regent?

In 1962.

And why does someone take a job like that?

Actually I had run for the regents two years before, and at that time there were two positions. There were six of us who ran, and I was third. But Fred Anderson and Newt Crumley were elected. I was twenty-eight at the time, but I was very anxious to be a regent. I'd been very active in university things and had been president of the alumni association, and I was very active with and loved the university. Then in a very unfortunate plane crash, Newt Crumley was killed. And at that time, Grant Sawyer appointed me to fill his position, I think, because I had been third in the election. That's how I happened to be a regent. Then I think I ran three times after that and was elected.

So by the end of the 1960s into 1970, you'd been on the board for about eight years then?

Yes.

How did you characterize your perspective on the university system compared to the other regents?

You know, I thought we had a wonderful board (during those eight years that we talked about). Some really fine, outstanding people who had the very best interest of the university at heart and were extremely capable people that I admired a great deal. And so it was a very easy board to work with, because they were all just really interested and concerned in developing the university, the university system.

And during that time we established the community college system. At the time I came on, University of Nevada, Las Vegas, I think, was simply a school that had about five hundred students. There was a dean that was in charge, and that all developed the campus. Those were exciting years. The Desert Research Institute was brought in. The medical school was established. So those were exciting times, and we were proud of what we were doing.

Yes. Did you spend much time with the other regents socially?

Yes, we all did. At the time of our meetings, we always had dinners together and lunches. We got along very well.

So not a lot of internal conflict or things like that?

No.

OK. And you became chair of the board what year?

Nineteen sixty-nine.

So you had just become chair. How did you view that appointment? Was that something you were looking forward to?

Yes, I was happy to be a chairman. I was pleased when they elected me, and I looked forward to being able to continue to do those things that we'd been doing. As it developed, it was a fairly contentious time, but those were interesting challenges, and I felt significant

responsibility to keep things moving as smoothly as possible.

And then across the country though, other universities on campuses were having escalating problems. What was your take on Nevada compared to all those others?

Well, I was an attorney, and I had been involved with the National Association of College and University Attorneys (that actually had just been formed a year or two before), and at those meetings we discussed a lot of what was happening elsewhere in the country. And I know the attorney for the University of California was very distressed that California had not early on made it clear they were going to enforce the rules, not allow a lot of things to escalate on the campuses. I know it was my major concern that we not allow what had developed elsewhere in the country to develop at the University of Nevada.

Did you think that was a real risk?

Yes, because there were serious concerns among faculty and students about the war and about the justice of the war and whether it was wise. And there was a lot of unrest there, and also there was quite a bit of racial unrest with a lot of "black power" sort of problems that were occurring elsewhere. And we felt that we had to be careful to deal with those wisely.

So then in the fall of 1969 is N. Edd Miller Day. Things are looking pretty good. As far as being a regent, being chair of the regents, you have the [U.S.] president writing letters congratulating Miller on really having a model campus, pretty much.

Dan Klaich was the student vice president that organized that.

Yes.

I think Frankie Sue Del Papa was involved.

Yes, she was just coming in.

She was coming on to be the student body president.

Yes. As things really started to get much more heated in spring of 1970 with a lot of the racial issues on campus, the Jesse Sattwhite trial, and things like that, did you see that things were getting progressively more risky at UNR?

Yes, I did. I thought that there was a rising concern that we had to deal with.

So what do the regents do when they have concerns about campus? I mean, was it just talking with Miller, or are there other things that the board was doing?

Well, that's true. We certainly deal with the administrative officials and with the faculty to see what we can do to not follow some of the program problems that had occurred on other campuses, with the burning of the computer center or whatever else was happening at other campuses. And it was important from our standpoint, too, because it was important to keep the community support behind the university. If the community felt that we weren't doing the job in that regard and keeping things under control, we would lose our support with the community and the legislature and elsewhere.

Right. So were you getting pressure even while things were going well? And was there sort of a steady pressure?

No, because they were going well.

OK. So people were pretty pleased.

They were. They felt that we were doing it right.

OK. And when there was a lot of disillusionment about the war and shootings at Kent State, and then a lot of widespread campus unrest, what was

going on with the regents at that time? I mean, was there immediate action that this is something very bad we have to head off?

No. I think prior to this incident on Governor's Day, it was not a concern that we felt there was any immediate problem. We just had to be careful that we managed things properly.

OK. So can you tell me a little bit more about what would be the management of things?

Well, for example, we knew that there would be a counter demonstration on Governor's Day. The year before they had had that demonstration right below the bridge, Manzanita bridge, which is a good place. It got TV coverage, and the expressions of people who were very concerned about the war were well known and got equal coverage with the Governor's Day celebration—probably more so. I think it did get more so, for it's more exciting to see that sort of thing. And so that was arranged again this year—that coverage of Governor's Day—and we thought that would take care of it. But it didn't.

Now, had you heard any of these demands—requests—to adjust the ceremonies, cancel them, add acknowledgment of Kent State, or anything? Had that reached any of the regents by then?

There might have been some request to cancel it, but not that I remember. I know that there was certainly no real thought of canceling it, because that was a ceremony that we've had for years and years to honor the ROTC graduates, and it's Governor's Day. Well, we were just concerned that it not be disrupted, but still give people their rights of free speech to demonstrate somewhere else during that day, too.

Right. And then Edd Miller was having kind of a turbulent semester with all the racial demonstrations and unrest, and things were kind of hectic. Did you sense that he was being affected by any of that stress?

I thought he was handling it very well.

So pretty high confidence in him?

Yes, I had a lot of confidence in him. He was a very concerned, compassionate-type man who would understand these things and had a lot of diplomacy in the way he handled things.

OK. And maybe we could just get right into as much of the week as possible. There was an addition to that year's ceremony, which was to have a reception on campus before the actual ceremony. Do you remember anything about that morning?

You know, I don't remember why we had to have a reception; whether it was something to honor the governor or . . . I just don't have a recollection of why we had one.

There seems to be distribution of awards and scholarships on sort of a personal level, I guess, maybe for cadets to actually meet the governor in person, be able to talk to him.

That sounds like it would have been the reason for this.

Right. Do you remember what the atmosphere or the mood was at that time? Were any or all of you sort of nervous that things might be . . . ?

No. That was a great surprise when the group marched up and started shaking the cars and disrupting. That's when we became concerned. We had thought that, as with the year before, the ceremony at the Manzanita Lake area was going to be fine.

Right. You were riding in the second car. The first car had Governor Laxalt, Edd Miller, and Major General Franklin. You were riding with General Edsall and then Colonel Hill, and you said you were surprised. Any other sort of emotions, feelings, responses when that happened?

My concern was to see if we couldn't do something to prevent any sort of disruption taking place at Mackay Stadium. I know that's when I got out, and we were talking to the faculty members, principally Jim Hulse, but others I don't remember—Bob Harvey, maybe, and others that were responsible and recognizing the problem that this was creating. Of course, they had not been in favor of marching up to the stadium; that was Professor Adamian that said, "What are we doing here? Let's get up to them. Show them."

Right. So was it a pretty calm discussion you had with Jim Hulse and others?

I don't know how calm it was, but there was the idea of, "What can we do with this?" It probably didn't seem like a good idea to try to stop demonstrators at the fence. It just seemed like it was a logical idea to allow them to march around the field two or three times (and I think it was three times) and then out. And that would have prevented any sort of, well, confrontation. I know Jim Hulse and others agreed that made a lot of sense. And so that's what we had anticipated would happen.

Right. That was the agreement, right? Now, at this point, were you thinking that this was probably what would happen and then an agreement had been made that this would probably happen?

Yes.

That there wasn't a cause for any more alarm then?

No. We were concerned actually with people lying down in front of the cars and that somebody was going to get hurt, but with the leadership of those responsible faculty people, we thought that it could be managed.

Right. And so then at that point everything's going fine. You go up to the stadium, and the marchers

entered the stadium, and you're surrounded by essentially military personnel, very staunch supporters of the ROTC program, a lot of parents of the cadets. Did you have to explain to anyone, or were you confronted by anyone, saying, "What's going on?"

I don't remember that. I imagine that I was very concerned, as others were, when the agreement was not honored and Professor Adamian waved them into the stands, and then concerned with what's going to happen there with the cat calls and the other things that were taking place. Professor Adamian was kind of cheerleading out in front of the . . .

Right. You were mad at this point?

Yes, I was upset. I was angry that it had not worked out the way that we had agreed.

What about the decision to let them in to march? I mean, were you worried that that might come back and . . . I don't want to say haunt you or anything, but that you had made a mistake at that point?

No, I thought it was the sensible thing to do, because it would have been the perfect opportunity for those students to express their views and to leave. But other than that, you know, stopping a group of three hundred or so students that were very intent on expressing their views . . . I don't know that we would have been able to stop them from going in anyway. But this was going on in an orderly way and seemed like a very good compromise.

And basically the protestors stayed for the whole thing?

Yes.

They wouldn't go away. Pretty obnoxious behavior, and then there was a confrontation down on the field, but essentially there was no physical conflict; no one was hurt and injured

or anything like that. The ceremony was able to complete with what it intended to do, and the protestors left.

Thankfully, no, there was nobody hurt, because the riskiest part was when Professor Adamian then said, "Let's just not sit here," and let the students out onto the field. Then, when they got out on the field—when the drill team was marching with fixed bayonets—I thought that that was potentially a very dangerous situation, especially when four or five days before we had Kent State happen.

It wouldn't take too much to bring havoc, to have a real melee going on out there, because there were strong feelings, and, of course, strong feelings on the part of the cadets. They were equally strong in being upset about students being out there and disrupting their event. So we would have had a lot of potential for some real danger, and Adamian leading onto the field was the worst part, because they were close and marching.

Right. Well, now as I understand it, Colonel Ralf was sitting pretty much directly behind you, and some testimony of people recalled that he waved his arms and shouted, "Kill, kill," in a very loud voice, which is audible even out in the field.

I never heard that. I don't remember any such thing.

OK.

Was it Colonel Ralf?

Earl Ralf?

I meant Colonel Hill.

Earl Ralf was present. He had just passed on the position to Hill, but Ralf was . . .

Oh, I see. OK. No, I didn't hear any such thing. That's news to me.

OK. But later on in the day when talking to some media people, you basically said that you thought that the behavior was bad, but you weren't all that upset about what had happened, that it didn't seem like it was as much of an event as it would later become. Was that pretty accurate?

I was probably relieved that nothing more had happened. I was very concerned with the potential but relieved that nothing further had happened. There was a lot of danger that something would, but I was very pleased that it had not.

Yes. There was also a group of primarily black students who sat on the field early. No one else wanted to stand. They actually sat directly on the field. And there were orders that the police, that no one, was to harass the students. Did you have any knowledge of those requests or of the police presence that was waiting outside of the stadium?

Frankly, I don't recall anything about that. I don't really recall them being there.

Yes. There was a small group of about a dozen or so [students on the field], and they served as the catalyst for the folks in the stadium to actually get on the field, because there were already people out on the field.

I'm not sure that's true, because my view or recollection of it is pretty strong, that the catalyst was Professor Adamian waving them on and, "Let's get out to the field."

OK. After the ceremonies there was a luncheon over at the Elks Club. Do you remember anything of that?

No, I'm sorry, I don't.

It's a pretty significant absence. I would have loved to have been a fly on the wall, because I'm sure everyone had a lot to talk about. Well,

afterwards there were some media people who were going around asking . . .

You said the Elks Club, right?

It was scheduled. I'm assuming that it occurred.

That would be an unusual place for it to meet. What, a meeting of the regents?

It was a meeting, basically, of the same people who were at the morning reception, I'm assuming.

Oh. I just don't remember any such meeting, and I know I didn't attend one.

I just don't have much information on it either. That's why I was hoping maybe you would. The response then afterwards started to increase pretty much. Did you find yourself having to respond to a lot of inquiries, phone calls, things like that right away, or is it something that happened later?

Right away. A lot of media attention.

What was your opinion of the media coverage?

I felt that they accurately portrayed what had happened. It was on TV. It seemed like it was fair coverage.

And some people were calling for action for immediate expulsion of students and faculty who were involved, threatening to remove the entire Board of Regents if this didn't happen. I mean, very ultimatum-based proposals for what should happen as a result of this. What was your response to that? Was this cause for alarm?

No, I don't think it was cause for alarm. It was just that there might have been letters to the editor, and I'm sure there were of some sort or another, and responses. I think it was more a cause for responsive action on our part and responsible action.

Right. And this is coming pretty much from across the state. As a result of all these calls for action, did you as a board meet informally? Did you as chair meet with the governor, et cetera? I'm sort of curious what that first week's activities were, as far as your role on the regents.

Well, I know we met with the regents about it, and I'm not sure when the next meeting was, but I know we hadn't discussed it beforehand.

Is that the end of the week in Elko?

Yes, in Elko. That's right. And, of course, that was a major concern of ours at the time.

Nothing in between?

No. And I know we didn't meet with the governor.

Right. Jim Hulse called you the night after Governor's Day, just to sort of give a fully detailed account, and he said you two had a very candid conversation.

Is that right?

Do you remember talking with him?

I don't remember that, no. I'm sure that's probably right, his recollection, but I don't remember that, no.

OK. Did you have anyone making demands on you, people that were in very significant positions saying, "This is what needs to be done."? The governor or congressmen? I mean, there's a lot of general calls for, "Something needs to be done about this. The regents need to step up to the plate." All that kind of stuff. Was there any specific recommendation that were given to the board?

No. No. We were pretty much left to determine what we should do. I don't recall any pressure from elected officials, such as the

governor or senators, legislators. I think that they thought it was our problem.

So basically you and the other regents had to figure out what to do with all that. OK. The primary media coverage that week focused on Paul Adamian and on Fred Maher, and I'm curious how that came about. I mean, there were several hundred people involved. There was a group of students on the field who jumped right into the middle of, basically, the ceremony, while everyone else was up in the stands. Ben Hazard was right by Paul Adamian's side the whole time—pretty much equally involved. Was it a decision to go with where the dominant coverage was to single out these two people for investigation? It seems in some ways that this is a very particular choice and kind of a peculiar choice. The charges against Maher had nothing really to do with the Governor's Day demonstration; it was about his behavior in a classroom. So basically, out of several hundred people, a dozen faculty or so, Paul Adamian is the only one singled out for investigation.

He had made himself very prominent in the leadership, and he had been out there standing on the track in front of the students and waving his hands and so forth, as I recall. Yes, the reason was that he had been kind of the prominent leader that had been observed. Now, maybe there were others involved, too, but he certainly was, I thought, the most prominent and had really been the one that had gotten them to go into the stands and go out on the fields. And that was our perception.

OK. So the regents basically had made a decision that rather than try and take action against all participants or all of the faculty—or some other sort of approach—that they'd take the most prominent leader of the group and investigate his . . .

Oh, but one other thing. Clearly we wouldn't be taking it against the faculty that didn't cause the disruption and tried to be responsible. As I

recall, there were some of the faculty who went out on the field to try to keep the students away from those that were drilling. Harvey and Backman and others tried to avoid any disruption. You know, we definitely felt that faculty persons who had been very responsible about the thing and tried to prevent all this from happening should not be involved. And it appeared to us that Adamian was the one who really had been the leader of the disruption. From the standpoint of leading them initially from Manzanita Lake up there, I think he was the one that suggested it, and he led them into the stands. He led them out onto the field. So he was the one, from our standpoint, that appeared to be the major leaguer.

Yes. So then basically calling for an investigation on Adamian and then Maher also—was that agreed upon that that might be all the sufficient action that the Board of Regents needed to take to appease the masses off campus and give fair justice to people who were at the root of the problem? I mean, was that sort of the consensus?

You know, I don't remember anything about Fred Maher. I don't know what that situation was at all.

Well, he was under investigation for using profanity. He had discussed the events of Governor's Day in his classroom on the days that followed and apparently made some rather unkind remarks about the administration—that sort of thing—and those were the charges that caused the investigation. They were later dropped because there was nothing to substantiate them. Might basically have just been someone that . . .

As I say, I don't remember Fred Maher at all. I think that we were asking the faculty to investigate Professor Adamian's activities and that was the real focus of our concern.

Well, maybe we can get to some of these things later. In June you proposed to the rest of the regents the interim code of conduct, which is quite a controversial action at that time for a

bunch of reasons. One of the normal processes was that there were supposed to be adequate faculty response and participation, and the other [problem] was that it happened over the summer, which had been tagged as the summer tactic of introducing controversial items into the agenda when there was no one around, basically, during summer break. Was this related to Governor's Day? Was this related to all the pressures?

It was definitely related to Governor's Day. As I recall, we had requested the faculty develop such a code for about a year—reading back through that, that's correct—and it had not happened. And one of the big problems that we faced was that the existing code, particularly the one that had been developed by the faculty who were AAUP [American Association of University Professors], was very hard to enforce and interpret because the language was somewhat vague, and that's what led to some of the problems later with the legal actions. So we felt it was only fair to have something that was very definite, so people would know what was acceptable and what was not. And it was proposed with the idea and reason to have something that was clear and could be enforced in that way and then to refer that to the faculty, which it was, for any amendments or suggestions.

But it was at least a code that was going to be clear in the meantime, because as we've spoken earlier, these were times where there was a great deal of contention, and without some sort of a clear code of conduct that both faculty and students would know what was acceptable and what was not, you could have some unfair enforcement actions. This was a new code to apply to future cases. It did not apply to Adamian.

Right. Did you know how unpopular it was going to be to do this when you introduced it to the regents?

Unpopular with who?

On campus, that's right.

It was unpopular with some of the faculty, not with all of the faculty. And a lot of the faculty thought that it was something that was long overdue. I think it was. The people of the state generally considered it to be a fair and reasonable action.

OK. Towards the end of the summer, the regents meet again in August, and in a personnel session there's the decision made to suspend Adamian from teaching. And this, of course, later led to his termination. Where were the regents with all this? Was it pretty much decided early on, once there had been an investigation? Was it pretty clear to everyone that this is a man who would be terminated, that this would be something you would really push hard for?

No. No, it was not. I thought it was important that we have a faculty investigation and a hearing and to determine what actually had taken place and his involvement, his reasons.

Yes. But the regents bypass the code, and his termination could only be issued from President Miller. And the regents called for his suspension, so there . . .

No, it didn't bypass the code. That's how it was supposed to occur. The committee recommends to the president; the president recommends to the board; the board had the final action. That's the way that AAUP procedure operated.

No, not for the hearing, but for suspending him from classes, that unless he posed a clear and present danger to the university community that he could not be suspended from his teaching, because this caused a great deal of upset on campus. And the Department of English submitted a protest against it. Dean of Arts and Science submitted a protest. I mean, there was no indication that he would be a threat, but yet he was taken away from his classes.

Frankly, I don't recall how that occurred. When was it? Do you have the information?

It was the following fall. At the August Board of Regents meeting, a personnel decision then was made that he would receive notice that he would not be able to teach his classes. And then in September he was notified. The department and the dean didn't support the decision, and this was basically something that had come from the regents, but not from the president. And that's what I say sort of went aside from normal, standard procedures. I mean, was this something that's considered to be of an emergency nature that would warrant that?

Well, it's not too unusual when there are charges pending. For example, I can think of the police procedure when they're investigating something, that is, a suspension of duties with pay until they have their hearing. I suspect it was something like that—that in the interim that he was still receiving pay. And I do not recall specifically what happened, but I just suspect that was the idea, that while the hearing was taking place that it would . . .

He could not teach.

Yes, that his teaching responsibilities were suspended.

I missed something. I've got to jump back. There were fire bombings on campus following the Governor's Day protest—the protest of the Governor's Day ceremony. What was your response to all that? You know, just six months earlier it had been a campus celebrating its president and really in very good shape from all perspectives. And then there was the fire bombing of the ROTC building and then a follow-up on one of the student hangouts, the Hobbit Hole. Do you remember any of your interactions with the police department, or did the regents interact with the police or the attorney general's office, things like that?

Not to my recollection. I know there was concern. And this might relate in some way to the concerns we had about this developing into more serious problems, just generally of this escalating, and that we felt it was really important to keep things calm. This might have been what was involved with suspending Adamian's teaching, because he continued to agitate and continued to appear with groups of students to protest and so forth throughout all of this. And we had many meetings at which Adamian appeared with students. He definitely continued to advocate those positions and positions that were threatening disruption.

Right. Now, I'll sort of play the devil's advocate, I guess. One thing I don't really understand, to investigate Adamian for a leadership role is understandable, but there were a lot of other faculty members who were just as active and just as critical of the war and of the administration. Was there any discussion of widening the investigation or including other faculty members for their participation?

No. Adamian was being investigated for what he did on Governor's Day. We were not anxious to interfere with a person's rights to free speech. As I mentioned in my earlier statements to the oral history group, we had been very supportive of academic freedom, freedom to speak out and so forth. Professor Erling Skorpen was one example. The community was highly upset with the fact that he had given a speech calling in question whether the Bay of Tonkin was as President Johnson had represented. He had given a speech at the alumni association raising that question, and we got all sorts of letters from the John Birch Society and others. We were very supportive of his right to say what he thought.

Adamian's was different; he was leading people to disruption on that day, and I think it was probably our concern that in teaching—because he was very upset, naturally, to have that hearing—that would escalate the possibilities of disruption. I think the fact that there were fire

bombings and so forth led to our concern about the atmosphere at that time.

A lot of folks say it was scapegoating to pick out a prominent person that was involved, run him out of town and . . .

Which "lot of folks" said that?

Oh, I mean, anyone who disagreed with the regents' actions.

Like?

Campus members, faculty, students, people who showed up to protest his suspension. You know, a few hundred people. Not a majority, but certainly not just a handful. A significant portion. How do you respond to those questions, or was that something that the regents had even thought about, by focusing on Adamian out of several hundred that this would be seen as . . . ?

You keep saying focusing on Adamian out of several hundred. We focused on Adamian because of his particular activities on Governor's Day and what he did there, leading the group onto the stands and, indeed, out to the field, putting them in danger. That was why Adamian was being charged and heard by the faculty committee. It was not any effort to single out people who were opposed to the war and were expressing themselves. That was a whole different deal. What we were concerned about with Adamian was the conduct that he evidenced on that day and that put people in danger of being hurt and creating another incident like Kent State.

So in terms of how the response to a charge of scapegoating, it was that . . .

There was no scapegoating.

Because?

For the reason I just said.

OK. So, essentially, had Adamian not been there, do you still think things would have turned out as they did on Governor's Day??

No. He was definitely the leader that breached the agreement and led people out into the stands and out on the field.

OK. So then the faculty senate puts together an ad hoc faculty senate hearing committee. In October they hold a hearing for Adamian. They look at the evidence, they hear testimony. This is a panel of other Ph.D.'s from the campus, from pretty varying political orientations. They basically come to the conclusion that there is no adequate cause for termination, that his suspension was already a form of public censure, and that the only further action that should happen was that President Miller should prepare a letter of formal censure against him that would be put in his file and affect his professional development.

Did they find he'd done anything wrong?

They had determined that his behavior was somewhat inappropriate, but they didn't see that as adequate.

What did they say?

[Reading from a paper]:

Dr. Adamian and others did participate and attempt to stop the forward automobile in the area of the Jot Travis Union building, but that these actions might be taken by any concerned person when apparently threatened with bodily injury and do not violate the university code. The evidence about the protest of the Governor's Day ceremonies is conflicting to such a degree that it is impossible to determine the extent to which Dr. Adamian played a leadership role. That he was present and at times occupied a position of prominence, which tended at times to encourage the students to disrupt the ceremonies, but Dr. Adamian was

by no means alone in this capacity. That he attempted to control the demonstrators and to keep them from violent confrontation, but there was no testimony to show that Dr. Adamian or any other person played any planned or sustained leadership role. And also that the president and the chairman of the Board of Regents, without setting sufficient conditions or limitations, both gave permission to a group of protestors to appear at the Governor's Day ceremonies at Mackay Stadium.

In conclusion, they state that were it a normal activity, Adamian would not be considered to show appropriate constraint, but Governor's Day was not normal, because Miller and Hug agreed to behavior which under normal conditions would be considered inappropriate. So the only thing that the committee found Adamian guilty of was that he violated that part of the code which states that the faculty members should strive to show respect for the opinion of others. The committee found no adequate cause for termination and that his suspension was a form of censure. And the only further action was that Miller should prepare a letter of formal censure. This is a condensed version of a longer conclusion.

But the ad hoc faculty senate committee basically determined that there's such conflicting evidence that it was hard to bring charges against him as playing the leadership role and that, yes, it was inappropriate behavior, and certainly nothing that should be condoned, but that he should not be terminated. And he was a tenured faculty member at this point, too, which complicates things a little bit.

President Miller approved their decision, sort of said, "This is their decision. I'll go with it." The regents looked this over, sent it back to the faculty committee with about eighteen points of contention, saying, "Please address these eighteen points." And the senate faculty meeting committee readdressed the issues, looked back at everything with those points in mind, and stayed with the original decision.

Now, about three years later, this would be the end of the story basically, and the code was later changed so that it would go up to the president, and that would be it. But the Board of Regents continued anyway to carry out charges against Adamian and eventually terminated him despite these findings.

That's where some of the questions come up, and I think that's where a lot of the claims of a small minority that this is scapegoating probably stem from, in my opinion—wholly my opinion. But it was at that point that there were serious concerns raised. We'll say maybe five pretty well-established faculty members from across campus, they hold a formal hearing, they weigh the evidence, they look at all this. They don't make him a saint, but they certainly say that it's not enough to take his job. I'm sure that that decision to overturn the president and the faculty committee's decision must have been a pretty heated discussion amongst the regents.

It was not.

It was not? Had you all decided that you were going to push through with this no matter what the decision was?

We hadn't decided it ahead of time, but in reviewing what it was, we determined that stronger action was needed.

OK. Why? What were the reasons that came up amongst the regents?

Well, I don't remember the discussion, you know, from thirty years ago. I recall that we definitely discussed it for a lot of time, but it was not heated. It was a calm discussion.

Right. And I guess I don't understand that decision beyond that. It seems like this would really cause a lot of hostility among the whole university community to basically reject their findings. And it was supposedly an impartial . . .

It didn't. It didn't.

It didn't? OK.

I mean, there were definite factions on the university campus, but it was not something that lasted for any extensive period of time.

So probably you didn't think of this as being something that would cause that much of a problem on campus afterwards?

No.

That there would be a small pocket that might be affected, but that's all?

Well, we've got to do what we feel is right, regardless of what you think other people are going to think about it. That was what the regents felt was a right decision for the university. There are lots of decisions regents make that are not popular with either students or faculty.

On a yearly basis, I'm sure.

Oh, yes. But you can't be an effective board and worry about some particular faction or other not liking it. That's always going to happen.

Well, maybe we can just move on. In the years that followed, you moved out of the regents position, and what year was that?

Nineteen seventy-one, I think.

Nineteen seventy-one? And you started moving up into the court system?

No, I became the university attorney.

And how long did you . . . ?

I did that for four years. I didn't run again [for the board], because they had reapportioned and Washoe County only had one representative, and I would had to have run against Fred Anderson, who was one of my best friends. And so it just happened that they were creating this

university attorney position that also was a deputy attorney general position. So that worked out well, so I thought, "Oh, I'll just do that."

Speaking of friends, old acquaintances, professional law partners—Charlie Springer was defending Adamian, serving as his legal counsel, and then continued to for several more years afterwards. To the average person this seems like a conflict of interest, but maybe to explain it from a lawyer's perspective, because obviously in a small state as it was at the time . . .

Well, of course, that partnership had been dissolved lots earlier. We had our other partner, who had had health problems. Springer filled the unexpired term of the Attorney General. I kept the firm going for awhile, but after Springer finished being Attorney General, I made arrangements to join another firm. We're still friends, even though he sued me and the other regents. There was no conflict of interest, because it had been a long time since 1963 when our partnership was dissolved.

What did you think of his handling of the case? I mean, from another lawyer's perspective.

He did a good job—a good job.

I've had a few people tell me—not legal experts of course—that had the case been treated in terms of a First Amendment issue rather than sort of the school code issue, that things might have turned out differently.

Well, he did treat it as a First Amendment issue. That's what went up to the court of appeals. That was entirely a First Amendment issue.

OK. When did you join the Ninth Circuit Court?

Nineteen seventy-seven.

OK, so it's 1977. And again, maybe you can help a lay person understand. Adamian's case originally went to Bruce Thompson's court, and

he was disqualified, being a former regent himself. So it went down to Foley, who was in Las Vegas at the time. Foley ruled in favor of Adamian; he said he should be granted back pay and reinstated. And that was then appealed by the regents, went to the Ninth Circuit Court, and this was in . . . I have to get the date. The appeal was based on a 1963 addendum to the code of the American Association of University Professors. And this addendum to the code that was based on or used for the Adamian decision was significant enough and specific enough that the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals sent it back to Foley, and then Foley then withdraws from the case. And as far as I understand it, is this for health reasons? I'm not sure if you know.

I don't know why.

OK. So now, the two district courts in Nevada where Adamian's case could be treated are both not possibilities. They bring in a Howard Turrentine from San Diego, and he rules in favor of the university based on the 1963 addendum, which didn't even come up until the whole appeals process—that's sort of when that came into play. And at this time, Adamian appeals to the Ninth Circuit Court and you are now part of that court. And because of conflicts of interest, other judges resign, and so it's moved right in through the Tenth Circuit Court.

Two judges were brought in from the Tenth Circuit.

Two of them, OK. From an outsider's perspective this seems really crazy. Is it?

Why?

It seems like there's conflict of interest all over the place, that the judges are withdrawing and the case is having to be bounced around because the judges who would preside all either withdraw or they're . . . I mean, Thompson, because of his involvement with the university, a conflict of interest; Foley withdraws as it's still playing out

in the court system. Now, you, as one of the plaintiffs, are now sitting on the court of appeals, which makes it even difficult for other judges there.

Well, now, let's go back. Bruce Thompson withdrew, I think, because he formerly was a regent. For some reason he thought it was awkward, which makes sense. I mean, he was a very good judge, and it wouldn't have made any difference to him, but I think probably he was concerned about the perception. And so Roger Foley heard the case and granted a summary judgment, which was then reversed. I'm not sure why Roger Foley recused himself when the case was remanded. That's not terribly unusual to have judges feel that they should recuse themselves. Maybe he thought it was better for an outside judge to hear the case, maybe his case load was such that he couldn't hear it, or it could have been health reasons, as you suggested.

So is that something that happens regularly?

He was the only judge in Las Vegas at the time. I think he did have one more hearing in the case, but in any event, on the final trial of the matter, Judge Foley recused himself, and Judge Turrentine was brought in. The Ninth Circuit often will bring in someone from another district to hear a case. It happens all the time. Lots of times it's for the reason that the judge's case load is such that he can't hear the case then, or the judge has recused himself. It could well have been that Roger Foley was involved in some extensive trial. But it's not infrequent that another judge is brought in, and it was not unusual that Judge Turrentine was then brought in to hear the case.

And, of course, federal district judges from anywhere are capable of hearing a case, and probably it made some sense, because he was completely outside of any knowledge about the university or any of the circumstances of it. So he was the one that was selected by the circuit to hear it.

Then, of course, I had no idea of ever becoming a federal judge at that time. That, I

think, was about 1975, and I was appointed in 1977. It just happened that I was selected as a federal judge about the time that his decision was appealed to the Ninth Circuit. Well, it made sense that none of the judges on the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals would feel that they should be hearing a case that I was involved in earlier. So that made a lot of sense to bring in judges from another circuit to hear it along with a district judge. The district judge also had nothing to do with me and wasn't on the same court as I was. So those three judges would not have any problem with an appearance of being biased. So that's the reason.

OK. It's really complicated. I mean, from someone who's not familiar with the way the system works. And there's a lot of misunderstanding about how the appeals process is played out with Adamian's case.

Oh, really?

You know, things like that, which I'm sure you can understand from other confusions.

It was not an unusual situation where a summary judgment will be reversed, and then it'll be sent back for trial. Then they'll have the trial, and the trial results get appealed, which is very common.

Did you ever think that he might win? I mean, that Adamian and Springer, that their case would be successful, and that all these years of various appearances and legal documents . . . Did you ever think that there was a possibility that court might find in his favor as the final judgment?

Well, in a lawsuit that's always a possibility.

But did you personally think . . . ?

One side or the other has got to win.

Did you think that that was possible, I mean, from your knowledge of how legal proceedings worked?

I felt that he should not win. I didn't know what the result was going to be.

Did you think he had much of a case?

No.

No? OK. Maybe just looking back at a lot of this, it was basically events that covered the span of one year but wouldn't go away for another ten. Did it continue to be much of an issue? You worked with university counsel. How does a legal trial like that affect the university system when it's an ongoing thing?

It was really not much. It was a continuing issue. It was just one of the things that was going on in the university, but there were other suits. A couple you'd mentioned that I don't recall, but I remember other suits that were going on. This was one of them, but there were a lot more pressing problems at the university than those suits.

Is there anything that you wish you had done differently or that the regents could have done differently throughout this turn of events? And were there any things that happened, or decisions you had made, where you in retrospect—five, ten years—said, "Well, perhaps we should have done things this way."?

No, I really feel that what was done was correct. I thought that the actions the regents took in that case and in connection with other matters during those contentious times were proper. I thought that we handled it quite well.

If there hadn't been as much outcry from off campus, outside of the boundaries of the UNR campus, do you think that the regents would have followed through with the case and investigation against Adamian? Well, it's wide speculation.

Well, I think you have to look at it in the context of the time the things were occurring. And Adamian was very active on campus after that incident, too, which probably has something

to do with the fact that I feel what was done was right, because he continued pretty much along the same line with other students.

My view was that if we didn't stop the disruptive things at the beginning, we were going to have a lot more escalating in the future. We were going to have things happen that happened in California, happened at San Francisco State, happened in other areas. Kent State, of course, was even worse. But I thought that it was essential then that we made it known that we were going to be firm, that we were not going to permit faculty members to lead disruptive actions. Faculty members have much influence over students. They should be responsible leaders to avoid disruptive and dangerous conduct. And my view is that unless we had taken firm action when we did, that we would have been in somewhat the same position as other campuses that did not.

Right. Now, Paul Adamian said in an interview that at one point, and this is in the fall (he doesn't recall the exact time), but that you had come to his house and basically advised him to cool it.

That I had come to his house?

Yes, that you had stopped by to talk with him and basically asked him to . . .

Absolutely untrue. I have never been to Adamian's house.

OK. That's fine. That's why I was asking you, too.

Isn't that the strangest thing?

He said that you had come to see him to ask him to calm down on campus, basically.

No. No, I did not. He must have been dreaming. Maybe somebody else did.

Had you ever met him personally?

I don't know. You meet a lot of faculty. I might have. I don't remember having met him, though.

And with Edd Miller afterwards, I've heard people—pretty good faculty members who were out at the time—say that, because of Governor's Day, there were some problems between Miller and the regents, in terms of . . . I'm not sure if it's communication or trust or confidence or what. But at one point he had submitted his resignation, which the regents actually refused to accept. Can you talk about any of that?

I don't know about that, but I know we had a lot of confidence in Edd Miller and thought he was a fine president, and I think the regents did, too. He was a fine president.

So were there any repercussions from Governor's Day other than the lengthy appeals process, would you say?

Not really. I thought that things went along pretty well, and I thought that although there was some initial concern about the code and the manner in which we pushed it through and then sent it to the faculty to have them consider it and bring it back. There was some concern about that at the time that that didn't continue on. And I think most of the faculty realized at that time we had to do something to get a more certain code of what the acceptable and unacceptable conduct was, both for the students and faculty.

So do you think it had a positive affect on the university community?

I do.

You do? Any negative things come out of it?

I don't think so. I think that things went along rather smoothly.

OK. Is there anything else you'd like to comment on about any and all of this? I've been bouncing

around about some fairly specific things. But just from your perspective, being chair of the regents throughout all of this. It sounds from what you've told me today that it's fairly peaceful amongst the regents, as far as dealing with these things, and that the decisions you made you seem pretty happy with.

Yes.

Anything else you'd want to add to any of that?

Although this was a concern right at that time, in the context of what was going on in the entire country, which was a very difficult contentious time, I thought that we at the University of Nevada handled it well. I guess the other thing I'd like to say is that this was one of many things that were happening at the university, and what I've been the most pleased about is not the handling of this incident, although the fact that this was, I thought, handled well. What I'm pleased about is the way that the University of Nevada developed. We got the community college system going, got a medical school going, and all of that was during this time. We brought the National Judicial College to the campus during that time. It was originally in Denver, but brought it here with the great assistance of the Fleischmann Foundation. We got them involved. And I think that we built a lot of new buildings.

We had a good relationship with the legislature and were able to expand the university, both in Reno and Las Vegas. One of the things that we did during that time was with the help of Perry Thomas, particularly. We just had two buildings down there [in Las Vegas] at the time, and Perry Thomas, the banker, assisted us quite a bit. We formed a foundation that bought the land around the university and were able to get it financed through the bank there. Then, as the university needed it, it could buy it from the foundation. Otherwise, if we had not done that, as the state starts to condemn property it makes all the rest of the property go up. So all that area around the Las Vegas campus we probably

wouldn't have been able to get if we hadn't have done it in that way.

So I feel proud about that, that we got the campus built from those two buildings to a very substantial campus. We got the community college system in Elko going, and the one in Carson City. The Desert Research Institute has developed into a premier research institute and well recognized in the country. I think that the university system has done well, and I'm kind of proud of having been a part of it.

What do you think of some of the challenges it's going to face in the future, having seen it grown up?

Well, one of the challenges always is having adequate financing when budgets get tight. When the university appropriation is tight, there are concerns about faculty salaries and being able to compete and so forth. But I think that the university, both of the two university campuses and the community colleges, will do well, but I think that we're just going to have to watch to be able to expand the university system to take care of the growth that we're going to be having in the state. We've been the fastest growing state in the country, and that's going to be a real challenge to be able to meet that with facilities and adequate faculty salaries to attract the people we need.

Yes. Anything else?

That's all.

OK. Thank you very much.

Following review of his transcript, Procter Hug Jr. asked that the following statement be added to his oral history:

I attach copies of the two opinions of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals concerning Professor Paul Adamian. I believe they serve to clear up some inaccuracies expressed by Brad Lucas in his oral history interview of me on July 25, 2000. The most significant is his statement that the University Faculty Senate Committee had “basically come to the conclusion that there is no adequate cause for termination.” The Ninth Circuit, with the full record before them, stated in both opinions that, “He [Adamian] was summoned before a Faculty Senate hearing committee which found that his conduct had violated chapter 4, section 2.3 of the University Code and *thus constituted ‘adequate cause’ under the Code for his dismissal.*” [emphasis added] The committee “recommended” that his employment not be terminated unless he indulged in similar conduct in the future. Thus, the regents did not disagree with the findings of the faculty committee that there was “adequate cause” for dismissal, but only with its “recommendation” that he not be dismissed, despite there being adequate cause to do so. This is very different from the characterization in Brad Lucas’s statements and questions in this interview.

It is worth quoting the court’s brief summary of the facts:

Paul S. Adamian, a tenured Assistant Professor of English at the University of Nevada at Reno, participated in a demonstration during Governor’s Day ceremonies in the campus stadium in 1970, protesting the Cambodia invasion and the Kent State University killings. On prior application of the demonstrators, the Board of Regents (the Board) had given them permission to march three times around the stadium track. The protest went beyond the march, however. Adamian (yelling, “Let’s stop this mother . . .”) and others tried to stop a motorcade bringing officials for the

ceremonies into the stadium; led by Adamian the demonstrators then made loud noises to disrupt the ceremonies. Still later, Adamian left the stands, joined a group on the field and motioned other demonstrators onto the field, thus creating a danger of violent confrontation between two bodies of people. The Board directed that charges be brought against Adamian. He was summoned before a Faculty Senate hearing committee which found that his conduct had violated chapter 4, section 2.3, of the University Code, and thus constituted “adequate cause” under the Code for his dismissal. Although the committee recommended that his employment not be terminated unless he indulged in similar conduct in the future, the Board rejected the recommendation and ordered Adamian’s dismissal.

This indicates Paul Adamian was not being singled out as a “scapegoat” as Brad Lucas indicates, but rather because of the particular things he did.

Brad Lucas also indicates, “that had the case been treated in terms of a First Amendment issue rather than the school code issue, that things might have turned out differently.” It is clear from the opinions that the focus of the whole inquiry was whether the AAUP provisions were sufficiently definite to avoid a First Amendment challenge.

This leads to another point I was making in the interview. The reason for proposing a new more definitive code was to alleviate any question in the future about what conduct was not acceptable, and avoiding any possible interference with First Amendment rights.

May 27, 2004
Procter Hug Jr.

523 F.2d 929, *, 1975 U.S. App. LEXIS 12652, **

Page 1

LEXSEE 523 F.2D 929

PAUL S. ADAMIAN, Plaintiff-Appellee, v. HAROLD J. JACOBSEN, FLORA DUNGAN, FRED M. ANDERSON, M.D., JAMES L. BUCHANAN II, NEDRA JOYCE, LOUIS E. LOMBARDI, M.D., WILLIAM W. MORRIS, MEL STENINGER, HELEN R. THOMPSON, as constituting the present BOARD OF REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, Defendants-Appellants

No. 73-2921

UNITED STATES COURT OF APPEALS FOR THE NINTH CIRCUIT

523 F.2d 929; 1975 U.S. App. LEXIS 12652

September 24, 1975

PRIOR HISTORY: [1]**

Appeal from the United States District Court for the District of Nevada.

DISPOSITION:

Reversed and remanded.

LexisNexis (TM) HEADNOTES - Core Concepts:**JUDGES:**

Merrill, Carter and Choy, Circuit Judges.

OPINIONBY:

CHOY

OPINION:

[*931] CHOY, Circuit Judge:

Paul S. Adamian, a tenured Assistant Professor of English at the University of Nevada at Reno, participated in a demonstration during Governor's Day ceremonies in the campus stadium in 1970, protesting the Cambodia invasion and the Kent State University killings. On prior application of the demonstrators, the Board of Regents (the Board) had given them permission to march three times around the stadium track. The protest went beyond the march, however. Adamian (yelling, "Let's stop this mother . . .") and others tried to stop a motorcade bringing officials for the ceremonies into the stadium; led by Adamian the demonstrators then made loud noises to

disrupt the ceremonies. Still later, Adamian left the stands, joined a group on the field and motioned other demonstrators onto the field, thus creating a danger of violent confrontation between two bodies of people.

The Board directed that charges be brought against Adamian. He was summoned before a Faculty Senate hearing [**2] committee which found that his conduct had violated chapter 4, section 2.3, of the University Code, and thus constituted "adequate cause" under the Code for his dismissal. Although the committee recommended that his employment not be terminated unless he indulged in similar conduct in the future, the Board rejected the recommendation and ordered Adamian's dismissal.

Adamian brought this civil rights action in district court, claiming that the University had deprived him of his first amendment rights of speech and assembly. On July 20, 1973, the district court held that section 2.3 was invalid because vague and overbroad. The court entered partial summary judgment for Adamian, and ordered the present members of the Board of Regents in their representative capacities to reinstate Adamian. It also ordered back pay for Adamian in an amount to be later determined. On August 30, 1973, the court certified its order of reinstatement as a final judgment, pursuant to *Fed.R.Civ.P.* 54(b). The members of the Board appeal from that order. We reverse and remand.

Jurisdiction on Appeal

The July 20 order granting an injunction was an appealable interlocutory order. 28 U.S.C. § 1292 [**3] (a)(1). Because the regents did not file an appeal from this order within 30 days as required by 28 U.S.C. § 2107, Adamian argues that the regents' appeal is untimely. But an interlocutory appeal is permissive, not

523 F.2d 929, *; 1975 U.S. App. LEXIS 12652, **

mandatory, and the regents were free to await the August 30 final judgment and to appeal under 28 U.S.C. § 1291. *Caradelis v. Refineria Panama, S.A.*, 384 F.2d 589, 591 n.1 (5th Cir. 1967); *Bingham Pump Co. v. Edwards*, 118 F.2d 338, 339 (9th Cir.), cert. denied, 314 U.S. 656, 86 L. Ed. 525, 62 S. Ct. 107 (1941).

University Code, Section 2.3

The University Code of the University of Nevada requires that tenured professors be dismissed only for adequate cause, and the Board of Regents concluded that "adequate cause existing, [Adamian's] employment as a member of the Faculty of the University of Nevada, [*932] Reno is terminated this date." The term "adequate cause" must be interpreted in the context of traditional standards of faculty behavior; its vagueness is a necessary result of the many forms of faculty conduct which might justify dismissal. The Supreme Court's [*4] discussion of "cause" for dismissal from the civil service applies equally to academic tenure:

We do not believe that Congress [here, the state] was confined to the choice of enacting a detailed code of employee conduct, or else granting no job protection at all.

Arnett v. Kennedy, 416 U.S. 134, 159, 40 L. Ed. 2d 15, 94 S. Ct. 1633 (1974).

Nevertheless, when a statute or regulation by its vagueness or overbreadth threatens to deter the exercise of first amendment freedoms, we require of it greater precision and specificity than would be necessary to fulfill fifth or fourteenth amendment due process requirements. "Adequate cause" is certainly too imprecise a standard if expressive activity is understood to fall within its scope. If we were faced with a federal statute or regulation, we would cure this imprecision by construing it to exclude any application to constitutionally protected speech or conduct. *Arnett*, 416 U.S. at 162; *United States Civil Service Commission v. National Association of Letter Carriers*, 413 U.S. 548, 571, 37 L. Ed. 2d 796, 93 S. Ct. 2880 (1973). We cannot so construe a state regulation, [*5] however; we are required to base our judgment of its facial validity only on its meaning as authoritatively construed by a state court or agency. *Gooding v. Wilson*, 405 U.S. 518, 520, 31 L. Ed. 2d 408, 92 S. Ct. 1103 (1972).

The University Code, chapter 4, section 2.3, clarifies the meaning to be given "adequate cause" when that term is applied to a professor's expressive activity:

The faculty member is a citizen, a member of a learned profession, and a representative of the University. When he speaks or writes as a citizen, he will be

free from University censorship or discipline, but his special position in the community imposes special obligations. As a man of learning and as an educator, he knows that the public may judge his profession and this University by his utterances. At all times he strives to be accurate, to exercise appropriate restraint, to show respect for the opinion of others, and to make every effort to indicate that he is not a spokesman for this University.

Section 2.3, read in isolation, seems only to insure that a professor will be free of censorship when speaking as a citizen; the admonitions of the last sentence appear merely [*6] hortatory. The Board of Regents has construed the last sentence as stating adequate causes for dismissal, however, and we must give great deference to this construction of a regulation by the state agency which issued and enforces it. See *Jablon v. Trustees of the California State Colleges*, 482 F.2d 997, 999 (9th Cir. 1973), cert. denied, 414 U.S. 1163, 39 L. Ed. 2d 116, 94 S. Ct. 926 (1974). The regents explicitly charged Professor Adamian with having violated this section, and we accept it as defining the university's construction of "adequate cause" for dismissal of a professor based on his non-academic speech or writing. n1

n1 See Interpretation 3 of the 1940 Statement of Principles, agreed upon by the Association on Nov. 7-8, 1940:

If the administration of a college or university feels that a teacher has not observed the admonitions of Paragraph (c) of the section on Academic Freedom [section 2.3] and believes that the extramural utterances of the teacher have been such as to raise grave doubts concerning his fitness for his position, it may proceed to file charges under Paragraph (a)(4) of the section on *Academic Tenure*. In pressing such charges the administration should remember that teachers are citizens and should be accorded the freedom of citizens. In such cases the administration must assume full responsibility and the American Association of University Professors and the Association of American Colleges are free to make an investigation.

523 F.2d 929, *, 1975 U.S. App. LEXIS 12652, **

Academic Freedom and Tenure: A Handbook of the American Association of University Professors 39 (1969).

[**7]

[*933] *Vagueness and Overbreadth*

The closely related first amendment doctrines of vagueness and overbreadth permit a defendant to assert the invalidity of a statute because of its potential encroachment on first amendment freedoms, even in cases where the defendant's conduct itself is unprotected by the first amendment. We apply these doctrines quite rigorously when a statute is directed at "pure speech," especially to its expressive content. *Gooding v. Wilson*, 405 U.S. 518, 92 S. Ct. 1103, 31 L. Ed. 2d 408 (1972); *Lewis v. City of New Orleans*, 415 U.S. 130, 39 L. Ed. 2d 214, 94 S. Ct. 970 (1974); *Stromberg v. California*, 283 U.S. 359, 75 L. Ed. 1117, 51 S. Ct. 532 (1931). n2 On the other hand, if the state has attempted to regulate conduct for reasons unrelated to any expressive content, and the regulation has an incidental inhibiting effect on expression, in determining its facial validity we must weight the legitimate interest of the state in regulating the conduct against the potential deterrence, or "chill," of the exercise of first amendment freedoms. *Broadrick v. Oklahoma*, 413 U.S. 601, 615, 37 L. Ed. 2d 830, 93 S. Ct. 2908 (1973); [*8] *Parker v. Levy*, 417 U.S. 733, 760, 41 L. Ed. 2d 439, 94 S. Ct. 2547 (1974). n3 The balancing required of us in deciding whether to apply the vagueness and overbreadth doctrines resembles that required in determining whether a statute regulating conduct constitutes an impermissible abridgement of first amendment interests. See, e.g., *Grayned v. City of Rockford*, 408 U.S. 104, 33 L. Ed. 2d 222, 92 S. Ct. 2294 (1972); *United States v. O'Brien*, 391 U.S. 367, 20 L. Ed. 2d 672, 88 S. Ct. 1673 (1968); *Cameron v. Johnson*, 390 U.S. 611, 20 L. Ed. 2d 182, 88 S. Ct. 1335 (1968).

n2 The Supreme Court has apparently applied the overbreadth doctrine equally rigorously to topless dancing as a form of expression. The Court, in an opinion by Mr. Justice Rehnquist, held facially invalid a town ordinance banning all topless dancing, observing that it had suggested in *California v. LaRue*, 409 U.S. 109, 118, 34 L. Ed. 2d 342, 93 S. Ct. 390 (1972), that some topless dancing might be entitled to first amendment protection. The Court did not engage in a *Broadrick*-type analysis to determine the legitimate scope of such an ordinance in relation to its possible application to protected expressive activity. *Doran v. Salem Inn, Inc.*, 422 U.S. 922, 95 S. Ct. 2561, 45 L. Ed. 2d 648, 43 U.S.L.W. 5039 (1975). [*9]

n3 In *Parker*, the Court dismissed overbreadth challenges to the military regulations prohibiting conduct "unbecoming an officer and a gentleman" and "to the prejudice of good order and discipline in the armed forces." The court held that the ""weighty countervailing policies," *Broadrick, supra*, 413 U.S. at 611, which permit the extension of standing in First Amendment cases involving civilian society, must be accorded a great deal less weight in the military context." 417 U.S. at 760.

Section 2.3 requires that a professor strive for accuracy, restraint, and respect for the opinions of others. On its face, section 2.3 is directed at "pure speech," not at expressive conduct. The state cannot regulate any protected speech on the basis of content. *Police Department of the City of Chicago v. Mosley*, 408 U.S. 92, 33 L. Ed. 2d 212, 92 S. Ct. 2286 (1972). Even in the case of "pure speech," however, the deference which must be accorded first amendment interests attenuates when the state attempts to regulate not the expressive content of the speech, [*10] but its external effects, such as noise. *Grayned, supra*; *Kovacs v. Cooper*, 336 U.S. 77, 93 L. Ed. 513, 69 S. Ct. 448 (1949); contrast *Saia v. New York*, 334 U.S. 558, 92 L. Ed. 1574, 68 S. Ct. 1148 (1948).

Section 2.3 is neutral as to content; it regulates the manner in which that content is expressed, much as do statutes aimed at excessive noise. Therefore, in examining its facial validity, we find it appropriate to apply the more rigorous *Broadrick* test, i.e., whether any overbreadth perceived is "not only . . . real, but substantial as well, judged in relation to the statute's [*934] plainly legitimate sweep." *Broadrick*, 413 U.S. at 615.

First amendment protections are not "shed . . . at the schoolhouse gate." *Tinker v. Des Moines Independent Community School District*, 393 U.S. 503, 506, 21 L. Ed. 2d 731, 89 S. Ct. 733 (1969). It is true that we will strike the balance between the interests of the state and of the individual somewhat differently when the citizen is an employee of the state. *Pickering v. Board of Education*, 391 U.S. 563, 568, 20 L. Ed. 2d 811, 88 S. Ct. 1731 (1968); [*11] *United States Civil Service Commission v. National Association of Letter Carriers*, 413 U.S. 548, 564, 37 L. Ed. 2d 796, 93 S. Ct. 2880 (1973). The desire to maintain a sedate academic environment, "to avoid the discomfort and unpleasantness that always accompany an unpopular viewpoint," is not an interest sufficiently compelling, however, to justify limitations on a teacher's freedom to express himself on political issues in vigorous, argumentative, unmeasured, and even distinctly unpleasant terms. *Tinker*, 393 U.S. at 509. See

523 F.2d 929, *, 1975 U.S. App. LEXIS 12652, **

Los Angeles Teachers Union v. Los Angeles City Board of Education, 71 Cal. 2d 551, 455 P.2d 827, 78 Cal.Rptr. 723 (1969). Only where expressive behavior "involves substantial disorder or invasion of the rights of others" may it be regulated by the state. 393 U.S. at 513. Self-restraint and respect for all shades of opinions, however desirable and necessary in strictly scholarly writing and discussion, cannot be demanded on pain of dismissal once the professor crosses the concededly fine line from academic instruction as a teacher to political agitation as a citizen - even on the campus itself. [**12]

On its face, section 2.3's requirement that a professor exercise appropriate restraint and show respect for the opinions of others is susceptible of interpretations which would render it overbroad under *Tinker*, and would thus deter the vigorous advocacy of unpopular political ideas. We take notice, however, that section 2.3 was adopted almost verbatim from the 1940 Statement of Principles of the American Association of University Professors. Academic Freedom and Tenure: A Handbook of the American Association of University Professors 36 (1969). In 1963, the Association construed the Statement's language regarding academic freedom in its Advisory Letter No. 11: Extramural Utterances. Id. at 132-34:

It is the view of this Office that the term 'appropriate restraint,' as used above, refers solely to choice of language and to other aspects of the manner in which a statement is made. It does not refer to the substance of a teacher's remarks. * * *

'A violation may consist of serious intemperateness of expression, intentional falsehood, incitement of misconduct, or conceivably some other impropriety of circumstance. It may not lie, however, in the error or unpopularity, [**13] even though gross, of the ideas contained in the utterance.'

[A] determination concerning alleged violation of the standard of academic responsibility may not be made except on the basis of the criteria elaborated above. * * *

Academic consideration of the extramural utterances of a faculty member shall occur only when the remarks raise 'grave doubts' concerning his fitness for his position

The disciplining of a faculty member for exercising the rights of free speech guaranteed to him as a citizen by the Constitution of the United States necessarily raises such fundamental issues that institutions are cautioned to take such action only under extraordinary circumstances. Neither the error nor the unpopularity of ideas or opinions may provide an adequate basis for such disciplinary action, whatever temporary embarrassment these views may bring to the institution.

The Association's construction so narrows the language of section 2.3 as to [**935] eliminate any overbreadth resulting in facial invalidity of the section. The Handbook emphasizes that section 2.3 does not "refer to the substance of a teacher's remarks." Moreover, the Association's repeated [**14] assurance that a professor will not be penalized for the error or unpopularity of his ideas reassures us that the Association intended to assure a professor his full measure of first amendment rights. While the Association's construction is itself not entirely free of overbreadth problems, n4 we believe that it circumscribes within constitutional limits, insofar as is practicable, those situations in which a faculty member is subject to discipline. Any overbreadth remaining in the Association's interpretation of proper grounds for dismissal falls short of *Broadrick's* requirement of "substantial overbreadth."

n4 We might have some doubt whether the phrase "serious intemperateness of expression," standing alone, would provide a sufficiently narrow standard for a professor's "extramural" speech. Nevertheless, the Association emphasizes that such a lack of restraint does not per se justify dismissal, but only when it raises "grave doubts" concerning the professor's fitness for his position. While even this latter standard is somewhat susceptible to an overbroad application, we do not believe that such a standard encompasses so much protected speech as to render section 2.3 "substantially" overbroad. Whatever overbreadth lingers in the section may be cured on a case-by-case basis in those situations where the section is applied to punish the exercise of protected speech.

[**15]

That the University has adopted the Statement of Principles virtually word for word suggests that it also accepts the narrowing interpretation placed on it by the Association. We remand the case to the district court

523 F.2d 929, *, 1975 U.S. App. LEXIS 12652, **

with instruction to hear testimony from the regents in order to determine whether the regents' construction of section 2.3 is the same as that of the American Association of University Professors.

Reversed and remanded.

608 F.2d 1224, *; 1979 U.S. App. LEXIS 11180, **

FOCUS - 28 of 110 DOCUMENTS

**PAUL S. ADAMIAN, Plaintiff-Appellant, vs. DR. LOUIS E. LOMBARDI, et al.,
Defendants-Appellees.**

No. 76-2866

UNITED STATES COURT OF APPEALS, NINTH CIRCUIT

608 F.2d 1224; 1979 U.S. App. LEXIS 11180

October 16, 1979

SUBSEQUENT HISTORY: [1]**

Rehearing Denied December 18, 1979.

PRIOR HISTORY: Appeal from the United States District Court for the District of Nevada.

LexisNexis (TM) HEADNOTES - Core Concepts:

COUNSEL:

Charles E. Springer, Ltd., Reno, Nev., for plaintiff-appellant.

Larry D. Lessly, Deputy Atty. Gen., Reno, Nev., argued and on brief, for defendants-appellees.

JUDGES:

Before BREITENSTEIN n* and DOYLE, n** Circuit Judges, and POOLE, n*** District Judge.

* Honorable Jean S. Breitenstein, Senior Circuit Judge, United States Court of Appeals, Tenth Circuit, sitting by designation of the Intercircuit Assignment Committee.

n** Honorable William E. Doyle, Circuit Judge, United States Court of Appeals, Tenth Circuit, sitting by designation of the Intercircuit Assignment Committee.

n*** Honorable Cecil F. Poole, United States District Judge for the Northern District of California, sitting by designation.

After this appeal had been argued and submitted, Judges Duniway and Choy concluded that they should disqualify themselves from

further participation in the decision. By order of March 6, 1979, submission for decision was vacated. Subsequently, the Chairman of the Intercircuit Assignment Committee certified consent for Judges Breitenstein and Doyle to constitute a new hearing panel along with Judge Poole. [**2]

OPINIONBY:

POOLE

OPINION:

[*1225]

On this, the second appeal in this matter, we review the discharge of Paul S. Adamian, an Assistant Professor of English at the University of Nevada, at Reno, arising from his conduct while participating in a campus demonstration during Governor's Day ceremonies, May 5, 1970, in the university stadium. The demonstration was in protest against the Cambodian invasion and the Kent State University killings. Our opinion on the prior appeal (*Adamian v. Jacobsen*, 523 F.2d 929 (9th Cir. 1975)), described the facts as follows at 931:

" * * * On prior application of the demonstrators, the Board of Regents (the Board) had given them permission to march three times around the stadium track. The protest went beyond the march, however, Adamian (yelling, "Let's stop this mother .') and others tried to stop a motorcade bringing officials for the ceremonies into the stadium; led by Adamian the demonstrators then made loud noises to disrupt the ceremonies. Still later, Adamian left the stands, joined a

608 F.2d 1224, *; 1979 U.S. App. LEXIS 11180, **

group on the field and motioned other demonstrators onto the field, thus creating a danger of violent confrontation between two bodies of people.
[**3]

"The Board directed that charges be brought against Adamian. He was summoned before a Faculty Senate hearing committee which found that his conduct had violated chapter 4, section 2.3, of the University Code, and thus constituted 'adequate cause' under the Code for his dismissal. Although the committee recommended that his employment not be terminated unless he indulged in similar conduct in the future, the Board rejected the recommendation and ordered Adamian's dismissal."

Adamian responded by filing a civil rights action in the district court under 42 U.S.C. § 1981 and § 1985, n1 alleging violation of his First Amendment speech rights and of his Fourteenth Amendment due process rights in depriving him of his tenured professorship, and in the manner by which, and the reasons for which, it was accomplished. He named as defendants the University, the Board of Regents and its members individually. He sought reinstatement, compensation for lost earnings, and damages for violation of his civil rights. The district court dismissed the University and the Board of Regents because neither state agency was a "person" within the meaning of the Civil Rights Act, 42 U.S.C. § 1983. [**4] *Whitner v. Davis*, 410 F.2d 24 (9th Cir. 1969). Action continued against all Regents in their representative capacities (F.R.Civ.P. 25(d)(1)) and against all Regents (who were such at the time of plaintiff's dismissal) in their individual capacities.

n1. In ruling on a motion to dismiss, the district court treated the action as an attempt to state a claim under 42 U.S.C. § 1983. On the first appeal, we treated the claim likewise.

Adamian moved for partial summary judgment, arguing that Section 2.3 of the University Code, upon which the Regents relied in dismissing him, was unconstitutionally vague and over-broad, impinging upon his First Amendment rights of free speech and assembly, as well as violating his due process rights under the Fourteenth Amendment.

[*1226] PRIOR RULINGS OF THE DISTRICT COURT

The district court examined the language of Section 2.3 which reads as follows:

"The faculty member is a citizen, a member of a learned profession, and a representative of this University. When he speaks [**5] or writes as a citizen, he will be free from University censorship or discipline, but his special position in the community imposes special obligations. As a man of learning and as an educator, he knows that the public may judge his profession and this University by his utterances. At all times he strives to be accurate, to exercise appropriate restraint, to show respect for the opinions of others, and to make every effort to indicate that he is not a spokesman for this University."

In weighing plaintiff's challenge, the Court found irrelevant questions such as whether plaintiff had in fact received procedural due process, or whether his conduct could be construed to be proscribed by the Section. It invoked *Dombrowski v. Pfister*, 380 U.S. 479, 486, 85 S. Ct. 1116, 1121, 14 L. Ed. 2d 22 as authority for allowing "attacks on overly broad statutes (involving constitutionally protected expression) with no requirement that the person making the attack demonstrate that his own conduct could not be regulated by a statute drawn with the requisite narrow specificity." It held that the code language was so over-broad that it could authorize a tenured professor's termination for utterances [**6] which are merely inaccurate, contrary to *Pickering v. Board of Education*, 391 U.S. 563, 88 S. Ct. 1731, 20 L. Ed. 2d 811 (1968); and so vague that men of common intelligence could differ as to its meaning. *NAACP v. Button*, 371 U.S. 415, 83 S. Ct. 328, 9 L. Ed. 2d 405 (1963).

The District court entered summary judgment for plaintiff ordering his reinstatement and compensation for his loss of earnings. *Adamian v. University of Nevada*, 359 F. Supp. 825 (D.Nev.1973). The Regents appealed. We reversed. *Adamian v. Jacobsen*, 523 F.2d 929 (9th Cir. 1975).

FORMER OPINION SECTION 2.3

Looking at the University of Nevada Code, this Court saw that it requires that tenured professors be dismissed only for adequate cause, and that in dismissing Adamian the Board of Regents had found adequate cause. The opinion held that, "the term 'adequate cause' must be interpreted in the context of traditional standards of faculty behavior; its vagueness is a necessary result of the many forms of faculty conduct which might justify dismissal." 523 F.2d at 932. The Court had in mind the common sense postulate that the lawmaker is not required to enact a detailed code of employee conduct. *Arnett v. Kennedy*, [**7] 416 U.S. 134, 94 S. Ct. 1633, 40 L. Ed. 2d 15 (1974). But it also noted that when such

608 F.2d 1224, *; 1979 U.S. App. LEXIS 11180, **

a regulation may impinge on First Amendment freedoms, "we . . . require greater precision and specificity than would be necessary to fulfill Fifth or Fourteenth Amendment due process requirements." 523 F.2d at 932. Judged in this light, the standard of "adequate cause" could conceivably have broad enough sweep to include oppressive activity and thus be vulnerable to the possibility of infringing upon constitutionally protected speech or conduct.

But Judge Choy's carefully considered opinion emphasized the caution that, in the analysis of a state regulation, the judgment as to its facial validity must rest on its meaning "as authoritatively construed by (the appropriate) state court or agency (empowered to do so)." 523 F.2d at 932; and See *Gooding v. Wilson*, 405 U.S. 518, 92 S. Ct. 1103, 31 L. Ed. 2d 408 (1972). The appropriate agency here is the Board of Regents which found Adamian's conduct to be adequate cause for dismissal when examined in the light of Section 2.3. Most of the language of that section appeared to us to be "merely hortatory," but the Regents gave it a construction particularly [**8] as to the last sentence which had the effect of narrowing the standards by which to judge conduct appropriate for tenured faculty. That last sentence reads:

"At all times he strives to be accurate, to exercise appropriate restraint, to show [**1227] respect for the opinion of others, and to make every effort to indicate that he is not a spokesman for this University."

The Regents viewed this language as requiring that a professor seek accuracy, restraint, and that as a representative of his learned profession he display the educator's respect for the opinion of others. The record below suggested that the Regents viewed these words as referring not to pure speech, but to expressive conduct; as dealing with manner, with seamliness of expression, rather than with content. Such construction would be entitled to great deference. *Jablon v. Trustees of the California State Colleges*, 482 F.2d 997, 999 (9th Cir. 1973), Cert. denied, 414 U.S. 1163, 94 S. Ct. 926, 39 L. Ed. 2d 116 (1974). Under these circumstances we thought it appropriate to apply the test which weighs the potentially "chilling effect" of possibly imprecise words against the interests of the state in the [**9] conduct at issue. This is the test of *Broadrick v. Oklahoma*, 413 U.S. 601, 615, 93 S. Ct. 2908, 2918, 37 L. Ed. 2d 830 (1973) (involving a state "Hatch Act"), in which a majority of the court, through Mr. Justice White, stated:

"To put the matter another way, particularly where conduct and not merely speech is involved, we believe that the overbreadth of a statute must not only be real, but substantial as well, judged in

relation to the statute's plainly legitimate sweep."

"Substantial," the majority said, calls for "case-by-case analysis of the fact situations to which its (the statute's) sanctions, assertedly, may not be applied." 413 U.S. at 616, 93 S. Ct. at 2918.

Applying the above principle to this case, we noted in our opinion that Section 2.3 had been adopted from the 1940 Statement of Principles of the American Association of University Professors. Academic Freedom and Tenure: A Handbook of the American Association of University Professors 36 (1969). The Association itself had construed the language of the Section with full consideration of its effect on academic freedom. The Association asserted unequivocally that it was not directed at the substance of a [**10] teacher's remarks, and that, as a standard, it could not appropriately be invoked except " * * * when the remarks raise 'grave doubts' concerning his fitness for his position * * *." 523 F.2d at 934.

We therefore concluded that since the Association had so narrowed the language of the Section, any substantive overbreadth had been eliminated, and that what remained was well outside of Broadrick's requirement of "substantial overbreadth." Accordingly, we remanded to the district court with direction to hear testimony from the Regents to determine whether their construction had been the same as that of the AAUP.

FINDINGS AND DECISION ON REMAND

In May 1976, the district court proceeded to take testimony on the question whether the Regent's interpretation of Chapter 4, Section 2.3 of the University Code was the same as that of AAUP. Seven of the Regents testified that their construction was the same as that given by the AAUP. The district court thereupon found that to be the fact and, consequently, that Section 2.3 is not unconstitutionally overbroad. The court further found as a fact that the administrative hearing which the Regents had afforded Adamian comported with substantive [**11] and procedural due process.

As to Adamian's contention that his termination violated his First Amendment right to freedom of speech, the Court found the case controlled by *Pickering v. Board of Education*, supra, 391 U.S. at 573, 88 S. Ct. 1731, and equated Adamian's conduct to the intentionally disruptive acts which led to the discharges involved in *Whitsel v. Southeast Local School District*, 484 F.2d 1222 (6th Cir. 1973) (faculty member encouraged high school students to resist disciplinary authority and continue unauthorized assembly protesting discharge of another teacher, suggesting the discharge had been improper); and *Gray v. Union County Intermediate Education District*, 520 F.2d 803 (9th Cir. 1975)

608 F.2d 1224, *; 1979 U.S. App. LEXIS 11180, **

(untentured teacher attempted to interfere with agency-guardian's decision not to have retarded minor ward undergo a therapeutic abortion).

[*1228] The district judge on remand made findings that:

"Professor Adamian played a prominent role in unauthorized student protest activities during school hours on school property. He continued to lead raucous catcalls after the University President had asked the audience to be quiet. His conduct in attempting to stop the Governor's [**12] motorcade, in leading raucous catcalls, and in charging onto the field during the ceremonies encouraged students to participate in similar activities. His acts caused a substantial and material disruption of a duly constituted university function which created a danger of violence. The Court can only conclude that plaintiff's activities went beyond the mere advocacy of ideas and counselled a course of action, interfered with the regular operation of the school, and consequently was outside the

protection of the First Amendment. Therefore, this Court holds that plaintiff was not denied freedom of speech. Accord, *Mabey v. Reagan*, 537 F.2d 1036 (9th Cir. 1976)."

Counsel for Adamian has argued that we should now review De novo the rulings of our earlier opinion. However, the scope of review is narrowed to the limitations of the remand. This Court's prior holding has become the law of the case, binding upon the present panel. *Haldane v. Ruppe*, 435 F.2d 647 (9th Cir. 1970), Cert. denied, 402 U.S. 906, 91 S. Ct. 1372, 28 L. Ed. 2d 646 (1971); *Clinton v. Joshua Hendy Corp.*, 285 F.2d 199 (9th Cir. 1960), Cert. denied, 366 U.S. 932, 81 S. Ct. 1654, 6 L. Ed. 2d 391 (1961). Appellant [**13] does not challenge the manner or fairness of the proceedings of the Court below.

As did the district judge, we hold that Professor Adamian was not denied freedom of speech, nor of assembly, nor equal protection. Our review of the record discloses no error below.

The judgment of the district court is affirmed.

JAMES HULSE

BRAD LUCAS: Today is November 17, 1998. This interview is being conducted in the office of James Hulse at UNR in Reno, Nevada. Dr. Hulse, if you could start out by just telling me what the campus was like in the early part of the Vietnam War.

JAMES HULSE: So we're talking about the early 1970s, so twenty-six, twenty-seven years ago.

Right.

One problem I have is that I've been on the campus so long, and I first came here as a student fifty years ago. So I've seen gradual changes, and it'll be a little hard to pin down that period. But it seems to me in many respects the south half of the campus was very similar to what it is now. The north half, from about our building here northward, has dramatically changed with all the new buildings. But the south half was sort of bucolic and pastoral as it is now. And if you're asking about the physical appearance of the campus . . .

I'd also like to know about when student activism started to develop in response to the war?

Well, there was certainly some tension prior to the governor's event. And now I'm having trouble remembering exactly what that was. (Maybe you can remind me.) But there was a certain amount of tension, because there was national tension. But it seemed to me this place was relatively quiet compared to anything that was going on at Berkeley or at some of the larger universities. So in the week of the Governor's Day episode, I believe, or a week before that (and my memory, I've learned, is always suspect), the Kent State episode occurred. That was only some days before, I think.

Right.

And that electrified this campus as it did many others across the country. It seems to me that there was much more tension almost immediately in a place that had been relatively quiet.

Do you remember the Jesse Sattwhite case going on in the weeks prior to that?

Well, I remember Jesse Sattwhite. I don't really remember where those episodes were in relation to Governor's Day. Was that at about the same time?



Jim Hulse, 1970s.

It was about the same time. I'm wondering if you saw a sort of a tension from those episodes before Governor's Day. There are other things on campus that were sort of heating things up.

Well, you may well be right. I should have done some reviewing, even of my own writings on this, before you came in, but I didn't. I do remember that Jesse Sattwhite was challenging the administration, the president and others, and so there was some amount of tension. Am I correct in thinking that this was in about April or May of 1970?

Right. March of 1970. So there was a marked shift with Kent State and the invasion of Cambodia.

I believe so. Yes. And I think we all became much more tense as a result of that episode.

Yes. Did you suspect that the invasion of Cambodia and Kent State would change the way things were being done around the campus?

I don't think I did. When a place has been quiet and calm The tension rose here so quickly, it surprised me, I think.

What about Paul Adamian, before Governor's Day? There was a lot of fallout from Governor's Day. What sort of person was he before the protests? Did you know him?

I knew him superficially. I did not know him well. I saw quite a bit of him during that week, but he struck me as being a sort of a vivacious, eager, or angry young man in the English Department. And I have been told (now, others will have better information) that he was being considered for tenure. The department, I believe, was split on recommending him for tenure, but the majority was for him. But they struggled to get him appointed. Now, all this is secondary as far as I'm concerned: that the administration then took that recommendation and argued for his approval for tenure before the Board of Regents. And almost immediately after tenure was granted, he became much more outspoken in his opposition. So it's as though he surprised, I think, the administration that had worked to get him tenure—and then he turned out to be unpredictable at best.

Right. Yes. You mention him being a sort of vivacious and angry young man.

Yes.

Had you seen him in other political or activist rallies?

I had never seen him up close in the way I did on that occasion: I saw him down in the Manzanita Bowl, where the sort of counter-rally was going on. As he was moving northward with the crowd, while some of us were following in hopes

that we could somehow divert it by lending some sense of responsibility to it, he was indeed unpredictable. Sometimes very excited, excitable; other times he would seem to be talking sense.

You said you saw him at the Manzanita Bow. Was he taking a sort of leadership role?

All of that happened so fast and so long ago, I'm hesitant. I remember being there with my friend Bob Harvey. (Have you talked with him?)

Not yet.

His memory is apt to be more reliable than mine. And I was sitting there with him in the audience when a group of activists were talking it up, shouting and yelling. And some of those young people I did not know. I later suspected—I heard, I don't know—that some of them had come in from California or from Berkeley, because some of them were not identifiable to me as our students, and they began shouting and talking. And my recollection is that Bob Harvey at one point went to talk to Paul Adamian to try to reason with him, so it would appear to me that Paul was somewhat up in front. But the group began to move so rapidly that I . . . It all happened within less time than we're taking here to describe it.

So within minutes.

Within minutes, yes. And I know Bob was trying to talk to Paul and to understand what was going on. I had read previously that Martin Luther King had said, "If you are in a potentially violent situation, you'd better be where the action is and not somewhere else. There ought to be calming voices there." And so with that instinct, I went along on the march. (And I probably said some of this in the interview before, which you have read more recently than I.)

Yes. How many people would you estimate were at the bowl?

Oh. Oh, dear. I don't know: a hundred, a hundred and fifty. It wasn't a huge crowd. I don't know. Maybe it could have been a couple of hundred, but it's very difficult to estimate even on the spot. More than forty or fifty. I would say fewer than two hundred. That's the best I can remember. Yes.

OK. Along those lines, you said that Bob Harvey was trying to maybe get a grip on what was going on there.

Yes.

How would you describe the atmosphere in the bowl before the march had gone on towards the stadium?

Well, there were some people making vigorous speeches. I had no idea they were going to move until almost it happened. Someone was saying, "Let's go. Let's go up to the stadium," and it started very quickly. It took me totally by surprise.

When you say vigorous, could you say a little more about that? What sorts of speeches were people giving?

Well, I think I thought it was some sort of a normal protest rally, sort of that kind of thing. I had marched in the civil rights rallies where you have rather lively rhetoric, but I'd never before been in a place where somebody said, "Let's go up to the Governor's Day event." [laughter] This was a new experience for me.

Were they suggesting a particular course of action, or was it just sort of a general . . . ?

I don't think they were. I don't remember a specific course of action. Paul Adamian was out front with a number of other people, and on the way up somehow the idea occurred that if we went up there and went around the stadium once, went in and around the stadium and came out, we would

have registered our protest. And I believe I was there when we stopped, at one point, somewhere near Lincoln Hall or something like that. Of course, Lincoln Hall was where they stopped the governor's car. Somehow Paul sat down or lay down or something in front of the governor's car, and I think it was just after that when someone suggested that we go around this circle once, around the stadium once, and out to register the protest.

The blocking of the motorcade that you mentioned, could you describe what you remember of that incident?

I was back of it then. I did not see it happen. When I came up behind I saw Paul in front of the car. And there's one photograph there in which I had stepped up by the library there and had looked down at him in which I'm in the photograph. But I did not see the episode itself, because I think it just happened that the governor's car and the head of the march got there at about the same time. And it was sometime around there, I think, that Paul was persuaded and he made a commitment that we'd go around the field once and come out, as a means of registering our protest. And I saw going up there Proctor Hug, who was chairman of the Board of Regents. (He'd been a personal friend. He and I were in school together.) And I said, "I think if they can go around the field once and out, everything will be done." But when we got up there and went in and around . . . And I don't know how many people there were. Were there a hundred? You probably have a better idea than I.

It's hard to say. People's perceptions are different.

So we did go up and around once, and then, all of a sudden they started around again, rather than going out of the stadium. I don't know whether we went around two or three times before they finally went out. And at one point someone asked if the protestors could have a speaker, and they suggested that I be the speaker. Had that

happened I simply would have said, "We've registered our protest. Now, we leave," or something like that, but try to be a calming influence. Well, that didn't happen, but at least there was some discussion of that.

But a fellow named Ben Hazard . . . Have you come across his name?

Yes, he was in the Art Department.

In the Art Department, yes. African-American, very bright, lively, flashy person. He wore a bright hat and a bright bandana of some kind, so he stood out in a crowd. And he was with us, and he was going around there, and at one point in the stadium, there were young ROTC fellows standing there with their weapons as though standing guard. One of our students said, "Let's go get one of those soldiers and tear down the flag and kill that son of a bitch."

And Ben Hazard said, "Wait a minute. Hold it! Hold it just a minute. If we want to kill somebody . . . do we really want to kill somebody? There's a four-star general sitting up there on that platform. Let's not kill this poor little bastard. Let's go get that son of a bitch. And you want to do it, and if you want to take the consequences, let's do it right now. You want to do that?" It was remarkable [laughter].

I think Ben had more to do with cooling that thing down or guiding the passions in a way that was not destructive than anyone else. He had been in those situations before. And, of course, I'm sure Bob Harvey said, when they talked about tearing down the flag, "If you do that, you're going to fight me, too." So there were quite a few voices like that. And I can't exactly remember how we got out, but I think that we really went around two or three times and then just the leadership took them out.

What other sorts of things were people talking about? I mean, you said someone was making the statement about tearing down the flag and killing . . . I'm assuming this wasn't a silent march around the stadium?

Oh, well, some were silent, some were shouting and yelling. How do you describe it? You've got fifty to a hundred people, or whatever the number was. Some people wanted to make a peaceful protest, and we thought we were going to go around once and out. There were others who wanted to make something much more of it and really disrupt the proceeding.

So would you say that there wasn't really necessarily a unified approach to the march?

I mean, I don't think it was unified. It certainly had not been planned in advance by the whole group. There may have been a core of people who knew what they wanted to do and who had a technique for rousing the crowd—because a lot of people were very disturbed about the war—but not necessarily for the point of breaking up or disrupting an official function. And I think a kind of momentum built that was . . . Well, a mob becomes a different thing from a group of individuals. So I think that's what happened.

Do you remember any other sort of conflicts between people who were marching?

I really don't. Actually, I think I remember now that we didn't go out, but some of us went up into the stadium, up into the bleachers and sat there and listened to the program—that we did sit. The few people who were there were trying to shout to disrupt, and we tried to discourage that. So I think some people left after the things quieted down. So we didn't leave the stadium. We went around, and most of us went up into the bleachers to take some seats.

Some of those there described the behavior of the demonstrators as rude and raucous.

Well, I'm sure that qualifies for some people, yes.

In what ways?

Well, they're just shouting obscenities and . . . After all, we went onto a field that was supposed to be a parade field for ROTC and Governor's Day, and for at least ten minutes, we disrupted that. [laughter] That's rude.

Right. Yes. Were any of the obscenities directed at anyone in particular?

See, I don't really remember those details. There was some chanting, yelling. I have no doubt that there were some insults yelled at the military people and the regents and others on the stage. Some of the regents and the president were really upset.

Paul Adamian was part of this large mob movement, as you describe it. What do you think made his behavior so much different from others in the stadium in particular?

Well, he was clearly a faculty member who was trying to rouse people, and so he was clearly standing out from the rest of us by his kind of flamboyant action and shouting. And I think he must have looked wilder than some of the rest of us.

And after that was over, let's see . . . At one point I went to talk to the president, who was livid and angry, and I tried to explain what we had done, and he accepted my explanation at first, I mean, right away. And I did leave. They talked to other colleagues to explain what we were trying to do. So I talked to some of the most conservative of them, because I found it's important to try to build bridges, rather than create gaps. So we spent a lot of time, the two of us. John Marschall, who was then a Catholic priest . . . Do you know John?

No.

He would be a good person to talk to if he hasn't been interviewed. I know he was very helpful at understanding or quieting, at anticipating, and we worked out a team of—I don't know—ten, twelve, fifteen of us who went to virtually

every rally that week. Every time there was a rally or a meeting, a few faculty members would go, and where it was possible, we would lead it. We would be the moderator. And we didn't shut anybody off, but we tried to do our best to keep people from interrupting each other. So we thought there should be a safety valve for these protests, that everybody should be heard, and that the cowboys—as they were calling the ag people—and the peaceniks didn't get at one another's throats.

And it was at some of those meetings that I thought there must be outsiders, there must be someone There were a few of our own students who were hotheaded, but there were some whom I didn't even know, whom I later became convinced were people here from elsewhere.

But either that afternoon or very soon afterwards I went over to talk to Bob Harvey about something, and we were talking about a rally or a meeting that was coming up that evening, and Paul Adamian came in, and Paul was really hyper; he was very active. And he either had some kind of a petition, or there was a petition there that he was We were talking about a piece of paper, as I recall, that was going to be circulated. Paul was obviously intending to go to that afternoon or evening meeting, and Bob Harvey said, "Paul, if I were you, I wouldn't go, because there are people who are out to kill you. There are some people who would just like to shoot you."

And Paul seemed absolutely startled: "Is that right?" He was disbelieving, but he was frightened. I think Bob said something that hit him in the gut, and he seemed at least to wake up for a moment. As I recall, he didn't show up at the next couple of meetings. So Bob was a good friend of his and gave him advice when he said, "You better watch it or there will be blood on the streets, and it might be yours."

Did you see his actions as being that severe while the protest was going on?

Well, I thought it was very strange. I thought at points it was irrational. So that's one reason I guessed, I hypothesized that he might be, if not

taking some sort of stimulant, at least overly excited.

At the time would you characterize his behavior as resulting in losing his job or being a sort of behavioral problem?

Well, of course, he did lose his job. The regents fired him, and he filed a suit, which went on in court for a long time. So in one sense, they violated his tenure, which they had just recently granted. I don't know what the formal procedure was. Maybe they revoked it or rescinded their previous action. That must be in the record somewhere. And the faculty union—I don't know what it is—the National Society of Professors (or whatever the union was at that time) fought vigorously against that. I tend to be a civil libertarian, and I don't think one should be fired on that basis. However, he acted in a way that he invited it, and I was not surprised when his case went through the courts and he lost. So had I been a regent at that time, I might well have voted for the rescinding of his tenure in view of that behavior, because he was certainly not trying to quiet things; he was indeed trying to make things more difficult.

In the days and weeks that followed Governor's Day, how would you describe how people characterized the protest?

Well, on the whole, I think people were really quite fair. There were some people who were very angry, and when someone gets angry, of course, the tendency is to shout at someone else. But on the whole, I think the regents were having a meeting in Elko that weekend, and they could have fired the whole lot of us, I suppose. But cooler heads prevailed, and I hope that some of us who went to these meetings had something to do with that, because it's one thing to protest Governor's Day and the event that was occurring down in the Bowl; it's another thing to march up and try to disrupt the proceedings. And to the extent that we did that, we were vulnerable, although I don't think what most of us did was

grounds for dismissal. And there are some places in which it could have led to that.

But I did take some time immediately after the event to talk to people who might be concerned. I used to work for the newspaper downtown years ago, and one of the early things I did was go down and talk to my colleagues on the newspaper to tell them why I had been there and what we were trying to do, and that may well have had some impact. You will remember probably the press coverage better than I, but it seems to me it was really quite balanced and fair, wasn't it? At least that's my recollection at this point.

There have been references to television coverage, which is not available today. Do you remember any of the television coverage at that time?

I don't remember that at all. I just really don't remember anything about it.

How did the students react to Governor's Day?

I think they were all over the map. There were some who were appalled and disgusted, and it probably depends on where you started. There had been protests in the classes. At one point some students—a few—tried to close down classes, close the university, for a week. And I remember I was teaching Russian history and so on. I remember a couple of our very good students, graduate students, who came into my Russian history class—a junior class—and they didn't quite demand, but some of them requested that I suspend class. Some of them insisted, urged me, to suspend class as a protest for what had happened at Kent State. And I said, "No."

And they were standing in the doorway as though they were going to protest, and I simply said to them, "You're welcome to join us and sit here in the class. I'm willing to discuss this later. I've got business to take care of in this class, and I'm not going to suspend it, because that's not an appropriate way to protest. So while I sympathize with your objective, I'm not going to adopt your means. So please either sit down or leave." And they did. Some of them came to my office after-

wards and objected, but we were basically friends, and we respected one another. And so that's how that went.

We had been through the civil rights movement, and some of us who were admirers of Martin Luther King thought his tactics, his methods of peaceful civil disobedience, were appropriate in some cases. And so that was basically where some of us were coming from.

What do you think caused the change, the difference in terms of activism?

What changed?

Between what you're saying—you having participated in the civil rights movement—what do you think caused students to be more interested in violent or subversive protests?

Well, I think the Kent State thing, as I said, lighted a fuse. There were all sorts of things that happened across the country in that week or two. I think there were some questions in some universities about whether they could finish the semester, so it was a kind of a contagion. And the television certainly covered those things. So I think that blunder at Kent State had its effect here.

Do you think Kent State polarized student opinion about the war?

To some extent it did, as it may well have done. Maybe the polarization was already beginning, but that was certainly an electric time here.

And earlier you had mentioned that Bob Harvey had told Paul Adamian that, you know, "There are some people who would like to see you hurt." Did you ever hear other threats?

No, I don't think I did. I chaired one meeting, and it may have been over in the Center for Religion and Life, when we had 150 people there—and all factions were there. And actually, 3 or 4 of us chaired it. The meeting went on for 3 or 4 hours, and we sort of traded off. But one

understanding we had was that anybody could speak, but if the insults got too bad, we would simply rule it out of order, and if there were any movement to start to move somewhere, we were going to be sure that the group did not move. If some people wanted to walk *out*, that's fine, but no one in the chair was going to condone any kind of movement, and we tried the best we could to prevent insults from being shouted back and forth: "He's got the chair. Now, let's let him speak. Your turn will come." And we just encouraged people to talk out their frustrations, putting some kind of dampers on the most belligerent of the group. I think we laid out some ground rules about respecting the opponent. So we had a number of meetings like that, and there were times when some of them got tense, but everybody got a chance to speak, so far as I know, and we just wore ourselves out doing it. Wore them out, too.

And then in that same week there were the fire bombing incidents.

That's right. Was that when they fire bombed a place over there on Virginia Street?

Yes. The Hobbit Hole. And then the ROTC building.

Oh, yes. OK. They occurred that same week. Well, our tactics, I think a half a dozen of us—or about ten, twenty of us—were to be at every meeting and try to, in some sense, run the meeting.

Yes. Did you anticipate the fire bombings happening?

No.

Did it come as a big surprise?

Yes, it was a surprise. And I think those were basically isolated incidents. I don't know that they were So far as I know, I don't know who did them, but I don't think they came out of any of our meetings.

What was the summer like after Governor's Day? It was coming at the end of the semester. Were there any other instances that you can think of?

Not that I remember. Somehow some of those episodes in that week I have strong visual impressions of, but otherwise I don't. It seems to me it hit a peak where the bonfire broke out. It was quiet. It was put out, and things were quiet. There must have been a kind of afterglow of tension, but I really don't remember that.

You mentioned some other strong sort of visual impressions. Are there any you haven't mentioned yet?

Well, I think some of those on Governor's Day: when I'm in the stadium and sitting in the stadium afterwards, feeling the sense of tension and exhaustion. And I can remember clearly some of the conversations I had with individuals after (when we were trying to explain what we did), and some of those meetings, but otherwise I didn't sleep very well that week. I'm a poor sleeper anyway, but it seems to me it was a week of living on the edge, but after that somehow the weekend came. Did that event occur on a Tuesday or something like that?

Yes.

Yes. So we had about four days of real tension. Otherwise, I don't really remember much about it.

Now then, the following fall Paul Adamian was prevented from teaching, and then he was dismissed. How did students react to that?

I don't have a good impression of that. And I know we had faculty meetings about it, because he was indeed He had been tenured, and there was the question of whether the regents had acted properly in dismissing him. But as I said to you, even if it was not according to the code, it was certainly understandable in terms of what had happened. Now, I came to disagree with some of

my colleagues on that point, but I was close enough to him to know that he had been irresponsible in a situation that could have been dangerous and where someone could have got hurt.

So in retrospect, do you think the Board of Regents made the right decision?

I understand their decision. I thought it was a very difficult call, and had I been on the board [laughter], I'm not sure which way I would have voted. As a faculty member I felt obliged to protest the revoking of a contract, but there are causes for which a contract might be revoked, and that was not an unreasonable decision. So I came to think that he, in that state of mind, would be a hazard in the classroom. So you may well talk to others who have a different opinion, but I may well have—if on the board—voted for revoking his tenure.

And you said that you've been here at UNR for such a long span of time. Could you describe what sort of long-term effects, if any, came about as a result of Governor's Day?

Well, fortunately, I don't think there were long-term effects. I think we were very lucky compared to some universities. I don't really believe there was a legacy of damage on into the fall. I think there had been other difficult episodes that have had longer term effects and weren't as dramatic as that one . . . [knocks on table]

Fortunately, Paul went away, and Paul disappeared. I don't know that I ever saw him after. He left here that spring, I believe, and never came back. I kept hearing things about him, that he was living on the beach in California, a beachcomber. Someone pursued his suit. I think his case was taken by Charles Springer, who is now a justice of the supreme court, when other attorneys would not take it, I'm told, but . . . You'll know much more about the history of the case than I.

Along the same lines, there were some motions being made to restrict student newspaper cover-

age, some other sorts of issues on campus. Do you remember anything like that?

I don't remember that. Who tried to restrict that? Do you know? I'm not aware. I've forgotten if I knew it.

There were some conversations about shutting down the student newspaper, and I was wondering if that had any . . . ?

No, I don't remember anything like that. If it had happened, or if they had tried to, I certainly would have been the one who would have objected. But I don't recall that, and the newspapers did come out on time, did they not? (And you will know much better than I what they said, because I just don't remember.)

OK. Is there anything else you'd like to provide for the record as far as Governor's Day from a 1998 perspective?

No, I don't think so. I think it was not as bad as it might have been, because of the people like Bob Harvey and Ben Hazard and others who were out there trying to be moderating influences. And I think the administration was really quite understanding when the heat of the moment was over. I think that was certainly a positive thing. And we worked it out. I think they knew by the end of the week that we were trying to keep the lid on things and were possibly having some effect, because we had some trust from the protestors. At least that's what I like to believe, that that's the rationale I come up with.

There's nothing wrong with honest and vigorous protest, but it's got to be done in a way that respects the rights of others, and at the point that we went on the field, we've gone over the line.

In looking at your transcript from the 1970 interview, was there anything in general you found that surprised you?

Well, there are some things I just hadn't remembered that are in here, and certainly my memory was better then on, what, the twelfth of June 1970 than it is now. But I think essentially what I said then was consistent with what I said now.

I had forgotten, for example, that we went around the field three times. That must have been in our original plan, rather than once. And I had forgotten the little business about the students spilling up into the stands, and that, too, is correct. So I was misremembering the other day. My recollection is that we agreed we'd go around and then go out of the stadium, but that didn't happen. But I do distinctly remember people like Carl Backman, as I said, and others trying to keep the group quiet in the stands.

And you said that Dan Teglia had some sort of megaphone.

Right. I vaguely remember when we were in the stands they asked me if I would speak, and I said, "If I were invited to, I would for the purpose of keeping calm." But I don't remember the megaphone business now. If it was offered to me, I don't really remember that.

Did you have any sort of speech in mind, or was there time?

Well, basically what I would have said or intended to say was, "Thank you for the opportunity to speak. Let's remember that our purpose is non-violence. We know we regret all unnecessary violence." Something like that, and then quit, because I had no political message to deliver.

Right. Were there other instances that you'd forgotten about?

Well, I know mostly it reminded me of things that I hadn't remembered before, and there was one spot when I wasn't making sense to myself and was going to try to reconstruct it. Now, I can't remember that. I should have marked it in the margins or something.

That's fine. If I could show you a few photographs, perhaps you can talk about if you can recall when these photographs may have taken place in the events and perhaps help me identify who is in the photo. This is photo one, and this is at the motorcade.

OK. This fellow sitting in front of the car is Bill Copren. Now, he was one of our graduate students. And I do remember: I knew him quite well. He was one of the students who came to my class—he was a good student and good friend, I thought—and he asked me to suspend class. I said, "No," and he was very upset about that. I remember now, he sat in front of the car, and eventually—my recollection is that—he moved without dire . . . but he did make his symbolic protest. And I don't know who that is who is speaking to him, and I don't recognize the others in the photo. That, of course, is Lincoln Hall. But he later came to me and talked about it, because he thought he was going to be called to testify, and he said, "What do you recommend?"

And I said, "The only thing I can say to you is tell the truth. Just say what you saw and what you did. That's by far the best thing to do. And if you're charged with something, you should take the consequences. Defend yourself, take the consequences." So that was the conversation we had. Are you interested in his later career, or does that make any difference?

Sure.

He has been a county official up in either Sierra County or Nevada County for a number of years, a very responsible public servant. And I've only seen him once or twice since, but we have chatted about that.

Great. And we only have a few photos here. This is photograph two.

[Reading] "End aggression in Vietnam and Cambodia. Support the students' strike on Governor's Day."

Do you know where this might have been, at what point in the procession this photo might have been taken?

It looks to me as though it was taken going up to the parking lot to the north toward the stadium, because these are cars in the parking lot, and I think those are university buildings in the background. Isn't that the library building right there on the skyline, to the right of the fellow?

Yes. Oh, OK.

So they're walking up that . . . Right now the new parking garage has been built right there. So they were walking up that way. I don't remember having seen that sign, but I probably did.

OK. Do you know who either of those gentlemen are?

No, I do not know them.

OK. And this is photo number three. The location seems clear here.

Yes. That may well have been taken just before this one we just saw.

OK. Do you recognize this woman here in the center?

No, I don't.

Is there anyone else you might be able to pick out?

They all look like students, don't they? I don't really recognize any of them.

OK. And then this is photograph number four.

Yes, that's going around the track in the stadium. I think that's Bob Harvey right there with the necktie, isn't it?

OK. And then I think it's Paul Adamian with the windbreaker jacket to his right.

Oh. I can't distinguish his face very well. It may be, but I'm not certain. I think that's Bill Copren again, isn't it, with the beard?

Yes. OK.

Oh, and that fellow—there was a fellow with Adamian.

And this is in the white shirt?

Yes, in a white shirt. What was his name? I'd forgotten about him. He was very active among the people at the front of the parade.

Was he from UNR?

Yes. My recollection is he was an English graduate assistant.

Was it Fred Maher?

That sounds right. I think that's right. Yes, again I'm not absolutely certain of my memory, but that may well be right. OK. That was going up into the stadium before they had all those stands in there, isn't it? Because here's the ramp going up to the sky boxes, but now this is all full of seats, bleacher seats.

Right. [long pause] OK. And then this is photograph number five.

That's Edd Miller, the president, I think, isn't it?

Third from the right? Yes.

I think so. But, well, I'm not certain now. There's Procter Hug. There are two women standing over there. The one in white immediately to her right—to our left—is Procter Hug, who was chairman of the Board of Regents.

Yes. And I'm curious about the people on the stands. It looks like their arms are all out-stretched.

Well, that must be our group. That isn't the group that marched, because there's the antiwar symbol, so that must be the protest group. Although I really don't know. We were sitting at about that point. Somehow my recollection tells me we were sitting a little further north, but it's hard to make out any other people there.

Yes. So you don't know what might have been going on there: chanting or singing?

Well, it looks to me as the officer is saluting or Maybe the parade was going on, or the ROTC people were doing . . . or maybe there was a pledge. I really don't know.

OK. And then we have a few photos here of Paul Adamian on a truck. This is photograph number six. Do you know where this happened?

I think that's the dome on top of Lincoln Hall, and I think these sheds were the library maybe back there Well, that doesn't quite make sense, does it? But I think these were the sheds that were up behind the Church Fine Arts building at that time. So this must have been about half way, just as we were entering the parking lot, but I don't remember the episode.

Yes. OK. And then photograph number seven is a similar photo, but if there's anything that might help

Hmm. I wonder if that's the Church Fine Arts building up there.

To the right.

That thing I thought to be a dome isn't in the right place, so I was mistaken there. I'm really not certain

And then this is the final photo, photo number eight. And this is Paul Adamian on the field. At what point would you place this if you could?

I don't know.

And do you have an idea what he's doing?

Well, and this is only a guess, but the group may well have been on the track marching around, and so we may have been, let's say, just off to the left, and he may have jumped onto the field off the track, because I don't recall him having been out there alone, and he was usually at the head of the march. Too bad there aren't any overview pictures of the march there. Yes.

Hopefully, we'll have more photographs as we go along.

Yes. Somewhere there have to be more, because I've seen more, but I'm not sure where they are.

Some have appeared in newspapers. Are there any other sort of general comments about the interview you gave in 1970 that surprised you or maybe views you either don't agree with now or maybe that have changed?

No, I think I agree essentially with that. I would stand by it as being a little choppy, but I think it's essentially accurate—the best memory I had then. And I think I said to you I am surprised that I didn't mention more about Adamian, but I simply wasn't asked, I guess.

All right, well, thank you very much.

OK.

FRED MAHER

BRAD LUCAS: OK, today is June 22, 2000, and we are in the office of Fred Maher. One of the things that maybe we could just start off with is your background before coming into UNR? Now, you had served in the navy, is that correct?

FRED MAHER: Yes.

And that was during Korea?

During the Korean War.

When did you get out of the navy?

Nineteen fifty-five. I served as an enlisted man on the *U.S.S. Shenandoah*, if that is interesting. Rose to, as they call it in military parlance, the rank of Boatswain Mate Third. The reason I was in military service was not patriotism or anything near that; it was because as the son of poor immigrant parents, I had heard of the G.I. Bill and knew this was the way for me to go to college. And boy, did I ever milk the G.I. Bill: B.A., M.A., all that Ph.D. work, and they were still paying me, and I deserved every penny of it.

On a lark, after taking the highly competitive New York police department exam to become a cop in New York (remember, Irish immigrant

kid, cop is the ideal job), scoring very high on the intelligence and then on the physical, I was invited to the police academy to get my gun and badge and begin training. I had two weeks. During those two weeks I thought about it and said Do we allow coarse language here?

Sure.

“Fuck it, I’m not going to do that. I’m not going to be walking around the streets of New York as a cop for twenty or thirty years.” So I had a hundred bucks and a beat-up old car, and I drove around America, just picking tomatoes, putting up sheetrock, doing whatever I could to get gas money. I was somewhere in Arizona, and a guy said, “That’s Mexico right over there.” So I drove down to Mexico.

In Mexico City, one of the biggest cities in the world, I stopped in for a beer and met this guy, and he says, “Why don’t you go to college down here? This is cool,” and I did. I mean, I knew no Spanish when I went down there. I’m not what one would call fluent now, but I can speak enough to get a house or an apartment, earn a living in a Spanish-speaking country.

Coming up 101 on the West coast of the United States—a beautiful road, one of the most

beautiful in this country, redwood trees on one side, the Pacific Ocean on the other—heading toward a firefighting job in Oregon, I got to a little town called Arcata, way up on the northern end of California. California is about 1,100 miles long. This is about 950 miles north of the Mexican border. And the sign said, “Cal State University, Humboldt.” I went in and walked around, and it was beautiful: mission-style buildings, behind the campus redwood trees, a couple of hundred yards down from the highway was the Pacific Ocean. I was enchanted, so I went to the English Department and said, “Hey, I’m looking for a job. Could I work on my masters and teach a couple of classes to earn some money?”

And they said, “Yes.” So I did that for two years.

And when was this?

I’m in trouble.

OK.

About 1962. One of the guys in the graduate department told me they were hiring in the English Department at the University of Idaho, so I called up, and they said, “Yes. With your background you got a two-year gig here.” So I went to Moscow, Idaho, and taught in the English Department for two years, enjoyed every minute of it. But as is true with many universities in the United States, there is an up or out: go get your Ph.D., or we only want you for a couple of years. So I wrote to the University of Nevada English Department, because I heard of a guy here who was a superb twentieth-century novelist, Walter Van Tilburg Clark. *An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge* is probably his best known novel, but the one set in Reno, *A City of Trembling Leaves*, probably got him as much or more acclaim. I was accepted into the Ph.D. program here in Reno, Nevada, at UNR and taught English 101 while taking Ph.D. classes and doing stuff toward a dissertation. That should bring us up to Governor’s Day.

So you came . . . was it 1968?

I think that’s true.

So you’d already been around for about two years.

Yes. Maybe three, and maybe even four. It was two, three, or four—one of them.

Do you remember what your first impression, or your initial impression, of the University of Nevada was?

Clearly, clearly. When you come through the entrance to the campus from . . . what is that, Sierra Street or Center Street?

Center.

Center. It was night, and I walked around and found some trees to sleep under, and a campus cop woke me up and said, “You can’t do that.”

And I asked him, “Why not?”

He said, “It’s against the rules.”

And we didn’t understand each other, and I realized: it’s going to be tough here. I hadn’t expected the fact that I had long hair down to the end of my spine would be such a big deal on a modern campus, but it sure as hell was. And the impression I had was this backwater, redneck place is going to be amazing; one of us is going to get booted out of this town, and it’s probably going to be me. Turns out I was right. Does that answer your question?

Sure. [laughter] What about the English Department, as opposed to the whole campus? Did you find that similar?

I thought the English Department was the only enlightened part of the whole campus up here. The jocks over there in P.E. were a bunch of wackos. They had ROTC walking around like it was an honor squad or something. Everything to me seemed antediluvian, as if they hadn’t caught up with the rest of America.

Right. So you started teaching right when you started your program?

I think they put me in that based on my experience: two years at Idaho and two years at Cal State Humboldt. But I'm good at it.

Yes. How would you characterize your own teaching versus, let's say, your colleagues'?

Let me go back a couple of thousand years and use a precept that I actually employ: "Think for yourself, question authority," says Socrates, and so do I. I still employ that precept in the group therapy sessions which I facilitate here, and I consider myself a teacher, educator, counselor. It's all the same thing in my style of doing things.

Did you run into any problems as a teacher in those first couple of years, 1968, 1969?

No, I got high evaluations from students consistently and was accepted and respected in the classroom as a teacher. I'm not sure about as a student.

Did you get along with most of the faculty in the department?

Everybody.

Well, you were pretty involved in the peace activities, right? Antiwar protests, things like that.

Yes, but I think it should be clarified in this respect that this was pretty much a spontaneous, undergraduate-student-organized activity which culminated in Governor's Day. The "supposed" leaders, Adamian and I, were more followers than leaders. Do you know that?

That's sort of the impression I got. What I have understood is that you were sort of listed as an organizer, but as you got to the protest, it had already started, and the movement was on its way.

That's true.

You were bringing some equipment.

That's true.

Stowed it in Frandsen. I guess building up to that, though, had you participated in other protests in the years before?

Yes. Yes.

Could you sort of talk about what those were like?

UNR, or anywhere?

Just the ones in Reno that you participated in.

Peaceful, tame, non-violent, pretty much ineffective. I'm not sure why.

Response from the community?

Always negative. "What are they doing out there?" The community, being the Board of Regents, the administration in general, and the media in general.

Did you have any concerns about your position in the English Department and participating?

It was implied early on that if you do this stuff you aren't going to get your Ph.D., and you're not going to have your job.

And this is from faculty?

Yes. (But you know that, anyway.) If you're on the payroll, you defend the status quo. That's what it's supposed to be. I think that's still true that that's what's expected. That doesn't mean there isn't room for those with principles to rebel when it seems suitable to do so.

Actually, I'd like to read off a quote. You gave me an article about East German sports doping that went on for the last of the cold war years. And one of the quotes you highlighted said, "The exultation of obedience and duty over conscience"

and humanity has already brought too much ruin on this country during its modern history." And you said that was a good explanation of the divisions in the country regarding Vietnam.

Let me remind you that that quote from *The New York Times* was relative to East Germany, communists, doping to make athletes better performers.

Correct. Right.

And I think it applies to this country today, as well as Governor's Day.

Could you tell me a little more about that?

We, as a nation, seem to want to be authoritarian. Do what you're told, kid—minority, Mexican, black. All you people know your place and stay there. We are in charge. And that's the way it is in my perceptions from kindergarten through elementary school, junior high school, high school, and even college. One of the appalling things for me to find out about a Ph.D. program is how much ass you've got to kiss, how much of your own intelligence you have to suppress, how subordinate you have to be to people who may not have much intelligence but have a lot of power. That's true throughout our educational system. That's the way it is in the political system. I think that's terrible. Supposedly, we're a democracy. I don't see much of that D-E-M-O in there. We are a plutocracy, politically. Throughout the education system, we want obedience above all. That's what I see.

Did you see that at the time you were at UNR, too?

Oh, yes. Yes. I think I became somewhat defiant and somewhat rebellious as early as high school, because it was so easy and so boring that when I'd cut, I skipped school for half a day or a day (this was in New York), and I would go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Guggenheim Museum, and stuff like that, and it

was wonderful and enriching. And then back in those dull classrooms with boring teachers and bored and boring students, it was awful. Education to me ought to be stimulating and exciting, mind opening, and it wasn't. Next?

I'm just sort of curious, what sort of things did you do in your classroom? I mean, it sounds like you really sort of . . . ?

You mean at UNR?

Yes. I mean, to go against the grain of standard curriculum and just going through the motions. Was it like you said, sort of just a Socratic dialogue: try and engage people?

For the most part. For example, "Here's something to read. We're going to talk about it next class. Either write an essay about it or write some questions or make some comments, because primarily we're going to discuss it as a group. And whether we come to some consensus or not is irrelevant, but you should be able to defend whatever position you take, and yours is as good or as bad as anybody else's." I realize that sounds like it borders on anarchy, but there's nothing wrong with anarchy when it comes to education. We would still be back in Neanderthal times if there wasn't a lot of anarchy. Change is inevitable. That's the way it is. Does that help?

Yes. Very much so. And maybe we could just jump ahead to 1970 in a little bit more detail. Did you sense that things on campus were heating up or getting more volatile, maybe, that semester?

Not volatile. I never expected any eruption of any kind at this backwater campus, but there were increasingly heated discussions going on. And somehow or another they were, to me, somewhat tepid. For example, I was giving a speech in the Jot Travis Student Union auditorium one time, and this suit-and-tie guy got up and started saying stuff about, "You're unpatriotic."

I said, "I've been in military service. I'm a veteran with a good discharge. How about you?"

And he shut up. But that was about the extent of things getting hot. There wasn't that kind of passion involved until Kent State. That's my view of it.

What was your reaction to Kent State?

I thought it was the most terrible abuse of power I've seen in this country since Mayor [Richard] Daley at the presidential convention in Chicago had the cops surround and beat unarmed civilian protesters. To this day it disgusts me to think of our own National Guard, paid for with my tax money, shooting students on a college campus. That's a day of infamy, as far as I'm concerned. And I mean, now, I still see it as I did then.

Do you remember where you were when you heard the news?

No.

What about any other activities around that time? Because it happened on a Monday. I know there was a lot of planning for the Governor's Day protest and a lot of discussion and concern about everything.

I can't recall.

No? You were listed as one of the organizers of the peace rally. How did that come about? Was that a total fabrication, or was that a misunderstanding?

OK. I think it was the latter, a misunderstanding. The real organizers were a guy named Tommy Myers, an undergraduate (a square by the way: conventional in just about every respect) . . . He may have been, either then or the previous year, the student body president. Tommy Myers and a tall, skinny guy, Al something. Can't remember his name. But they were the ones going around the dorms, handing out flyers, getting the flyers printed up, picking out a place to meet. I don't know what you call that, where the roll-

ing hill goes down there on the other side of the lake.

Manzanita Bowl.

Yes. I suspect that the media emphasized Adamian and I, because we were teaching up there. And as usual, the media wants a fall guy, someone to blame. It doesn't matter who it is, we're going to find someone. They would rather find somebody that makes a good story—faculty member rather than a duped undergraduate. It sounds better on page one of the paper that there's a faculty member there.

Right. But were you involved with any of the planning?

Not really.

Because as I understand it, all I know so far is that you were sort of helping carry P.A. equipment and things like that.

Right. So the main organizer would be, as I said, the undergraduate, especially Tommy, and I think it was Al. And I could do some stuff they couldn't do. For example, I can go up and say, "Hey, I want to use a microphone and a P.A. system."

So they said, "Hey, would you get that stuff?"

I said, "Sure, man, I'm glad to do that stuff." So I did play a role in that respect, yes.

Did you hear any discussions of other actions than marching?

Absolutely none. I was even surprised that we were able to pull that off. Remember, my view of this campus is of a socially, politically apathetic student body, more interested in drinking beer from Friday to Sunday night than anything else. I haven't been on that campus more than once or twice this year, but I think that's still true. You don't have to concur.

Yes, I don't even know if the beer drinking still continues. [laughter]

You say it doesn't?

Not probably to the extent it was, but it seems pretty quiet all week long.

OK. Good.

When the march did turn into something more, the circling around the track, and everyone got up in the stands and . . . ?

No, let's go earlier than that.

Great. Oh, with the motorcade. OK.

Let's go to right in front of the Jot Travis Student Union building, heading up toward the football field, on the right, the main library. It may be called Getchell or something.

Getchell, yes.

And on the left is a dormitory, an alleyway in between. I would guess in my mind it's about twelve feet wide. A ROTC car with officers in the back and a guy in uniform driving is coming through. There were a hell of a lot more of us than there were of them. At that point, it was like, in my mind, a terrible analogy, a New York subway car, 7:30 in the morning, filled with people bustling about. I don't know who, but somebody said, "Let's stop the car." Then a hundred or so people turned around and with their hands and shoulders pushed the car, and it started going back.

Some guy got down on the ground in front of the driver's side tire. Adamian came by and leaned over, and I couldn't hear what he was saying, because as you can imagine, this was not a silence. There were loud voices hollering and shouting, the ROTC people as well as the peace-group people, shouting all over the place, and Adamian either pulled or encouraged the guy to

get up from the ground over there. From there to the football field was nothing exceptional, like a quiet walk—no one.

Well, while that was going on, were you surprised?

At the beginning I was, but I think it's true in any revolution: once it gets started, it has its momentum, a momentum of its own, and you ain't going to stop it.

And did you personally have any interactions with the ROTC or representatives of the administration or anything?

No. Let me go back just a moment. Some of the most daring faculty members up there were sort of monitors off to the right and off to the left, just watching things and, in my view, helping in some way to keep things from getting out of hand. By that I mean getting violent. The guy I remember in my mind right now is Bob Harvey, but he wasn't the only one; there were others doing that. I think that was a highly commendable and daring thing for them to do. Talk about somebody putting their jobs and careers on the line, it was them.

How would you place yourself in that? Were you a monitor, a protestor, or a little of both?

Both. What my mind wanted was a big confrontation, but a pacific, non-violent one. Gandhi and Thoreau had the tradition of non-violent civil disobedience. I like that idea a lot. I think that's the way to be.

So there was sort of an uneventful walk after the motorcade incident headed towards the stands, or the field.

Good way to put it.

Did you think it was going to be a non-violent protest as this began?

Absolutely. The only thing that I thought was a little stupid was twenty or so people that seemed to me trying to get some attention about other issues, and the B.S. and the black student movement, I think they were called, B.S.M. (yes, that was it) were like children saying, “Pay attention to us,” and they weren’t really part of the whole thing at all. And the main guy there, by the way, was a guy who I knew quite well, Dan McKinney. I still don’t understand how a young black guy in his twenties wants to parade around as he did in a dashiki. He’s no more African than you or I. He’s a middle-class American college student, primarily. As far as I am concerned, that was merely a minor distraction from the rest of what we were doing.

So you say you knew Dan McKinney pretty well?

Yes.

Can you talk a little bit more about him, because he was pretty active on campus.

He’s probably the biggest loudmouth we had up there, but we got along quite well, because we’re both distance runners and would often meet up at . . . I don’t think it’s the same track you have now that we had then. The track at the football field—the old football field—and we’d be both doing laps around there and talking about different stuff. He wasn’t much into what we were doing; he was more, “Why are they picking on us blacks? Nevada is the Mississippi of the West.” These were his kinds of rules, which were much different from what was going on in the Governor’s Day.

The small group—the Black Student Union students—were on the field separately, about twenty of them or so. Do you recall how they were acting? I mean you said they were sort of drawing attention to themselves.

A few standing up, the rest of them indolent, stretched out on the grass, just taking it all in.

Minimal involvement in what we were doing, I repeat.

So, what were you all doing in the stands?

Mainly endeavoring to disrupt what we construed as the phony speech making and the glorification of military. For example, one of the girls had a flute and would play something—which to me was new, because I am not a television watcher—the Mickey Mouse song, and everybody else knew it except me. I picked up the chant, too, “M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E,” to disparage that glorification of the military. Foolish? Perhaps. I think it was making its point.

So she’d play while everyone else sort of sang along?

Right.

What was the reaction from the audience it was intended for, the ROTC group? Folks you had met up with, I guess, in the stands?

The ROTC people?

Yes.

Almost exclusively well-mannered, inoffensive, and to my surprise, peaceful. I don’t think they had the brains to control themselves like that, although I was glad that they did. If there is a point of commendation for all the military personnel that day, it’s for their restraint.

What about the other spectators, the civilian folks in the stands?

It seems to me that they were trying to ignore us as much as possible, but how can you ignore noise—huge, loud, rude, disruptive noises? You can’t ignore it. You can make believe that it’s not there. You can’t ignore it.

What about frame of mind while all of this is going on? I mean, was it an expression of anger, or was it more . . . ?

Personal?

Personal? Yeah, for starters.

I don't know if the others felt as I did, but I was exultant that we could bring something off on a campus as backwards as this, and it was joyous combined with a little bit of fright in me, and I wouldn't be surprised if that was pretty general.

What about the protestor group as a whole, I mean, a couple hundred people, if you had to sort of say how the majority of them were reacting?

I think "immaturely" would be an accurate word, but there's nothing wrong with immaturity in the face of political and governmental stupidity. It seemed to me to be appropriate for some juvenile attitudes and behaviors on our part, to be having some fun and at the same time to be trying to get the government to pay attention to us and hopefully make some changes.

Towards the end of the protest in the stands, most of the crowd sort of filtered out onto the field.

That's true.

Do you remember having a change of feelings about what was going on when that happened?

There was a little bit of disappointment in me, as I recall, in that the whole thing just seemed to gradually dissipate there at the end. Somebody going that way, and somebody going that way, and maybe that's part of what I think of as the beauty of it—it was so disorganized, so poorly organized. And that would suggest there was more spontaneity in what was taking place than organization.

Do you remember what happened afterwards? Or the rest of that week?

No.

And you had said before that you weren't even aware of the fire bombings until much later?

That's true. I was totally astonished at that, and I still think it would amaze me if it turned out that that was a UNR college student who had done something like that. I doubt that. I mean, these are beer drinkers, football fans, stuff like that. They have none of the tendency that a Berkeley or University of Wisconsin student at the time did.

Now, Governor's Day all took place mostly at the end of the semester. By that time you had already signed contracts for the following year. You were told that your contract would not be renewed?

I don't think that's the way it was. I think I was told that instead of being a T.A. in the classroom the following semester, the following year, as a matter of fact, that I would be an R.A.—a research assistant—doing research for anybody that wanted some research done. And to me it was a way to get me out of the classroom and punish me when they had no real legal way to do so, and I deeply missed being in a classroom, because I am so good at that, and I enjoy it so much.

How were you notified of this? I mean, the Board of Regents met and decided to start an investigation of you and Adamian. But I was wondering, did a faculty member sort of let you know about this? Did you receive word from the . . . ?

I think it was the chairman of the English Department who told me orally, but I'm not certain about that.

Were you worried that you were under investigation?

Not in the least. Even today I wouldn't be surprised to find that there is a pretty healthy FBI file on me. And I don't give a shit. My conscience is clean. I don't know about those who compiled the files.

And you didn't give many statements to the media?

On the advice of counsel, a guy named Charlie Springer, I didn't want to talk to the media a whole lot, because I was trying to convince Charlie (and anyone else who would listen) that we were trying to keep egos, personalities out of this to the extent possible—that this was an undergraduate-created episode, and even the undergraduates didn't want their names blown up as if they were big shots. This was almost exclusively undergraduate organized and almost everything else about it was undergraduate.

Once you were sort of fingered by the administration as someone to be investigated, did you find that your status on campus changed? Or did students act differently towards you?

None of that seemed to change except often some of the people that were involved in the peace group would say, "Sorry you're not teaching anymore."

I would explain, "I'm sorry, too." But, I knew the likelihood of that happening.

I am often linked in the media with respect to Governor's Day with a person named Paul Adamian. I barely know the guy! I hardly knew him then! I probably have exchanged less than a half hour conversation with him in my entire life. I don't even think I took one of his classes when he was teaching up there. I don't remember taking one. I may have. I don't remember.

Did you see each other in these public forums a lot?

No. This is the only time . . . no, that's a mistake. This is only the second time I saw him at what I call "peace group activities." The other

time he had somehow or another got to meet a guy, a comedian from California who was running for president. (Who the hell was that? [Pat Paulsen]) Anyway, that guy addressed the peace group activity, and Paul was supposed to speak next, and he just made some joke about, "I ain't trying to follow that act." And I thought that was pretty good. That and Governor's Day are the only two times I saw him at any of our own activities.

What about his role in Governor's Day?

He seemed to think that it was important to try to calm people down and keep things peaceful. My impression was of a pacific guy, a guy who is absolutely committed to nonviolence, and I suspect that can be epitomized in his role in getting that guy off the ground from under the car there. I didn't see anybody else try to get the guy up off the ground, including me. It just hadn't occurred to me or any of the rest of us. It certainly did to him, which indicates to me a very caring guy who wouldn't want anyone to get hurt in any way.

Do you think he played a more significant role at the stadium than others?

No. Let me go back to the beginning of our meeting here this morning. He had a minor role in the whole thing, and his role was blown up, magnified by the media—the print media, radio, television, all of it. And I suspect it's simply because he was a faculty member, and they would find that a better story than some duped, undergraduate twenty-year-old, which wouldn't be seen as as good of a story as a professional.

With all the stuff that happened during the week of Governor's Day, you and Adamian were both in the English Department, so it brought a lot of attention to the English Department. What was the reaction, maybe, of the department as a whole to what had gone on?

It seemed to me to be supportive of the right to free speech and protest, but as a group of

people, they didn't seem to be offended or punitive-minded in the least. I don't know if it was a day after or a week after, but there was a faculty meeting, and the T.A.'s were there, and one of the old guys—I can't remember his name—stood up and said, "I make a motion in support of Fred and Paul." Everybody agreed. I thought that was—in today's parlance—"way cool."

So you didn't feel like you were treated any differently as an individual from then on out?

Not by the student body and not by the English Department, but, yes, by the administration, because I wasn't allowed to go into the classroom as a teacher.

So you're, instead, moved into a research assistant position?

Right.

Who did you work for?

Basically, anybody in the English Department who wanted anything researched. It was a lot of work. It was much more tedious and monotonous and less fun than being a classroom teacher. I did it, and I was glad to have the opportunity to have an income, but it doesn't compare to classroom teaching for somebody who, as myself, enjoys teaching.

And so you were doing this the following fall, the fall of 1970?

I think the whole year.

OK. So, you were around while Paul's hearing was going on and the various appeals. Were you involved in any of those? Did you attend any those hearings?

No. I knew they were going on, but that's it. What I did was ask Charlie Springer, a local attorney, to help me out if I had to have any appearances or anything like that. He said, "OK,

don't worry about it." That's what he always said, by the way, "OK, don't worry about it." [laughter] I believe he did his best to defend me. I don't know how he went about it.

And so you didn't have any more interactions with Adamian up through his termination?

I don't know if I've even seen him since that day thirty years ago.

So, how long did you stay in the graduate program?

I believe it was a total of four years. Three years prior to and one year subsequent to Governor's Day.

And then what prompted the change to counseling?

Counseling of adults, particularly those who are drug addicts and alcoholics, is as close as I could come to being a classroom teacher of young adults. My clients are comparable to the student body in education, ability, age, and most other areas, and I facilitate my group therapy sessions in the same manner: a dialogue, no lecture. There may be some opening remarks for two or three minutes, and then I want to hear from everyone in the room. And the basic understanding we have is that you have to accept and respect everybody else and their right to think and feel as they wish, and you don't have to agree with them. That's the rule. And I have this wonderful sign—do you want to see it?

Sure.

My wonderful sign says, and it is always posted on the wall for everybody to read, "Don't like me? Don't like the group? Get out and go someplace else!"

And there are one or two per month who will see this when they are here for the first time, and they'll say, "Do you mean that?"

And I say, “Yes, goodbye.” And they’ll go. I don’t think I’m being very demanding when, in my view, I’m asking for a simple civility I doubt that they’re in. Many educators who adopt the stance I do . . . whether that’s good or bad, is secondary to what I just said. I doubt there are many educators who take that stance.

Would you say you are disenchanted with academia?

Not in the least. I’d probably still be up there now, except at that time on that campus there were people who used the expression “professional students” regarding guys like me as if there is something wrong with wanting to be a permanent student. I’d still be up there, probably, taking graduate courses in something or other, and probably for the rest of my life would be doing that.

An example that might back that up is: check the corner of my desk over there—there’s a stack of books. That’s for just the first part of the summer. If one wanted to check on my reading habits, one could go to Sundance Bookstore and find that I am in there just about every day. They have a policy where you get a ten-buck rebate on your book purchases. And I reached the thing and say, “Hey, I don’t want the ten-buck rebate, because I bought another book.” But they give it to you anyway once you have spent a hundred bucks or so. I don’t know if that supports my contention about learning should be a chronic disease that goes on forever. I believe that. For anybody else, I don’t give a shit. For me, that’s the way it is.

So, if someone were to ask why did Fred Maher leave the graduate program at UNR . . . ?

I would probably respond—and I’ve thought of this on and off over the years—that I realized I had little chance of ever actually being awarded a Ph.D. under those circumstances. One, finding an objective committee would be almost impossible.

Because of your activities?

That’s right. The general mood of the faculty at UNR then (and probably now, but I don’t know that for certainty) was one of maintenance of the status quo: let’s keep things just the way they are. And their perception of my activities was in defiance of that. I thought at the time (I still do) that there’s no chance of actually earning a doctorate, no matter how hard I worked or what I did. And I say that without any pity or anything. I knew what I was getting into. I had been assured by my girlfriend, “If you do this, you are going to get dumped.”

And I said, “Yeah, I know. So what? You got to do what’s right.” OK?

And you stayed in Reno?

I love it here. And the reason I stayed around here is twenty-nine miles up the street right out in front of the office is Pyramid Lake, and I can find a place to park, and there’s no casinos, nobody around, and I can be out in nature without other people around—twenty-nine miles away, right up the road. And it’s never like Tahoe: crowded, hampered with gaudiness like bars and casinos and all the junk about Nevada which I don’t like. And in the other direction, my partner and I—she likes this even more—we go up to Truckee about a half hour from here, and take the first Truckee turnoff, and instead of driving down into Old Truckee, you turn off to the right and go up and find a place to park and go wandering out in the forest, and there’s nobody around. Those are two of the reasons I love living around here. Perhaps that sounds silly to somebody who is caught up with the glamour of the lights of this big city. To me, this is a little hick town. I like nature, the outdoors. To me, anybody who doesn’t take advantage of the proximity of the forests and lakes, such as Pyramid, are missing out.

Another reason similar to that is Burney Falls. You, like most people, have probably never heard of it. You can take a ride straight up 395; you get to Susanville, hook a left, and shortly you’re at a waterfall—McArthur Burney Falls. And you can park up at the top of the waterfall and walk a

manmade trail down to the bottom of the waterfall, watch the birds flying back and forth behind the waterfall and coming out. There are little streams and lakes where you can go swimming and picnicking at the bottom. You can leave in the morning and be back in the afternoon. It's wonderful living around here because of those things which are external to Reno and Sparks.

Maybe just to wrap things up a little bit. In some of the articles that you passed my way and some of the other reading I have done, people attribute the Vietnam War with sort of a polarization of society and a loss of faith in the government. Have any of these things been reconciled since the early 1970's?

I don't think so. I think it is just as bad as it was then, but the general public is more pathetic, or apathetic, as you wish, because we are a pretty prosperous country right now. When you've got a lot of money, you don't worry about it. What the fuck were we doing in Kosovo? Why are we still fucking around with Cuba and Castro? They can't do anything to us. What makes us think we are world cop? Who is supplying all the guns and bombs over there in Eritrea and the other parts of Africa where people are killing themselves? It's us.

Disenchanted? I am, yes. The general population isn't. I've brought in a thing from this paper to show you. I'm going to try to find it before we part today. In Orange County, California, we're putting up a statue regarding the war in Vietnam. And the artist who was hired to do this is making a giant-size, more than man-made size, U.S. soldier alongside a giant-size Vietnamese soldier. And the suggestion in the artist's mind is: thirty years later they can now be friends. That's a lovely story, except the community is in an uproar. They're fighting and hassling and suing each other and suing the artist and all that. Have we as a nation become reconciled to what happened with the United States and Vietnam? No, not by a long shot. Probably never will.

And this may be a stretch, but I believe it's because we are an authoritarian society, like it or

not, and within that structure there are many people, such as myself, who rebel against that and think in terms more probably Jeffersonian than anything. Maybe we should just throw out the government every twenty or twenty-five years and have a new revolution and write a new Constitution. I think that would be a good idea.

Do you think that's possible?

No. The powers that be—the middle class and the wealthy—have too much power and would never let it happen. It's never going to happen.

Maybe that's a good place to stop.

OK.

BOB MAYBERRY

BRAD LUCAS: Today is June 4, 1999. We are in Bob Mayberry's office, in Allendale, Michigan, at Grand Valley State University. We're here to talk about Governor's Day in 1970.

BOB MAYBERRY: If we can remember it.
[laughter]

I hope we can remember it. When were you at UNR? When did you start?

I started in the summer of 1968, and I graduated the summer of 1971.

And you were an English major?

I was, by the end. I started out in different . . . I wandered all over for years.

Yes. And you mentioned that Paul Adamian was your major advisor?

Right. I took freshman comp from Paul Adamian, and I started taking other classes from Paul, and pretty soon I realized I was building up an English major. So I changed and asked him to be my advisor. And he was fired before I graduated, so somebody else had to be my advisor at

the end. Might have been Bob Harvey, because he was chair, just trying to help me get the hell out of there alive.

Right. How would you characterize Paul in the classroom?

I saw two Pauls in the classroom. In the early years he was really intense and focused and highly energetic, also very nervous. Really challenging of students. Also, he was really great at listening to students in my freshman comp class (which I wrote about in that article I gave you). He was dissatisfied with the class discussions. Not enough students seemed to be involved, so he absented himself from class one day and told me to go in and just sort of start the discussion and see what happened. He wanted to see if it was his presence that was inhibiting discussion, and it was. It was a great discussion that day, and I went and talked to him about that. After that he found ways of creating small groups or group discussions that he stayed out of, because he listened more, and he started summarizing what students had said instead of charging in with his own ideas. I watched him over those first couple of years change that way as a teacher. He was still very challenging and very questioning, but he would

listen more and allow students to develop their thinking and ideas more in class.

The last year he was there he was a demoralized teacher. I mean, this was during the hearings, when he'd already been made into a public figure in the whole state, and he was not enjoying what he was doing in the classroom. I don't remember enjoying it much being with him either. [laughter] It wasn't charged like it had been before.

Oh, really?

He seemed like he'd lost his focus.

Did he ever talk about what was going on with him while he was in the classroom?

I don't remember him directly addressing it. But I was so aware of it, he could have mentioned it in passing, and I wouldn't have even noticed. I knew what was happening to him. I was involved with groups that were trying to figure out ways to protest it and what was best to do for Paul, and I eventually was involved in the Paul Adamian defense committee that Jim Richardson started up to try to raise money for his legal defense.

So that was the center of my life then. I don't even remember my classes. I do know I had a straight "C" average in English after Paul was fired. From that moment on my life just was . . . I just wanted to graduate. I didn't care what I got as long as I got out of there. Everything was focused on doing other stuff.

Right. And you told me over e-mail that you were pretty active in the student government. When did that start?

[laughter] I was going back as I was finishing that article of a week ago. I was going back through some of the earliest stuff I had written while I was in college. I have some of it left for various reasons. I've always tried to write novels or stories about it. And one of the things I discovered was that I had complained in one of Paul's classes about how student government did nothing.

You know, it wasn't involved in the peace movement, it didn't seem to be doing anything socially constructive on campus, and Paul had said to me, "Well then, why the hell don't you get involved in it and change it?" I hadn't remembered that, but he had said that.

I got involved. Frankie Sue Del Papa was running for president. She was at some times a girlfriend of mine and sometimes just a friend of mine. I worked on her campaign, and I got myself elected to an open senate seat for awhile. When she was president I served for awhile as her administrative assistant. So that's how I got involved in it, and my intention was to try to make it more responsive or active or something. I completely failed. Student government is what it's always been and continues to be today: a largely irrelevant activity in terms of the academic or intellectual life on campus, but important in terms of the social life. I was fired by Frankie Sue for disagreeing with her policies on a number of issues, including Paul Adamian.

You mentioned Tom Hayden.

That was the one that she . . . yes, the day she actually fired me. I was serving as a senator as one of the things I did as administrative assistant. While somebody is absent I'd serve as their proxy. And Paul Basta, son of Sam Basta, was entertainment chair or something, and he brought to the senate a proposal that Tom Hayden be brought to campus and speak. Hayden was touring the country doing speeches at that time.

After a lengthy discussion of it, Del Papa objected. She thought it would offend the regents that we had such a radical speaking on campus. And I thought, largely because of her objection, that the motion was defeated by one or two votes. So while the rest of the senate meeting was going on, Paul Basta and I and a couple of other senators got together and figured out a way to bring it back up, you know, manipulating the Roberts Rules of Order, and did so, and Del Papa was livid. She made another impassioned speech, and I insisted that I speak after her. And she said, or the president of the senate, Louis Test, said,

"No, she gets the final word." I pulled out this obscure reference in Roberts Rules of Order that said the person who introduced a motion can speak the last on it and gave this written speech that I had prepared on, you know, students' right to speech and free speech on the campus—all the high ideals that had nothing to do with the real issue. It passed by one vote. And in the middle of senate meeting Del Papa got up from her chair, walked down to the end, and said to me, "You're fired!" [laughter]

That was the end of my job. [laughter] But it had really started with Paul. It started with other stuff, but Paul's firing was crucial, because when his hearing was held in front of the regents, the regents—who were under the pressure of the students that were in the room that day—said that they would listen to student statements about Paul Adamian after lunch, I think. And they asked Del Papa, as student body president, to organize that, and we went back into her office to organize that, and she insisted that there be an equal number of students speaking for and against Paul. And I and others were just outraged that she would do that. I don't think she really had equal numbers, but she got time for those students who wanted to speak against Paul. There were a couple of students from different programs on the campus that none of us had heard from before, who were happy to see him fired because he represented radical movements that they weren't interested in.

But I just blew. I mean, I lost all faith and interest in her whatsoever as somebody who might do something decent and yelled and screamed. I have not forgiven her to this day. When I was living in Nevada, I voted against her and campaigned against her in southern Nevada. [laughter] Because she has always seemed to me to be two-faced because of that decision.

What about earlier though, like spring of 1970? You said, I believe, that she and you and a few other people distributed flyers. I don't [know] how to put this. How would you describe her loyalties to the peace movement earlier that year before Kent State and such?

I think in her heart of hearts she was sympathetic to it, and maybe even more deeply than I thought, more deeply than she acted. But the way she behaved as president was more neutral, much more politic. And so I had a sense she'd lost ties or faith with those folks, those of us on campus, and sometimes I thought it was my job to sort of push her to be more responsive to that. And sometimes I thought it was my job as executive assistant to just sort of open those up to people I wanted to have it and ignore her completely.

So one day a group of people came into the office. Let's see, this was like just a week before Governor's Day. The Kent State shootings had happened. People had asked that Governor's Day be postponed, because it was a military celebration and it seemed inappropriate. It seemed inflammatory to hold it at that time. The official word, of course, was, "No, we will hold it. Nobody is going to disrupt our day."

So a group of Abbie Hoffman-inspired students said, "Well, let's announce that it has been canceled." So they came into the office with a flyer, and they wanted to mimeograph it. I mean, it's 1970. Xerox machines weren't very available for that kind of copying, so what they brought in was a mimeograph to run on our mimeo machine. We had a really good one. I knew if we asked Del Papa for her permission she'd say no, because it was not the kind of politic thing she'd want to do. So I just gave them permission, turned the machine over to them, and let them run it off. I helped them distribute it, ran off extra copies, posted them all over the place, all of them with the stamp of the ASUN president's office. [laughter]

And how did that go? [laughter]

[laughter] Didn't go over well at all. I don't think she fired me about it or got upset with me about it simply because she and I and Dave Slemmons and Rob Mastroianni and a whole group of other people—all of them were in student government at the time—were all brought up on charges before the student court. And if she had outwardly done something, she would

have admitted it came out of her office. What her position was, if I remember correctly, is, "I don't know anything about it, and it couldn't possibly have come out of this office." I just refused to incriminate myself and refused to say anything. The whole case just disappeared. There wasn't any evidence except for hearsay of what we'd done, and it was hardly a crime to punish anybody for passing out flyers.

So I think it disappeared after that, but, yes, she may have given me a tongue lashing, she may have ignored me. I don't know. It may have been in the back of her mind when she finally fired me.

And she was trying to remain neutral then?

That was my sense. She was trying to be political and not inflame the regents, and that certainly would have.

How about some of the other things that were going on at the time? I know in newspaper reports there was a lot of tension with the African-American students on campus. How big of a deal was that?

You know, at the time it didn't seem like as big a deal, and I think that's partly our inherent racism, as mostly white students who were in student government. As mostly? As entirely white students who were in student government. We didn't recognize how important those voices were. At the same time there were very few blacks on campus. I wasn't in conversation with them very often. I didn't know any of them personally. So it was easy to ignore it for a while.

When they formed the Black Student Union and started asking for space, several of us said, "Yes, we should give them space."

I had a small desk and said, "I'm happy to give it up." It was right next to Frankie Sue's office, so that was nixed. Nobody else wanted to actually give up one of their offices—you know, the official offices—and people started looking for space. But it was a case of the student government sort of dragging its feet; it was looking

for space but not very wholeheartedly. Not like they would have gone out and gotten it for somebody who they thought really needed it.

So it was a surprise, I think, to all of us when a group of black students marched in and took over an office, just occupied it. And some of us didn't know whether to march in and sit with them, whether they'd let us, or what to do, so we just stood by and watched. And then when the police arrived with their guns pulled from their holsters, it's a vision I will never forget, because I'd never seen it before. I had never seen, you know, people in uniforms with weapons. Yes, and so that was distressing.

Now, when was this with the union? That was 1971?

I'm not sure of the date. I'm not sure whether this is before or after Kent State or after Governor's Day. I don't know. It was during the period Del Papa was in office, because I know I was still working—before I was fired—so that would be before January of 1971. But how close those events overlap I don't know.

OK. The police actually had their guns drawn?

And it was like twenty or thirty of them. I had never seen that many cops in Reno in my life. We'd never seen cops on campus. They'd always had a very friendly relationship with the campus police. But it was city cops—I'm pretty sure it was city cops—and the highway patrol, and they marched in, you know, with the guns up. That was shocking. To remove that handful of young black males from this little office, it seemed like overreaction of the worst sort.

And it ended peacefully?

As far as I know. I mean, there were no shootings on campus. I don't know exactly what happened to those folks, except that they eventually did get an office. [laughter] Yes, somebody really quickly found a space. Maybe Pete Perriera, the Jot Travis Union head. Honky (honky is not

the word I want). The hondo. What's the word I want here? The big guy decided just to find a space for them suddenly. It seemed important.

Did you know any of the folks from the Black Student Union personally?

I knew Jesse [Sattwhite] by name, and I certainly could recognize him. Who couldn't? He was huge and beautiful. But that's all. I didn't know anybody personally, no.

OK. With the Kent State shooting, what was your personal reaction at the time?

Absolute fear. Until then all of the stuff that the official government organizations had done—including Nixon in the Washington, D.C., march surrounding people with those fences and pushing them in trucks and taking them off and locking them up—it all seemed short of violence. It seemed to me like the government would never shoot us unless we were, you know, charging them or something. Even in Chicago during the riots in 1968, the Democratic convention, shooting was very rare; it was beatings that were taking place.

I had sort of accepted that that was the limit that police and militaristic organizations in the country would go with their own children, and Kent State changed all of that. Not only because kids were shot, but because innocent kids were shot, and the shots were fired across a campus. After that I had no faith whatsoever in whatever government folks would say about their restraints or what their intentions were.

I was very afraid for the peace movement. I went back to the protesting a little bit, but under very careful situations where I thought there was no danger of protestors getting active enough to aggravate whoever was there. And I started picking up that paranoia that we sort of associate with 1960s folks of my age, you know. Everywhere I looked there was an FBI agent; everywhere I looked there was a cop with a gun from then on.

In that article about Paul, I begin with a dream I had that started after Kent State and lasted for several years: a repeated nightmare I had in which

I'm walking across campus. It's totally empty, I'm coming between what used to be the business building, which is the flat-top Ross Hall, and Frandsen Humanities with those great pillars and the big metal and glass doors. I'm walking between there, and I realize somebody is watching me from behind with a large scope, you know, on a rifle. And I turn around, and there's this group of men all in suits on top of Ross Hall, all with these long, powerful rifles aimed at me, and I recognize them. They are both the men of my draft board and the men on the regents, and they're together. My dream puts these two enemies together.

I'm walking up to Frandsen thinking, "They don't want to shoot me. I haven't done anything," and then I realize they're going to shoot me. And as I try to rush in the doors, a shot goes through me. I have that sensation you have in dreams of slow motion, everything happening. My guts splatter against that glass. I fall into the glass, and who do I see through the glass door? Paul Adamian standing there looking at me.

That dream haunted me for years. That happened just because of Kent State. You know, we weren't playing at protesting anymore. Instead of the peace movement being dangerous in terms of your reputation, maybe your future in terms of jobs and putting yourself on line, suddenly it seemed dangerous in terms of your life. And it had never seemed that way before to me.

Now, you had been in other protests before Governor's Day?

Yes. And I wasn't actually at the Governor's Day event.

Had you ever been concerned about your safety, you know, beatings or anything, in Reno?

No. No. The protests were always . . . some of them were very pleasant. They were always well restrained in terms of the protestors. People would speak, people would chant. We marched a very little bit. They asked that classes be halted one day for a symbolic strike. I even objected to

that and then went along with it. Sort of as I became less and less moderate and more and more radical. There were teach-ins, that kind of thing.

After Governor's Day there were a couple of attempts to march in parades in town. One of them was . . . I can't remember if it was Memorial Day or St. Patrick's Day. It was in the spring. And I remember marching and being very secure. I was in a group of thirty or forty young people protesting. We were at the end of the parade, which is where they put us, and we didn't object. We just wanted to be a presence. We simply carried banners and said nothing, and people threw fruit at us—tomatoes and stuff. I felt that time how much people hated the young protesting, but I still didn't feel any danger for my life. It was like, you know, if you're not stupid, you're not getting hit by anything more than a potato or a tomato coming at you. But that was all changed by Kent State.

Right. Comparing your reaction with the rest of the campus, how do you think the student population was affected by Kent State? Was it similar?

I remember going to school shortly after that event. I don't know if it was the day after or just a few days after, and being shocked that things were still normal: business as usual. I remember being surprised that most of my classmates weren't as outraged or shaking like I was. And it may be something that finally made me genuinely one of the radical group, who I'd always kept at an arm's length. I was always a little more frightened or a little more moderate than many of them were—and then suddenly to realize that I had the same feeling they did, that that was the group that emotionally I was connected with.

But we are the ones who felt threatened, whereas a number of my classmates didn't feel that, and though they might be sad or might feel sad when somebody mentioned Kent State, they were coming into class, sitting down, and taking notes, instead of coming to class saying, "We have to talk about this," which is the feeling that I had.

Dave Slemmons had them, and Dave Slemmons disrupted classes for a week after that, just trying to get people to stop the business and, "Let's talk about this thing." So I felt like I had been marginalized even further and moved into that radical group because of those responses.

Were you part of any official organizations like SDS?

I was never officially part of SDS, though those are the folks I hung around with. There was for awhile a group really loosely organized, and I don't remember what we called ourselves. But it was an action group that tried to make things happen on campus, tried to organize protests, organize teach-ins, and I vaguely attended those group meetings and regularly went to those events. The first time, I guess, that I was really part of something that you would say was an organized group was the Paul Adamian defense committee. That wasn't a university thing; it was a separate group.

I'm going to back you up a little bit. With the distributing of flyers announcing that Governor's Day is going to be canceled: did you hear of any talk or did you know of any plans to move the demonstration in the Manzanita Bowl down at south end of campus up to actually in the Governor's Day event?

Sure, I heard all that conversation.

OK. So it was planned?

Yes. Oh, yes. I've heard people say it isn't planned, and what they're saying is, "We did not sit down and have this plan beforehand." It was, however, discussed the day before and the day of. People were talking about it, so everybody was aware that was a possibility.

OK. Where were you when all that happened?

I thought, "I'm not going up there where all the people with rifles are—and it's the ROTC!"

Man, those guys scare the shit out of me! And there's going to be the governor there, which means they've got to figure the governor is going to have, you know, some protection. Those are the people that are going to shoot people. I am too fucking scared. I was scared shitless. I couldn't go up there and be with them. So I was down in Frankie Sue's office working, and if I remember correctly, I was still trying to get cancellations up until like, you know, two or three hours before it was going to happen. I heard about it when people started pouring back down to the center of campus from the football stadium telling us—and we'd get these really exaggerated reports, and then we'd turn on the news and start watching this incredible fable unfold.

Right. What were the first accounts that you heard?

Oh, man, the first accounts I had heard was that the students completely disrupted the event, stopped it, and then the other one I heard was that a student had been run over by the motorcade. So those were the extreme things we heard.

And then later I would hear from friends who were there that, you know, it was this very peaceful thing. "We marched around in a circle."

I kept thinking, "Why the fuck wasn't I there? That's what I believe in." You're just a presence; you're quiet. And at the end, you know, they tried to stop the motorcade as it tried to leave. I thought, "Yes, I'd want to do that, too. Why wasn't I there?" I felt guilt for years afterward that I hadn't been there with them. And then, of course, Paul had been singled out of everybody.

Right. You said that other things had been planned and discussed for the days beforehand. What sort of options were being bounced about?

Options, right. God. Can I remember what else was talked about? Oh, yes, there was talk about the usual stuff that happens when radicals get together. There was talk about disconnecting the P.A. system. There was talk about flattening

the tires of the motorcade as it went up, laying down tacks or just cutting it from behind. There was talk about a group of people standing in front of the cars and stopping them. Oh, and there was talk about taking a rock band up there and just *outsounding* the place, you know, just burying them in rock noise. [laughter]

I think all of those things came up, because, you know, we were young and we read accounts of people doing things like that or thinking about doing things like that, so they come out. I don't think any of them happened, because in the end it was a small group of people who had the nerve to actually go up there—the nerve and the commitment. And once you realize you're that small a group, you realize you can't disrupt. You can be overwhelmed. So then you make what seemed to me to be a very deliberate, conscious, respectful kind of statement.

Of all the accounts of what was going on around this time, there were several people (I guess, mysterious shadowy figures) who had come out from the Bay Area—Berkeley, of course. Were there people in from Berkeley who were there specifically to stir up trouble?

I never met a one. I heard those accounts, too. I thought they were strange at the time, since we were—because I think Reno still is—an undergraduate population largely of Californians who had come to Reno because they couldn't get into the California schools they wanted to.

Nevada had a great party reputation even then. It was a great place to be for skiers. So to say that there were these Californians coming in and stirring us up seems strange since, you know, at least half of our campus was Californians of one sort or another. The other thing was that it was real clear that the people who were most articulate and most dynamic as leaders of the peace movement were guys from Reno High School, Wooster High School, and Sparks High School, and a couple of guys from Las Vegas and Elko—I mean, all people we knew from local high schools.

These people knew each other, knew each other well. I didn't know any outsiders. I remember going to one rally meeting, which disturbed me because it was like this clamor of all kinds of other things to do. I don't know when this was, but it sure sounds like it must have been close to or shortly after Governor's Day when people were throwing up all kinds of wild ideas of what to do. And there was this guy, a couple of guys there, who were saying things like, "We ought to bomb them," or, "We ought to do this."

They were saying pseudo-violent things, and I thought, "God, maybe they're right. These are the Californians come to disrupt us," you know.

And so I walked and talked with them afterwards. Well, yes, they actually were from California, but they'd been at UNR for four years. They were graduating. And they said, "Oh, we just came up to see how crazy it would get. You know, we're going to go get drunk now." So it was a party to them. They were playing out their fantasy role, and they headed for one meeting, stood there and yelled, "Hey, let's kill the fuckers or blow up something." Nobody paid any attention to them.

And never showed up again.

I never saw them again.

Right. Well, the year before for Governor's Day, Manzanita Lake had been died blood red.

That was wonderful.

And they found gas canisters in the bushes by Hartman Hall.

Yes.

Do you know anything about that?

I remember them vividly. I heard nobody talking about it. I had heard that nobody took responsibility for it afterwards. I wished I knew. I thought the blood in Manzanita Lake was brilliant, and that's theater. I love the theatrical stuff. The street-

theater kinds of stuff that had been done. That was really great, but I don't have any idea who did it or why or what motivated it. I can't even place it in my memory in a date, so it gets all fuzzy as to what might have precipitated that particular act.

Right. And the 1970 Governor's Day with the protests . . . within a few days there were fire bombings, one at Hartman Hall and the later one at the Hobbit Hole. Did you hear any discussion about that prior to the actual bombings?

No. All I heard was the rumors afterwards.

Yes. Did you know folks who lived in the Hobbit Hole?

Yes.

Who all was there?

Oh, I don't even remember their names now. Oh, God! And if I did remember them it would be because Dave Slemmons and I have been emailing and he has been mentioning them. He knew those people by name and hung out with them. The Hobbit Hole was well known as a place for all kinds of semi-legal, anti-legal activities (not just drugs, but other stuff, too). And as a result of being a scared and frightened middle-class little kid, I tended to avoid it. I only went to one party there and left early. So I don't know by name the folks who lived there, or who was there the night that it got burned. I know that Paul was there from time to time, and I worried when I heard about the fire bombing, that if he had been the target of it, that some conservative backlash kind of group had targeted the Hobbit Hole because of him. But that's again . . . well, that's hearsay and rumor. I don't really know any of it.

Right. Did you talk to him at all, like the Governor's Day or a day or two afterwards?

No. Yes, he was really remote for awhile, and then when he showed up and was starting to fin-

ish his classes, as I remember, he seemed, like I said, a really different man, and almost unapproachable to me. So I had a couple of conversations with him to share my anguish with him and to see if there was . . . I don't know, I may have said, "Can I help?" or, "Is there anything that's going on?" I don't even remember his responses, except I think he must have said my name to Jim Richardson about the Paul Adamian defense committee, because they contacted me and said, "Would you be a student rep on that?"

So would you say it was a noticeable change?

Dramatic.

OK. Were you there that summer?

Yes. I so desperately wanted to get out of there that I took (God, how many?) six, nine hours that summer to graduate quick.

What was the campus like that summer?

Oh, man. I'd been there every summer before, and I went to summer school because I hated working, and so I had all these part-time jobs and I'd go to class—and classes are great. It was not only a really relaxed campus in the summer, but a really beautiful campus, and I remember, you know, most of my sexual experiences come from the summers of hanging around and meeting young women [laughter], and nobody is dressed in anything but cut-offs, and you go to class that way, and it was really relaxed.

That summer was really different. It felt like the professors had put up walls, like they were being extremely careful. There was no chatter. People didn't hang around afterwards and just chat with the professors. We didn't see them sitting outside and eating and chatting with us or going places. You didn't see them around campus in any social way. I certainly felt totally different. I just wanted to get out of there. I was very frightened. So I remember the campus as being really reserved, if not frightened—like

somebody had tied up all the loose ends to keep it under wraps.

I had a part-time job in the student union. Perriera gave me a part-time job out of the goodness of his heart, so I had a little money that summer before I left. I worked the desk at the student union, where people would come in, and it felt like a foreign place. I didn't see the same people I'd seen all year. I didn't see anybody from the Hobbit Hole. I didn't see Paul that whole summer. I don't think I saw Dave Slemmons, and I hardly saw anybody I knew. It seemed like strangers came in and were like freshmen coming to the campus.

Right. And were you still with student government with the code of conduct?

[laughter] Man, that's a good question! [big sigh] I have real conflicted feelings about this. I was the student representative on the committee that drafted the code of conduct. I'm not proud of the work I did there. I think codes of conduct are really bad. So I have these really mixed feelings about it. Del Papa asked me to serve on that committee, and I said, "No! I don't think we should have one."

And she said, "There's going to be one. We might as well have a voice in it."

I said, "OK." The two people I remember most vividly on the committee were Gary Peltier, who had been the faculty senate president the previous year and was a faculty leader on campus and a clear liberal, supportive of Paul on the defense committee, and the rhetorician in the English Department, Bob Gorrell, who up until then I had never had a class from and had always seemed to me sort of the edge of stodginess—because that book he put out, you know, was just so full of the rules, you know.

I went to that meeting, and after these introductions, you feel so special being a student with all these faculty. And you get your introduction, and I said, "I really don't think we should be doing this."

And Gorrell turned to me and said, "I don't think so either."

Peltier said, "We shouldn't."

And from then on the discussion was, "We have to do this or the regents will impose it, so how humane a code of conduct can we create?" So that drew me in, and I worked with them for several weeks. It seemed like a long time. I missed classes. I remember a professor told me that I was doing very poorly in his class because I was so damn involved in this political stuff: the defense committee and the code of conduct. And when Del Papa fired me, we were in the middle of that code of conduct committee work, and I went to the committee and said, "I'm withdrawing because she has fired me."

And they said, "No, we really want you and need you . . . (blah, blah, blah)."

I said, "Look," [laughter] "this is an excuse for me to get the hell out of here and get a life. Doing this and living in the past and trying to deal with Paul being gone, I need a clean break." I was really on the edge of things psychologically.

So I had a hand in writing it. I know the parts of it I screamed about, I know the parts of it I felt were healthy compromises and were better than, you know, what would come down later. And I don't remember now, because once I got out of that political stuff I ignored it so completely and got off of campus so quickly. I can't remember whether the code of conduct that the faculty and students drafted together was largely assumed by or used by the regents or whether they imposed their own. I don't remember.

I know there are many parts of the code of conduct, even as it was just a year or two later, because I came back as a graduate student a year later, that they took our wording and changed it, and they made much broader powers for enforcement. I remember feeling really violated by that. But I absented myself from politics. I stopped looking at any newspapers or any television news for about ten years of my life because of those events. It was just a way to save my sanity; I thought I was losing it. I had friends that told me I needed therapy quick.

That's a lot of stuff.

Yes. So yes, I remember the code of conduct. I thought it was shitty of them to have imposed it on us. Every campus has one now, and we live with it, and doesn't seem to change things much. It seems largely a rhetorical act, and maybe it was an important political act for us to get together and talk that stuff over.

Dave Slemmons is, I think, the person who is responsible for our code of conduct on campus. He disrupted those classes, and there was no rule, faculty found out, to stop him from disrupting their classes. And they wanted a rule, which made them willing to do it. Happily the group of faculty and students who got together were very liberal and tried to write something that was a humane set of rules that honored students' right to speech, too.

So were you in classes with Slemmons when he disrupted them?

Jesus. No, no. Never when he disrupted them. No, he was a close friend. He would call me, or I would see him afterwards. And once I was outside the class so I could watch what happened when he disrupted the class. But they knew he was going to disrupt it, because the campus police came and said, "Get out of the way! We're going to go get him before he disrupts the class." They were waiting for him that time. He'd become notorious. [laughter] So it all seemed like theater to me.

Right. So you were at UNR then the following fall.

No. That's the fall I missed, the fall of 1971.

But fall of 1970 when Paul was fired?

Yes. I was there the fall of 1970. Gone the fall of 1971, back the fall of 1972 as a graduate student.

OK. When that semester started, Paul's classes were canceled . . .

The fall of . . . ?

Of 1970.

No. Paul taught the fall of 1970 while they were doing the hearing. Oh, no, you're right. Jesus, you're right, aren't you? You're right.

His schedule . . . people had signed up for classes that had filled.

That's right.

They canceled them right at the beginning of the semester, and then he was dismissed shortly afterwards.

So my memories of him changing as a teacher are actually the previous spring, aren't they, when the hearings were just beginning, before the regents actually met?

Right.

Wow.

Were you surprised, or did you see it coming that Paul was on his way out, he was going to lose his job?

No, because of, well, two things: one, I knew they were going to do something. Only a day or two after Governor's Day I was in Del Papa's office, and somebody came in with the blown-up photographs that somebody had taken—I think one of the journalists from the paper—and they put them out there. And then he goes, "Bunch of students, who can tell, bunch of students," and there was Paul, and he's so visible. I knew from then on he was going to be targeted, and the regents did the same thing. I mean, they targeted him almost immediately and pulled together that committee to look at him and whoever that teaching assistant was (it was Fred Maher), two people they could identify.

So then I knew they were going to pick on him, but once the university machinery got going and created a committee and the faculty came out with censure, I thought that the regents would take that censure and angrily accept it or maybe move it up one notch, like a probationary period. Something like that. I had no idea they would fire him, because I thought they'd be afraid of what students would do. There was a lot of talk about students burning down the campus if Paul got fired. That was crazy talk. And then it was also the fact that he had just been tenured a year before by them. And all of us believed at that time that tenure would protect Paul, you know. I just wrote Paul and told him that one of the reasons I am still not tenured (and I've been teaching for twenty years) is that I don't have any faith in it. I can't believe in it after that event. So I was shocked, too.

Right. Had you had any other action with the board members, the Board of Regents?

Well, just at meetings. One or two of them I knew as people in the community. One of them, his daughter was in my church group growing up. But, no. But now several of them stand up dutifully in my memory, but at the time they were just the regents.

Right. Well, after he was fired, students responded, right? How? They didn't burn the campus down.

No, we didn't. Students tried to organize a campus strike that would include the whole campus stopping for a day or something. And there was no question: students were willing and ready. We tried to go through channels, you know, to work with the faculty, and so we got the faculty to call a meeting to consider the possibility. I remember three or four of us standing in that room exhorting the faculty about their moral responsibility to Paul. I mean, the arrogance of youth was so evident.

I remember the faculty talking in circles around it. I remember Warren d'Azevedo sup-

porting us completely and wanting to do something symbolic like that, a gesture of some visibility, a public sort of event. And I remember the rest of the faculty backing away from it. Linc Westphal was a graduate student in the English Department at the time, and I, as an undergraduate, went to the English Department meeting to see if faculty would do something. And my God, it was their colleague, right? At least two of them had been involved in the Governor's Day protest but hadn't been caught in anybody's photographs. They had gotten off the hook, and they knew it.

The only reason Paul had been picked is because he was photographed. In fact, one of them is in a photograph, but his face is turned.

So it was the photographs that picked Paul out.

Yes, the photograph . . . if you've ever seen that photograph.

I have some.

Is it the famous one of Paul pointing at the student who is lying under the car?

Oh, I don't have that one with me.

But you've seen that one?

I've seen that one.

That's the one! But see, it's the one he's clearly visible in, and you know, it could be misinterpreted that he's telling the student to lie down.

Right—and that was Bill May on the ground?

I believe so.

OK. So if it weren't for those photographs or if others had been photographed . . . ?

The regents wouldn't have known what to do. They wouldn't have had a target, or they would have had a group of faculty, in which case

they'd have had a major faculty resistance. Because the faculty member whose back is turned in one of the photographs we all recognize, you know, had been tenured for years and was a chair of a department. Joe Crowley is now president.

If he wasn't in the protest . . . I don't know if he was in the Governor's Day part, but he was always part of the liberal, radical faction, helping to organize stuff. Those people, had they all been dragged in by the regents—a collective firing—their resistance would have been tremendous. But because the regents isolated only Paul, because he was a somewhat marginal figure on campus anyway from the point of view of the faculty, that's, I think, the reason they were able to so successfully roll on against him.

That's really interesting.

Yes, I can still see that photograph.

Right. I have some others here with me if I could run them by you.

Yes. I'd love to see them. Of course, it's been a long time.

They're starting to show up more and more. Let's see, this is photo number one. Do you know who that is?

No, I don't. I do not know that student. Man, I don't remember her name, but I remember her very well, and I don't recognize anybody else except the chief of police.

Remember this person here, to the right?

I'm not sure, but it looks like Chuck Manley. I don't know.

And then this photo two. Do you know who might be carrying those?

Oh, yes, I know him, but what his name? It's not going to come back to me. But, yes, I knew him. I mean, I went to classes with him.

Yes. Photo number three.

[laughter] That's Mary Anne Slemmons, Dave Slemmons's sister. There's Dave Slemmons right there.

In the white shirt and the beard?

White shirt and the beard, right. This is Laurie Albright, a student senator, with the check.

With the checkered shirt?

Yes. Who else can we recognize here? Bob? That's amazing.

You can take that out of that sleeve.

I don't need to. That is one of the current Board of Regents. Oh, shit, what's his name? It'll come. With the paunch white shirt.

And the white arm band and dark glasses. He's on the Board of Regents now?

He's on the Board of Regents now. He was the president of the Board of Regents back when I lived in Vegas, so if you know those people, you can just name them, and I'll say yes, it's him. He was a student there. He's probably on this list. [looks at list]

Who would that be?

[big sigh and long pause] No. Pretty sure his last name starts with an "h." It just jumped out "h." And that's Danny Klaich. I'm pretty sure.

And I'll need to talk with him.

Yes. [laughter]

[laughter] *And then here's photo four—the entrance into the stadium. Everyone's pretty small there.*

Right. Sure. And there's Paul right at the front of the march. And there's Paul in his famous ugly blue windbreaker.

And then it's Fred Maher.

That's Fred, yes.

Right. And then in the suit there . . .

Do you know who's in the suit? Because it looks like Bob Harvey from the English Department. That's the way he dressed, and I know he was there.

And these are some others. Number five is actually from the stands. You didn't see these photos before, I'm assuming.

Not that I remember.

And these are photos six and seven. We're not sure if these took place before or after. And then here's a photo of Paul.

My God, I've never seen that one. I've never seen that photo. That's amazing. Yes, I'd seen one of these two, where he was clearly standing up on a car exhorting students or exhorting people. Who knows what the hell. Nobody is paying much attention, as you can tell. [laughter] [long pause] And I can't recognize anybody from the back.

So you're on the defense committee in the fall. What was that like? You were working with faculty members: Jim Richardson, Warren d'Azevedo. Maybe I could head back up a little. Had the walls gone down between faculty and students in the summer, or was it still pretty tense?

It was very intense. Working on that committee felt really serious, like I was doing serious work for the first time. There was none of that kind of friendliness or camaraderie that I mentioned with, for example, the code of conduct group. There was a clear sense that somebody's

life was at stake and that real important constitutional rights had been violated and that if I was going to be there, then I was going to have to behave like everybody else and I was nothing special because I was a student.

I was officially the treasurer. And I think that was just Jim Richardson's way of making sure that I had a role and was visible as a student representative on the group. I didn't really do much except keep a record of the monies that came in and turned it over to Jim. I just kept the records so we had the amount of money that was being donated to the cause. Everybody else did the real work of securing a lawyer and meeting with the lawyers and finding people who would give money and raise money. It was amazing to me.

Well, there's a degree of secrecy with the money, right?

I wouldn't know anything about it. It wasn't anything secret as we were doing it that fall. Just collecting it and keeping a record of how much we had, but I, again, was only there for a short period of that. That group continued for years raising money.

As I understand it, the emphasis was on cash because checks would be traceable.

Oh, that. I heard about that. And, again, as a student it's not something that registered in my consciousness, because I didn't know what that meant, to have checkbook and checks you could write out in these amounts and have somebody want to trace it. But, you know, we got lots of cash donations. That's what I handled mostly, was people would give cash to us right in envelopes. And it was my job to count the cash and keep a record of it and turn it over to Jim, who put it in an account.

Who gave money?

Students gave lots. People gave it right out of their pockets when we'd ask for it. I think faculty gave a lot secretly or quietly. Beyond that I

don't know. They must have had sources within the community who were liberals in hiding and who gave money, but I don't know.

So it's from all over.

Yes. There was a rumor about Jim Bilbray, that he or his law firm gave a lot of money, but that was a rumor. He was the one regent who had supported Paul and the one regent who objected, who disagreed with his firing. I don't know whether he actually voted against it finally, but he clearly had been that opposing voice on the Board of Regents.

So then there were hearings that fall, in October and December. Were you at those hearings?

The only one I was at was the Board of Regents final meeting—"hearing" they called it. They spent the morning reviewing what they had to do for their business, and students kept objecting, saying, "We want to have a voice. We know you're making a personnel decision on Paul, and we know you go behind closed doors to make personnel decisions." So they acceded to that demand before lunchtime and said that after lunch they would listen to students for couple of hours. And they came back and listened, and then they marched off to the president's office and within a half an hour had issued a twenty-page document firing Paul.

So obviously they had canned it. It had already been done beforehand. Here was another way in which my idealism was completely shattered. I followed them over, just sort of trailing along behind them, and I don't know why. I sensed some anger or whatever it was, or maybe curiosity to see what was going to happen. They went up into the president's office and closed the door. The president's secretary left her desk and went in, and I stood there. (I had known her because in student government, you know, the secretaries—they're important people.) I stood there and realized there was this huge stack of mimeographed copies on their desk—Xeroxed, I mean. Xeroxed on new paper, and we didn't see that very often.

So I went over and looked at it, and sure enough it said, "Document terminating (the something of) Paul Adamian." I mean, my jaw just dropped. I picked it up and started leafing through it and realized—that's how I know it was twenty pages—that they had done this beforehand; it was done before they went to the meeting today. And all the charade of listening to students was just that.

It was a false dream.

Yes. Really shattered me. I screamed to everybody about that, but everybody else sort of seemed to say, "What did you expect, Bob?" you know. The fucking regents. Shoot them. OK. [laughter]

So how did folks react, I mean, that day? Did they anticipate it coming anyway?

Yes, I think by then it was very much a mindset of digging in, because I think everybody knew it was a done deal, but not a done deal in the sense of prepared. In that room you could look at the regents' faces and know Paul was doomed. They were going to get him some way or another.

Again, I think the surprise was that they terminated him. We all expected something else: suspension, probation. All kinds of possibilities were available to them. A more rigid kind of censure, a public censure, all kinds of stuff. But none of us expected the firing of him. I mean, they fired a tenured professor because he was involved in a protest that hundreds of people were involved in and was standard on campuses? So none of us imagined that they would do that.

It's not like San Francisco State, where faculty had weapons for awhile. You know, it wasn't part of some subversive group. He wasn't guiding us. From the students' point of view, he was never a leader of the peace movement or of agitation. Now, those photographs make him look like a leader at that day, at that event. And because I wasn't there, I don't know. But there's no question: he was never a leader of a student group or a student organization. Students were leading

it, and Paul became a close friend of many of them, so he was one of them.

Did you have any contact with him during that semester when the trial was in process?

Just a few times. I mean, he was still in his office from time to time, and I'd go by and see him. He was very withdrawn and really struggling. And I saw him once or twice socially. That was at the Hobbit House once, and I bumped into him somewhere just to see what he was doing. And all the time . . . well, you know, my sense was, "Paul, just hang on. It's going to be over. We're going to have you back. We want you back. We're going to do something for you." The idealism of youth.

Paul, I think, knew. I think he knew from very early on. Once he'd been identified and picked on as the one faculty member they were going to go after, I think he knew his fate was sealed. I heard him say sometime even before the firing was official that he would never teach again, that he'd been burned out by this event so much.

So he was ready to cut everything loose.

Yes.

Did you see him any more after that?

I don't even know if I ever saw him again. But I must have. I must have gone by his office when he was packing up, because I had a couple of his books for awhile. But that's about it. And I didn't know what to say.

Because of the event in Del Papa's office of not being able to get only positive students on there, at the time when I thought that still made a difference, I had this real sense of guilt like I'd failed Paul. And, you know, why else was I in student government, except to give Paul that one voice in there, and I just totally failed him. So I partly wasn't seeking him out at that time either.

And then you say you came back, or you took a year off, came back in 1972?

Gosh, it's so confusing. Yes, fall of 1972 I came back as a graduate student (which you might like to know). I was a T.A. in the English Department. They sent me the official papers, you know, to sign it, and I signed it and sent it in. Bob Harvey, chair of the English Department, signed it, sent it upstairs to the dean, and the dean sent it back and says, "We're not fucking hiring Mayberry. We're not hiring a radical. We're not going to hire somebody who's going to disrupt classes." Harvey talked to him all, and the dean finally said, "OK, hire him on one condition. You have him come into my office, stand in front of me, and swear on a written document that he will not do two things: one, disrupt classes with political talk, and two, take his clothes off in class."

Dave Phoenix, who was also a T.A. at the time—and I don't know if Dave Phoenix was part of the peace movement or not, but he was a real far-out guy—had stripped in front of his class once to have them write about something, to shock them. You know, shock freshman. You do these things sometimes. God, stupid thing. And the dean thought I would do that next. [laughter] So I had to swear somewhere and sign this oath that I would not disrupt class with political talk, which was fine with me—I didn't want to talk about it either—or take off my clothes. [laughter]

Then they hired me as a T.A., but Bob Harvey said he really had to work behind the scenes to get me hired. The dean and somebody else upstairs did not want me back on campus. Certainly not with a tuition waiver.

Had things changed a lot when you came back on the campus?

Well, yes. I mean, we were still in Vietnam, but the draft was gone. And the peace movement on campus was gone. And there was no temptation on my part. . . . I didn't have to face any temptation whether or not to get involved politically, whether or not it was going to jeopardize my job. Nothing was happening.

The only thing I remember after that was a couple of activities in the community, which came

from students, but they weren't on campus. They were, again, marching occasionally. Oh, wait. No, that was as an undergraduate. I was going to say there was a protest in front of the federal building, but that was, again, while I was still an undergraduate. So even that (which I would have gone to)—a protest in front of the federal building—was as far away from campus as you can get, you know. None of that happened after that. The regents effectively squashed all that. If that's what they wanted to do, they were successful at that. What they did was turn a lot of young kids who were moderate liberals and liberals into radicals, pushed us to the edge, pushed us out of the institution.

And then have things gone back to the way they were with interaction between faculty and students?

Well, as a graduate student things were different, right? I *never* felt that kind of chumminess again with faculty. But I had alienated the English faculty.

Linc Westphal and I went to the English Department faculty meeting to see if they would do something symbolic, some activity. They were talking about writing a letter of protest to the regents, and we just finally threw up our hands and said, "Goddamn it! Get off your butts. Don't be so frightened. Let's have at least one day where we don't teach classes or one day where we talk about Paul instead of classes."

Something symbolic was all we were asking for, and they just turned and said, "No way, we are afraid for our jobs. We're not going to jeopardize our jobs. You guys are just . . ."

And we called them, you know, assholes and cowards—and all the kinds of things you yell at adults when you're young and stupid and frustrated. So I had really alienated a lot of the faculty in the department I was now a graduate student in. And so I didn't feel any of that chumminess with them. I started working in the theater with David Hettich down at the Reno Little Community Theater, and he and I became close

friends, and that was my link to the faculty in that year.

Right. Do you remember any of those conversations with particular faculty members?

About the Paul Adamian stuff? Well, yes. There was a guy who had an office at the end of the hall, a real short guy. His name was George. I can't remember his last name. He was known as an eccentric in the department. He had an M.A. and not a Ph.D. (he'd been there forever). And if I saw a list of faculty I'd pick out his name. George and I had crossed paths several times, and he was a real conservative, controlling. I was anal-explosive at the time. I'd taken a creativity class from him and Jim Morrison in the Art Department and tried to do these wild and angry things, and they were really terrible. But Morrison thought I was at least inventive and willing to try things and wanted to give me an A, and George insisted I should fail the course because I had refused to take the written part of the final and all this other stuff, and they gave me a C in the class. And whenever George and I saw each other, there were sparks. Well, he was the most articulate person at the meeting [saying] that faculty should never do anything more than write letters. That's what was appropriate for faculty to do, and he kept saying that. And now, in retrospect I see him as a frightened faculty member, and understandably. He only had an M.A.—didn't even have that kind of protection. I don't even know if he had tenure, though I guess he probably did.

He and I saw each other a couple of times after that, and he was very critical of me, saying, "You don't know what you're doing, you're not only risking your life (which he didn't care about), but you're putting other people's careers at risk by continuing to push this issue." He seemed adamantly opposed to the defense committee's existence. So I had that conversation with him.

I had the conversation with Harvey about getting me into graduate school. Harvey was very understanding of all this stuff and just thought that, you know, all this should be ignored. It

wasn't important, and we should get on with our lives now.

Yes, what's his name? Husain Haddawy, who had been sort of an icon when I was an undergraduate, had undergraduate groupies following him around because of his mystical sort of way of teaching, and I was one of them for awhile. Paul Basta and I both were. And he and I had snatches of conversation, because I took a seminar with him. And I kept saying, you know, "Why don't we do more?" And he kept coming back with that eastern philosophy crap (it seemed at the time) about this is the way things are, and you have to learn to accept it and go on.

I kept saying, "If it was your job you wouldn't be accepting it and going on, you know." And so we sparked each other that way for awhile. I took his class and was perfectly happy in his class, so it didn't put a gulf between us. It was just a difference I knew was there.

But there was a guy (oh, God, I can't remember his name now). He's gone. Hulse. No, that's the guy in history. He taught American lit, and I took an American lit class from him as an undergraduate and got a C because I didn't attend very often, because I was involved in all this stuff with Paul. When I came back as a graduate student, he said to me point blank, he said, "What the hell are you doing as a graduate student? You were a terrible undergraduate student." Just like that.

I thought, "OK, I won't say anything around you. I don't mean to offend anybody."

And another faculty member, ironically, taught for awhile for me at UNLV when I was director of comp. He was retired and he wanted just a couple of adjunct classes, and later died of leukemia or cancer down in Las Vegas while he was with us. He had me in my first graduate course, you know, the introduction to graduate studies. I was sort of oddball and weird and kept doing weird things, and he took me in his office one day and said, "Bob, you have wonderful energy, and I think you should be in a creative writing program. You do not belong in graduate school." And so after my first year in Reno I dropped out of graduate school for a year.

He was right; I didn't belong. I had too much anger, too much stuff I was working out by being in a classroom, so every poem had sexual and political stuff to me—I mean, everything. I just kept bringing that to class and insisting. And while he was good at handling it and finding it funny and making other people laugh about it and saying, “This shows how various interpretations can be,” it didn't throw him. Other people, you know, kept staying away from me, because who wants that? I suppose they saw me as a powder keg in their classes, “Who knows what he's going to do next?”

Yes. And so you left Reno?

I left Reno with the woman I was living with. We went to Massachusetts, where she went to graduate school, and I was a librarian for a year. I had a really good friend who took me aside at the end of that year and said, “You need to be in a creative writing program.” And that matched up to what that professor had said.

I said, “God, you're the second person who's said that.”

He said, “Look Bob, you don't like working.” I hated working a job eight hours a day. He said, “You did like the classroom, even though you had struggles your first year. You do like being a student in the classroom, and what you most want to do is write. You keep writing this stuff and bringing it over and showing it to me, so why don't you get yourself in the MFA program?” And it got me back into graduate school, and I sailed right through to a Ph.D. after that.

Is there anything we haven't covered?

Wow, we've covered a lot, haven't we?

Yes. [laughter]

I was aware of the oral history project going on, and when I look at those names I realized a lot of those people would say to me, “Gee, I've been over to the oral history project, and I was interviewed.” I remember feeling left out by not

being asked. I was standing next to major players constantly—you know, mostly because of Dave Slemmons, and he'd been a childhood friend. So when things started happening, when SDS came to campus and Slemmons was one of the organizers, I knew about it and occasionally attended.

It's very gratifying to be interviewed now, but it's also an indication, as I look back on it, how much through my own egocentric lenses I saw and remembered all of this, because I thought of myself as a major player in all of these things, and I wasn't in any of them. It's easier to say that now.

N. EDD MILLER

Brad Lucas: Today is November 19, 1998. This interview is being conducted in Dr. Miller's home in Reno, Nevada. Dr. Miller, one of the things I noticed is that your tenure as an administrator at UNR almost runs parallel to the U.S. involvement in Vietnam.

Yes.

When you took over as president for UNR, what sort of expectations were held by the Board of Regents of you? What sort of expectations did they have of you?

I couldn't answer for what they thought. I assume that part of their expectations centered around the fact that the structure of the university was in the process of changing, and my being here was part of the implementation of the change. Prior to that year, there was a single University of Nevada that offered some extension in Las Vegas (essentially), and this was to restructure to create a system with a free-standing university in Reno and a free-standing university in Las Vegas, both reporting to a central administrator (then with the title of president, but that later was changed to chancellor). So my assumption, my guess, is that the Board of Regents—

made up of three regents from Clark County, three from Reno area, and three from the rest of the state—were interested in seeing how this would work. Beyond that I always had trouble reading the minds of regents.

Right. Did they voice any expectations about dealing with campus protests?

No. There had been no protests of any consequence that I'm aware of—of the sort that occurred during the war. There had been, as you know, a major protest about Minard Stout, the then-president of the university, but that was a different kind of thing and involved a different category of people, I think. Because as far as I knew, neither they nor I were there anticipating this kind of thing.

Right. Yes. So even though there were large protests already on some of the larger campuses across the country . . . ?

Well, that was just beginning in 1965. It was later in that decade and the early part of the 1970s that nationally there seemed to be a lot of activity on college campuses, so it wasn't a major factor that I'm aware of, or that I remember. And



N. Edd Miller, c. 1971.

you have to keep in mind that you're asking me about things that happened twenty-six years ago or so, and every day that passes my memory gets a little bit weaker [laughter]. I mean, on even the more recent things.

Yes. Right.

Sorry to get off on that diversion.

Oh, no. That's fine. What about later on when the war escalated and there were more protests—1968, 1969, before the spring of 1970 when there actually was a protest on campus? Did the Board of Regents ever express concern or expectations on how to deal with anything that might come about?

I can't recall, and that doesn't mean there were none, but I can't recall any specific acts or things or people. There were some regents that had expressed some concern or apprehension about their liberalism, these two or three faculty

members that were active in things that today would be more likely a part of the conservative agenda. But then Earth Day came several years later, but the first Earth Day, there were regents who insisted this was a communist conspiracy of some sort. There were two or three professors that some regents thought were too liberal and who were willing to speak out.

There was not a lot of that kind of feeling expressed about students. As those years passed, there was a three- or four-year period of time where there were some concerns occasionally about hair style of male students and dress, that sort of thing, that later got wrapped into the whole feeling about crazy left-wing students. It may be hard for you to believe . . . I remember sometime during the first year I was here, a couple of students, both of them ex-students, came by to introduce themselves and tell me they were now students of Berkeley or someplace and that they were active SDS members. And they said, "If you're looking for student radicals, here we are." And they were a male and a female, who assured me they were living together, which in those days was also a sign of decadence. But that was just a scattering of things like that. It was not until 1967, 1968 that there began to be some signs of student unrest, and I deal with that kind of thing in this volume probably better than I can remember now. But I hope what I've said is relevant to what you're asking.

Yes. Certainly. You mentioned two or three individuals sort of being prominent figures. Who did the Board of Regents identify as potential problems?

Do you mean on the faculty?

Yes.

Well, when you say the Board of Regents, I can't speak for the board as a board. You know, they didn't express themselves as . . . What I'm referring to are comments from some individual members of the board, not all of them, so it's not a board action. It really is just a couple of the

people that I recall, and there might be many others. There was a professor named Bill Scott and one named Erling Skorpen. Erling Skorpen may have been a philosophy professor (I can't remember). He left within a year or so of my coming (and not a cause-effect there), but he went to the University of Maine at Orono for a much better job, and the university would also employ his wife, who was a writer of children's books. He and I kept in touch, and then when I left here I went to the University of Maine in southern Maine and talked to Erling several times, as five or six years had passed since I'd seen him. He was just an honest, forthright person, as was Bill Scott, and neither of them were rabble-rousers in the sense of trying to stir up the populace. They just said what they thought. (That sure is a long answer to your question.)

No, that's fine. Were there any others?

I'm sure there were, but I . . . I'm not afraid to answer your question. I'm just trying to think who some of them might be. Jim Hulse, whom I believe you know, or know about, was always well respected by regents but was active with ACLU and that kind of thing. So I'm sure there were some individual regents who may have desired something different. Jim Hulse, incidentally, was a key figure in the Governor's Day thing, too.

Right. Now, you mentioned in an earlier interview that you were opposed to President Nixon's decision to invade Cambodia. What was your opinion about the war up until that point?

Well, you have to understand that in 1966, the spring, early summer, our son graduated from Reno High School, and within two months had enlisted in the army and served in Vietnam for a little over three years. He has written a novel about it and a non-fiction account of his time as a lurp. You know what a L.R.R.P. is? [A Long-Range Reconnaissance Patrol, pronounced "lurp"] But during all this time my wife and I had terribly mixed feelings about this being a

wrong kind of war, and yet we wanted to be sure that our son and his cohorts got support, material support, if not psychological support. I don't know how else to answer your question, except to . . .

No, that's fine.

In our family situation we were dealing with this in a different way than I was trying to deal with it on the campus.

Were there any significant protests against the war on campus in the late 1960s?

My long pause is trying to remember—I'm not trying to be careful about what I say. None that have left enough of an impression for me to be aware twenty-seven years later. It was clear that there were two groups—and this oversimplifies—of students that were liberal. Three groups: a liberal element and a very conservative element and third group that didn't get involved one way or the other with it, which is probably far and away the largest of the three. But there were students frequently from majors in agriculture, mining, engineering, who were not extending a point of view but negating a point of view that came from more liberal kinds of students. The conservative group was not proposing something, but opposing. And during the entire time (until 1973 or thereabouts, when the whole thing began to fall apart: that is, the groping after peace and the end of the war) there were students that were expressing themselves pretty freely.

I'm sorry. I'm trying hard, but you might find more about that kind of thing if you want to . . . I wouldn't suggest anybody try to read all this [motions toward 1973 oral history] word for word, but you might want to glance into this, because this was done the year I left here, and so I was much closer and could particularize a lot easier than I can now.

Right. So the 1973 interviews.

Yes, I think so.

OK. What about other sorts of student protests in 1970 in the months before Governor's Day? Did you have a sense that there were other forms of protest building maybe?

Well, when you say other forms of protest, you mean about things other than the war?

Yes.

Yes, there were two or three as I recall. One major factor was the growth and development of a strong black presence on the campus: still, at that time, very small in number. As I recall there may have been a hundred-plus black students registered at the university. But they were becoming much more active and getting some support from the more liberal white students. And during the time of Governor's Day they had organized well.

One of the things that if you're getting into Governor's Day, at the time that particular moment in time when the protest took place, the organized black students, seventy-five or eighty or a hundred of them, marched to the stadium also—not in protest to the war, but in protest to the absence of some civil rights, equal rights opportunities. And they marched to the stadium, separated from white students and faculty who made the march, got to the stadium, and, as all of them did that day, marched around the track and seated themselves together on the grass as you face the stadium from the press box's side off to the right.

And Frankie Sue Del Papa, whose name you may know, had just been elected president of ASUN that spring. And bless her heart, she went over . . . Do you know Frankie Sue?

Yes.

She went over where the black students were—and they all had a lot of respect for her—and I could see her from the stadium pointing her finger at them. And what she was saying to them, "Don't you dare attack any one of these ROTC boys. Don't you stir your . . . You stay here, but you behave yourselves," or something like that,

and they listened to her. [laughter] But that was one element that began to take shape.

Seems to me when I started that I was thinking of something else, too. Well, there was some discontent for the first two or three years I was here with the operation of the office of student affairs. And a real fine human being named Sam Basta was dean of students, but he was living in the 1920s and 1930s, prior even to World War II, I think. His main concern were fraternities and their behavior, and so eventually I moved him out of the job.

But students were showing some concern about their involvement in the university and fairness to them, and I took that very seriously. If you do skim through this book [the 1973 oral history] you'll see that a major thrust, I hoped, of my philosophy about the university was increased participation, not just by faculty and staff, but students as well. And I think we achieved some of that. But during our time, for example, we restricted the way in which the office of student affairs could search students' rooms, for example, and we developed a code about rights of privacy and that kind of thing for students.

Jim Hardesty may be another name you know—just elected judge. He was president of ASUN the year before Frankie Sue. Frankie Sue followed him. And he and I were, as Frankie Sue and I were, very close, because we stood for the same kinds of things really. And he developed a kind of code about room searches and related matters for students that we put into effect.

But there was that kind of agitation and feeling on the part of a lot of students, the brighter students in particular. One anecdote amusing to me (but not to anyone else perhaps) during that time period—and I'm not sure what year of 1968, 1969, or 1970—we had set up a new honors program at the university, and included in that was a kind of summary course of a seminar kind of thing that honors students new to the program. And a man named Gary Peltier, who is still teaching at the university in education, he and I taught a seminar on "The University" (that was the title of it). The first day the class met, I had a phone call or

something that I just had to take before I went to class, so I was late in getting there. So Gary said to the group of fifteen or twenty students—who were one by one by one the students that we considered to be, well, kind of far out (they aren't really by today's standards)—“President Miller is sorry that he can't be here. There's some kind of problem that he has to take care of.”

Whereupon one of the students said, “There can't be. We're all here.” [laughter]

I thought this was But there was some student concern, I think appropriately so. And among the concerns was ROTC. I just found it totally unplausible and of great concern when I came here and discovered that this was the last one of two or three. Brigham Young University and University of Nevada may be the only two left then that required all entering freshman males to enroll in ROTC. And there was a blacked-out time period when ROTC met and you couldn't schedule any classes in. And for two years every male student, undergraduate, had to take ROTC. And this is relevant to what happened on Governor's Day.

I tried very hard, not once but several times a year, to get the regents to abdicate that kind of thing without any luck. And one of the chief reasons was the American Legion and a spokesman, —a man named Tom Miller, a nice old gentleman—was attending nearly all regents meetings to be ready to argue for keeping the required ROTC. And he did that, and there were two or three of the regents who had gone to school here and whose memories of the ROTC were Well, they had a lot of fun and good training, a good physical ed, and that sort of thing. And that was their memory of the time. I'm sure they didn't feel that way.

But this is relevant, I think, to what happened on Governor's Day. There's just no way in the world that the University of Nevada could become a first-class institution with that late-nineteenth-century requirement, and decidedly unfair that only males were required to do this. (Although at that time I think ROTC was not open to females anyway.) And the thing that really irked me was that my fellow university, sister univer-

sity, down at UNLV had no requirement like that. But we were the land-grant institution, and in the 1860s the land-grant institutions were supposed to turn out good mechanics and ag people and also good citizens prepared to fight for the country.

Originally, as far as I know, all the land-grant colleges had active ROTC programs. But we were one of the very last to have it. Before I left here I still had not seen it abolished, but I had managed to get through the Board of Regents a couple of years before I left that in place of enrolling in ROTC, entering male freshman could take a test about the country. It was sort of like a citizenship test, you know. And as far as I know, no one ever failed it, but that took away a heavy load of students from the ROTC.

I favor ROTC. I really do. I think it's an opportunity for a lot of students, and as time proves when war comes, that's the source of a lot of trained officers. But to require those first two years, which have nothing to do with military in action And there were an awful lot of students who felt that way, too, but the regents were adamant about keeping it. I really got off on that, but I think you should know that that was a basic condition of life at the university that had some bearing, I think, on the Governor's Day thing.

No, that's useful. Right.

Governor's Day was a long-standing tradition at this university, and it centered around ROTC. The governor was here to review his troops. And I think the governors that I knew, the recent ones during that time frame, had never really given much thought to it. It was a ceremony that they took part in that had been going on for a long time.

Now, with the ROTC and with the Black Student Union, were there ever any public protests or demonstrations that were staged, or was this mostly sort of small groups?

No. And I'm sorry. You could check dates, because my memory is vague about that. But the

Black Student Union, probably the single most noticeable thing that they did during this time frame generally, was they took over the ASUN offices in the union building. Instead of occupying the president's office, they occupied the ASUN offices. They had been looking for a place of their own to have as their headquarters, and we were honestly so crowded for space it was difficult for anyone to find space. And I think—I may be wrong—but my recollection is that I think we offered them some space in Morrill Hall, which, of course, is the oldest building on the campus and had not been renovated as it has been now. But it wasn't really a Siberia. The *Sagebrush*, for example, that was their headquarters in Morrill Hall, and that was a respected—not always liked—but a respected activity at the university. The Black Student Union leadership really wanted to be in where the ASUN was, and they occupied a good share of Jot Travis, which has been since then largely increased in size.

So they took over their offices, and that was a frightening thing to me. I heard about it right away. The director of the union called me and told me that this was happening, that they'd gone in and taken over and locked the door from the inside, and, "What should I do?" you know. [laughter]

So I went over and talked to them. Some of them and I liked each other. We were not automatically on a negative; we were more likely to be on a positive. I begged with them to come out, and we'd continue to look for better space for them, but that what they were doing then was illegal and intolerant and will set back our hope to get good space for you. They listened through the door and then later by telephone. The thing that bothered me was a crowd of students had begun to gather around the union, and for the first time they were identifiable cowboys and liberals, and as a couple of hours passed there must have been five or six hundred students outside. Security people kept them from going in the building, and they wanted to disperse them, and I said no, that they have a right to be there so long as they don't do material or physical damage—and

they weren't, but they were doing a lot of yelling at each other. I really was frightened, and I thought this could . . . All it would take would be for one kid to strike another, and the whole place would be a *mêlée*. And I thought about seeing if the fire department could come out with a hose, so I called somebody in city hall, and they said, "No," and they were right.

I can't remember what finally got them . . . I think I gave them some deadlines, and I think as of eight o'clock or nine o'clock or something, a deadline approached and they weren't getting anywhere, and I think they decided to come out. That room they were in had a skylight that went out to the roof of the building, and half a dozen or so exited that way. And there maybe were fifteen or twenty students all told, and the rest unlocked the door and came out, not with hands up, but they came out. And they were charged later with a minor kind of charge—a disturbing the peace kind of charge. Nobody served any time or got heavily fined or anything, but a dozen or so of them—maybe not that many—had to appear before a judge within that week sometime. How did I get way off on this? [laughter]

Because I asked you. [laughter]

It wasn't Governor's Day, but you asked if there were other kinds of things, so this is one that I remember.

Right. And was the Jesse Sattwhite case . . . ?

Jesse Sattwhite was one of the nominal leaders of the group. And I say nominal because I spent a lot of time with him, and it was very clear that he was not making decisions; he was told what to do and say. But there's a case in point. Jesse and I always got along well. He'd come by my office sometimes and pound on the table. But on a one-to-one basis we got along fine. Yes, he may have been the nominal president of the Black Student Union that year or something. His wife was an attractive and very, very bright, fine student at the university. Jesse was not. He was a

slightly better-than-average football player, but we . . . I liked Jesse, and he was full of bombast, but . . .

One time there was an exchange out in the parking lot. He and I walked out of the building together, and he was off on a tirade of some sort, and I thought he was threatening me with something, and I stopped him. I said, "Jesse, I'll listen to anything you have to say, but don't you dare threaten me." And here I am five feet seven and this great big hulk of a man who . . . [laughter] But he understood. He didn't intend to make my life bad.

Right. Yes. Were there other instances where there were a large crowd gathering or possible conflicts as you identified with the ASUN takeover? Was there anything like that between then and Governor's Day?

Probably, but I honestly can't recall, Brad. My recollection is that there was some speechifying going on. I don't what it's called now, but it's the bowl right as you turn into the campus, and to your left as you turn into the campus . . .

The Manzanita Bowl.

Quite often it was a place where speakers . . . Alex Haley came here while he was writing his book, for example, and that's where he spoke from. And I think we may have had some speakers that would be considered liberal and maybe radical in that area. It was an easy area to use. I think technically they should have been reserved, but you don't have to in an outdoor place like that. There may have been others, too, but I remember a speaker came over from Berkeley, black faculty member from Berkeley.

Was that Harry Edwards?

Yes. And he spoke to the ASUN senators. Somebody had brought him by the office and introduced him to me that afternoon, and my wife was not feeling well, and I said, "I may not get

back to hear you. Depends what I find at home," and that seemed all right.

But I did get back, and I went into the back of the room in the union where he was talking, and he was really stirring them up. And he said, "Dr. Miller is too big a coward to be here tonight and to hear this," and there I was standing in the back of the room [laughter]. I didn't raise my hand, but I let him rant and rave. But clearly he was trying to stir up the natives, and not just black students, but others as well.

A month or two later, I saw Roger Hines, who was chancellor at Berkeley at that time, and he and I were long-time friends (and had been graduate students together at the University of Michigan). So I told him about this visit we had from his faculty member, and he shook his head and said, "You know, I don't understand this, but you're not the first one who said this to me." And I knew of other people that had that plague descend upon them. But he said, "Let me send you . . ." And he sent me a copy of a speech that he had given, maybe to the graduating class in sociology or something at Berkeley, which was a fine presentation of what your opportunities are and how to make the most of them, and none of this ranting and raving, this wild kind of thing.

Do you think he succeeded in stirring up the students?

Well, it . . . I'm sorry my time memory is so bad.

No, that's fine.

I don't know whether that was before or after the . . .

It was about a month before Governor's Day.

It may have had some connection there. But as I say, the black students were participants in Governor's Day, but not in the events that achieved all the notice.

Right. So you see them as having a separate but equally involved protest on Governor's Day.

Exactly.

That's interesting.

They were not expressing concern at least about the Vietnam War, but they were expressing considerable vehemence about their own condition and the condition of their peers elsewhere. The Jackson State killing—more than the Kent State—was very important to them, and understandably so. So yes, they were there, but they were not active creators of any of the things except their own show, which we talked about earlier.

Right. So we have the Cambodian invasion at the end of April in 1970, and then Kent State, which you mentioned, on May 4, and Governor's Day within a few days of that.

Yes.

On the 1970 interview you said you didn't believe the reaction on campus would be carried out so far.

That what?

The reaction of the protestors on Governor's Day: you didn't think that the reaction to all these events would be taken as far as a rowdy protest—although the rest of the country was sort of up in flames at that time.

Yes, more or less.

What gave you the sort of confidence that it wouldn't go that far in Reno and at UNR?

Well, I'm not sure that I thought that, maybe just hoped that. Yes.

Hoped that? OK.

I don't know. For one thing, the campus was lagging behind what was happening in Madison, Wisconsin, and elsewhere. Those things had happened a year before, or six or eight months before this event, and I guess I was kind of (as many of us were) lulled into a tranquil kind of feeling that wasn't justified. I don't know. I really don't know.

It's a good question, and I'm sure I would have responded quickly to it a year after the events, but in retrospect I maybe don't remember enough of the things that are happening. We were doing some things on the campus, as I mentioned earlier, that were student initiated and that I not only said but believed and did see that students were involved in decision making activities on the campus, and maybe all of that kind of lulled me into feeling that it can happen at Kent State or Madison, Wisconsin, but not here. I don't know. It's a good question. For the record I'll say I just don't know, and I don't.

Right. Did other people voice concern at that time, particularly with Kent State and all, about maybe preparing in case something like that would happen? Or you know, if a student protest were to get a little out of control, what measures would be taken, like the fire hose you mentioned? You know, what sort of plans might be put together? Was there any talk of that?

Yes, I guess so—a little bit. Probably not enough, but I always tried to work very closely with student government, and my friendship with Jim Hardesty and Frankie Sue Del Papa is not just accidental; it was a genuine connection at the time. I guess I put more trust into that kind of approach to things than was justified ultimately. And that's making it sound self-serving for me, but I thought that we were never immune but that we could avoid the plague by doing some of these participatory things and doing it genuinely, not just as a showcase.

And I think, despite Governor's Day and despite whatever else, it worked. We certainly didn't have disasters here as those shootings and that sort of thing. Although a candidate for

governor . . . one of the things that he offered was to send troops to the campus anytime I wanted them, and I told him that he should be ashamed of himself [laughter], that it's the most dangerous thing in the world to do that.

If I could bring us a little closer to what actually happened near Governor's Day. Not much has been said about what was going on before the actual ceremonies. Now, did you arrive in the motorcade with others?

Well, that was an interesting thing. The protocol for Governor's Day (and as I said, you know, it was here forever) was that the governor and the army always sent a general, a brigadier general (is that one, two, three, or four stars?), because it was a big ROTC and the governor was here. And the protocol was that we assembled the kind of platform party in the president's office, with the governor and the general and others from the campus who took part in the ceremony—the ROTC commandant, for example. And we had four or five cars lined up to drive us from Clark Administration to the stadium, and the stadium was different, but it's in the same location that it is now. And the protocol was that the president of the university and the governor of the state led the parade. So Paul Laxalt (and he and I were good friends) and I went out, got in the lead car, and headed out (we had drivers) for the stadium, got there, got out of the car, and then began waiting. And we waited maybe thirty minutes. One of our university police came and told me there was some problem back there with the rest of the cars.

So I don't know what happened. [laughter] I don't know whether Paul Adamian got down in front of the car. I know what I've heard, but Paul Laxalt and I were up at the stadium with the crowd of people who were getting restless about the delay in getting the show on the road.

So you were already at the stadium. [laughter]

Yes. [laughter] The next car in line had the general, and he was a more likely target for that

group than the governor of the state, even. And that's the car that was held up, and that still is mostly just a walkway now, but there was a kind of a drive, narrow one, through there. Nobody could pass somebody, a vehicle. So I don't know what happened. [laughter]

[laughter] Now, that's interesting. I didn't know that. How many cars were in the motorcade?

Oh, not a vast number: four or five maybe. It wasn't that big in quantity and size. After the rest of them got there, we went on with the ceremony as if everything had happened on time.

I think the one thing that really hurt me was that we were honoring that day an ex-student of the university that had just been killed in Vietnam, and his parents had come up from southern California—the Wishams, I think their name was. And the student had been a student at the university, got a degree, and had been in the ROTC all the way through. And then he worked for awhile and decided with the war going on that he should re-enlist, and he did, and he came out as a second lieutenant. So he had served as a sergeant in his first tour and then gone back as a second lieutenant. He went back to Vietnam and within two weeks was killed. And his parents were there to witness all this multitude of howling and yelling and stuff. I said over the microphone, "Don't you have any sense of decency about this grieving family?" and it didn't stop them. That, I think, upset me personally more than . . . And I knew the Wishams. But I just thought that was uncalled for.

Right. And was your son in Vietnam at that time?

Yes. But it wasn't about him; it was about . . . It was easy for me to empathize with this other family.

Right. I have a few photos here.

[laughter] OK.

This is one photo, from the blocking of the motorcade. Well, it's photo number one.

Oh, yes. Now, that's what I didn't see. I was gone by then.

Do you know who those two gentlemen are standing?

Well, this obviously is one of the university police. And I don't remember. The civilians: one may have been Sam Basta. I'm sorry. It's too bad he's not holding his head up.

Yes, that's fine.

I really helped you with that one, didn't I? [laughter]

So we don't really know much about these photos. There are a few other photos of the march to the stadium. Did you see the marchers approaching before you got into the stadium, or were the ceremonies already underway?

The formal expected ceremonies were not underway, because they were waiting for the platform party to arrive, but there had been some things going on There was some kind of activity that was going on before the formal ceremony.

Yes. Did you see the marchers on their way as in these photos, two and three?

I vaguely remember, and there were marchers. There were civilian marchers. These obviously are not ROTC types, and I think a group like this did the circling of the Maybe that's what Paul Laxalt and I saw, because that was before the formal marching of the ROTC cadets. Yes, I didn't mean to imply that there were not other students.

Right. Did you recognize any of these students?

No, I don't think so. At the time I probably knew very well who they were. No. I'm sorry.

OK. That's fine.

Where did you get these pictures? They're great.

Someone brought them into the archives, and they just dropped them off.

Yes. Yes, this was the march around the stadium. Then after they did their marching, they filed into the stadium, and that was the cheering section.

And so when the marchers entered the stadium you were already in the stands?

I think so, because the governor and I I think we were already there. I think because we had come by automobile we were ahead of this picture of students walking. (I'm sorry, I just can't remember for sure.)

That's fine. Now, you did not know that there were going to be marchers heading for the Governor's Day ceremonies until it actually happened, right?

I did not know that there would be any attempt at disrupting the ceremonies. I did expect to have a lot of students who were anti-ROTC or antiwar in Vietnam. That didn't surprise me. And I expected catcalls and that sort of thing from them. I think I expected that, but I And you have to forgive them for the years that have passed and the color that I might give to this. Maybe I didn't expect that. It was only after-the-fact wisdom. [laughter]

Were you surprised to see some of the faculty members at the head of the march?

No, because I knew that there was a good element of the faculty, including people like Jim Hulse, that I respected greatly then and still do. As a matter of fact, at one point when I was try-

ing to quiet them down so that we could proceed or whatever, a student came up to me and said, "Professor Hulse would like to have the microphone to address the crowd." And by then I was not in the best of moods, as you might [laughter]

And I said, "If Dr. Hulse wants something, tell him he has to ask for it himself, but I'm not taking messages from messengers." And pretty soon Jim came and asked me if he could make some brief comments about the war in Vietnam. And I told him I was sorry, "This is the wrong occasion for it, and I may be wrong, but we're going to stick to this formal ceremony. We've started it, and we're going to finish it." Which may or may not have been the right thing to say, [laughter] but by then I was angry enough, too, I guess.

Well, one of the things that people haven't discussed in detail is what sort of behavior was being performed or exhibited. Apparently, it was rude. You mentioned howls and catcalls. Do you remember anything particular about how the crowd was behaving, in terms of what they were saying, what they were doing, that sort of thing?

Not in particular. But my generalization would include that I would assume after the fact that they were yelling things like the L.B.J. poetry about, "How many kids have you killed today?" and that sort of thing. But it was a constant. The thing that impresses me still is a constant howling noise from the stands. And I'm sure there were understandable individual kinds of things, too. The interruption of the ceremony within a ceremony of giving recognition to the parents of the former student: that didn't quiet them down at all, and that's when I yelled at them myself that, "Have a little decency about this particular thing."

Right. And this is when the protestors had already entered the stands?

Yes, we were all there in that west stand or whatever it is—the old stand. And since you've

been here, that stadium is entirely different than it used to be. [laughter] It was more in size like a high school stadium.

I see. This photo here

Oh, yes. That is my recollection.

And that's with the protestors already in the stands then behind you?

Yes. But they must have come in before somehow, because I remember a group walking around the track.

Can you help me identify some of the people here?

Yes, let me get better light or better vision. He's now the chief judge of the Ninth Circuit.

OK, so that's Procter Hug.

That's Frankie Sue, with the long hair. And then to the left is Procter Hug

So Frankie Sue is the woman in white.

I don't know where I am. That could be me. Yes.

Is that you there, third from the . . . with Paul, right?

That could be. And there's someone I should be able to identify, and so is that. That might be me. I don't know. No, he has too much hair.

The crowd behind you: they all have their arms outstretched. Do you know what they might be doing at that time?

No, I don't. Didn't help you much, but Frankie Sue had long hair in those days, and I'm sure that's who that is. And Procter Hug: he was chair of the Board of Regents that took the formal action against Adamian.

Yes. If I could ask you to talk a little bit about Paul Adamian. Up until Governor's Day, what did you know about him? What sort of person was he in your estimation up until that day?

I liked him, and I thought he was doing a good job. I had no way of knowing any detail about how he was as a teacher in a classroom, but all that I had heard had been good—mostly from his colleagues in the department. He and I always were polite to each other.

I remember one time an event that was not overly done but did happen occasionally. A group of students and faculty came up to my office unannounced. Eight or ten or twelve people came in and told me how to run something or other. I've forgotten what the subject was on that occasion, but Paul was there. And as the crowd left the office, he was the last one out, and he turned to me and said, "I wouldn't have your job for anything in the world." [laughter]

So that I do remember, and I have appreciated it. I didn't know him real well, but I did know him and respected him as a professor in the English Department. There are others who knew him a lot better than I did.

It's the things that are standing out that are valuable, particularly in Paul's case. What things stuck out, or stick out in your memory today, in terms of what sort of person he was?

Incidentally, my recommendation to the Board of Regents was not that he be dismissed; my recommendation was that he be chastised in some fashion and allowed to continue. I'm sorry to interrupt you, but I think it was a bad decision to fire him.

Well, because he was identified as being a central figure in the protest, what exactly was he doing, or what do you remember him doing in part of the protest that sort of set him apart from the rest?

Well, the thing that I remember—and this may not be all of it, or it may be wrong—was

that he was laid down in front of the car or was there directing a small number of four or five people to do that. That he was responsible at least for this. My recollection was that. But as I've said earlier, I wasn't there. I have no opportunity to do anything except listen to what people told me.

Right. I have a photo here of him, photograph number eight, that shows him on the field. Do you know what he was doing at that point?

No, I don't remember. I have a kind of a vague recollection that I said over the public address system several times something about, "It's all right to march around the track, but stay off the playing field," because that's where the ROTC was assembled. And I could just see at least leaders of the ROTC waiting for a fight, you know. That if we could avoid that . . . So I don't know, maybe that was an occasion when Paul went onto the field that I reminded them they were to stay off the field.

Right. Now, the Black Student Union members, did they assemble on the field, or did they join the stands?

No, they came in as a group, and they plopped down on the field, oh, twenty yards or so from the far end of where the troops were. And as I told you, Frankie Sue lectured them about behavior, and they didn't give any trouble except that I didn't try to move them off the field. [laughter]

And were they similarly disruptive?

I don't think so. My recollection is that their presence was their message. I don't think there was any shouting or any serious vocalization from them. I think they wanted to be seen as a factor. But that's my recollection after all these years. Maybe they were doing a lot of jabbering. I don't know.

No, that's fine. Along some other lines, what sort of person was Ben Hazard, from the Art Department?

Ben Hazard was, I thought, a reasonably good—not great, but reasonably good—art teacher. Comments I had from his students were good. I'd fully supported his being hired and was dismayed when he left. He was not leaving from any pressure administratively or from the department. And don't ask me to particularize, because I'm not sure I can, but he was (if I can unfairly generalize) like most artists; he had his own way of doing things. He wore a wide hat on most occasions and But then if you've been around art departments, that kind of thing is not unusual.

I was very sorry to see him leave, because I had hoped to be able to get more black faculty, and it was very difficult in those days. But I came here My job at the University of Michigan was assistant vice president for academic affairs, and three or four years before I left there, the university was the first major university to undertake a filial brother-sister relationship with black southern colleges. And I was the one at the University of Michigan that had established this contact with Tuskegee Institute then, now Tuskegee University. And we were spending a lot of time and exchanging faculty and having the then-world-famous Tuskegee choir come make an appearance in Ann Arbor, and all kinds of things. And in addition to that, in the inner city in Detroit we had hired a high school principal to be on our staff to stimulate bringing in qualified students from that area with some financial help and a whole range of things.

I'm sorry to get into all this, but that was my immediate background when I came here. I believed—and still believe—believed strongly at the time, that some things had to happen with the black-white relationship. And remember now, this is the 1960s, and one reason the black students were objecting was that some of the things that were beginning before Vietnam took over had been dropped because Vietnam was the more important. And I think they had a good point on that. It was easy to overlook problems that blacks were having. (I don't know how I got way off on that.)

I was just asking about Ben Hazard.

Yes. [laughter] Yes, I guess.

[laughter] And he was part of a protest.

Yes.

And did you see him playing a facilitating role, in terms of trying to keep things under control, or did you see him as more of an instigator of trouble as Paul Adamian was?

I don't know. I didn't see that. At least I don't remember seeing it.

When we started the medical school here, I felt a little sense of achievement. I talked the acting dean of the about-to-be medical school into hiring the first faculty member, who was my counterpart at Tuskegee, a man named Russell W. Brown, who is director of research at Tuskegee and a vice president. Retired from Tuskegee, his field was biochemistry, and we hired him as a distinguished professor of medicine, a first real hire. We used people already on campus otherwise. (I'm sorry, I just had to get that in.)

Well, that's good to know. That's very good to know.

JAMES T. RICHARDSON

BRAD LUCAS: Today is July 26, 2001, and I'm interviewing James Richardson in his office. We're here to talk about Governor's Day 1970 and related events.

So, I gave you a copy of your 1970 interview. Was there anything in there that you found surprising?

JAMES RICHARDSON: Hmm, no. It refreshed my memory a bit. I'd forgotten about Fred Maher. I'd forgotten about his involvement, frankly, and so that was a reminder. It made it a little more vivid, but it didn't bring up anything.

One of the things you talked about was your first year coming out here. Had you finished up your Ph.D., or were you concluding your dissertation work?

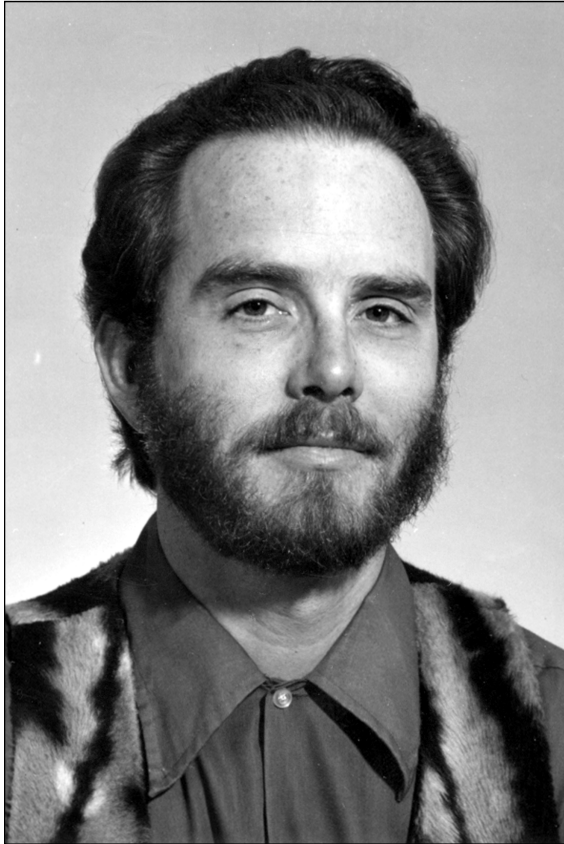
I'd actually slipped in under the wire and just gotten it completed. That did remind me of something then, by the way, that I was interested to read. There are a couple of places in that interview where I said I would probably leave here because of the situation I found.

Yes. [laughter]

Obviously, I didn't leave here, although I have left here several times for a year at a time, for sabbatical or a Fulbright. I think the reason I didn't leave here . . . There are really two reasons: one, it would have made some people very happy that I didn't like making happy; and two, the way the faculty were able to come together and organize something that seemed to make a difference.

You know, I became kind of one of the founding figures in the National Society of Professors (a faculty organization that we formed shortly after these events) and then the Nevada Faculty Alliance (that's been quite active for many years in such affairs). So, you know, we lost our feeling of helplessness in a sense, because we organized these things and took a bit of control, and frankly, we ended up in a situation where the faculty voice has been pretty influential occasionally—not always, but certainly more so than in a lot of other places. So I guess that was one surprise. I didn't remember having said that quite so explicitly. I was obviously quite irritated at the time, but it's clear I didn't leave.

What did you think of UNR, as an institution, when you came here?



James Richardson, 1970s.

Oh, you know, it wasn't a world beater by any means, but I thought it was a good opportunity for me to at least stay. I didn't plan to stay here for long, anyway. I thought I'd be here a few years. I did want to stay on the West Coast, but I didn't want to go to California, because Ronald Reagan was governor. And, well, I did want to stay in the West, and this looked like a good opportunity, and it's turned out that I was correct in that for a lot of different reasons.

But it was a good school. It's a lot better school now—no question that it has improved quantum leaps over what it was. And, you know, I give [Joe] Crowley a lot of credit for the leadership he gave over twenty-three years, and also the state—certain governors made a big difference. Richard Bryan made a big difference. Bob Miller made a big difference. Hopefully, we'll see the fruits of Governor Kenny Guinn's inter-

est with the Millennium Scholarship Program, if we can just get the money to take care of all these students. But the situation has changed quite remarkably since I came here. All kinds of statistics would demonstrate that.

Were you pretty active politically when you came here?

No, I wasn't. I'd never been active politically. But there's an old saying that when a moderate crosses the state line in Nevada, they become a flaming liberal, by definition, because Nevada in a weird sort of way is a really conservative political state. They have these three or four things that they're pretty weird on or wild, and then they have all this other stuff that they make up for it all, and they're just very conservative.

And I didn't get involved in politics until the mid-1970s when a group of us, who had also helped organize for the National Society of Professors and had been active in the faculty senate, decided to move off campus and get involved in the political process deliberately. Gene Grotegut was one of these who has passed on. He was a very fine faculty member, the chair of foreign languages, and he actually chaired the Washoe County Democratic Party before I did. But eventually, in the late 1970s (1978, I think), I was elected county chair of the Democratic Party in the state and remained active in the party for many years. And it was partially that the motivation for Gene and myself was that this is where we have to go to defend higher education. It was a very overt decision.

Joe Crowley was involved in the Democratic Party. Joe Crowley was actually a McGovern delegate in 1972 to the National Convention and wrote a book about it. How a guy with that kind of background could get chosen as university president is a miracle, of course, but there were several of us, virtually all in the Democratic Party, and so there was some pretty interesting political involvement that went on in the 1970s and 1980s.

And then you'd mentioned in the earlier interview the problems with the computing center. You were hiring there or . . . ?

Well, yes, that was quite close to home. When I arrived here, the computing center director was a Ph.D. in computer science from Stanford who had such a national reputation. He actually got the National Science Foundation to buy us a computer, a mainframe computer, for use at this campus without even a site visit—several hundred thousand dollars. And lo and behold, in the fall of my second year here, I think it was, he got fired. Craig McGuire was his name.

I happened to be in the chancellor's office the day he got fired. I was waiting to see the chancellor about something, and McGuire comes out of the office and tells me he just got fired. And he tells me he got fired because the chancellor is upset that he's paying too much attention to academic computing and not enough to administrative computing, to getting the checks written on time. And so that was bad enough, and then they replaced him with a person that didn't have any academic background at all, Neals Anderson—and that upset a lot of people, including me.

And so, you know, there was some activity around that—protesting and petitions, and what-not. That led to some personal difficulties later. It was a major contributor to my being turned down for promotion in 1971 and my filing a federal lawsuit against the Board of Regents for that action under Fourteenth and First Amendment grounds, a lawsuit that I eventually won through settlement. And so there is a history there, and it pre-dated the Adamian, Governor's Day, activities.

It doesn't seem like you were very nervous as a junior faculty member, then, to raise your voice when it was needed.

No, and a number of people have asked me about that. I don't know. It was probably damn foolish of me, but I just felt that when you saw something that was wrong, you ought to speak

to it. One of my opponents at that time—on the other side of some of these issues—I've heard him since describe me as someone who suffered from a severe case of righteous indignation and basically tried to interpret my behaviors from that perspective. Who knows? I just know I got real irritated at what happened to Craig McGuire. It seemed terribly unfair, and also a real setback for the university. It was a wonder to have this guy here. And when I arrived here in 1968, the only computer they had on campus was an IBM 1620, and it counted cards.

The Hollerith cards?

Yes. I came from Washington State University where I'd minored in computer science. They had fifty-three full-time faculty people in their Computer Science Department, and they're the ones that developed, under contract with IBM, timesharing computing. And, in fact, I was the first person to bring timesharing computing to this campus. I wrote a grant for NSF and got them to buy some timeshare computer terminals just a couple of years after I arrived here. I did it with Young Koh, who was a computing center person, who has since retired.

But we had the first timesharing computer terminals on this campus in the Sociology Department, using them in our statistics classes. They didn't even have them in engineering. And when I came here, I was astonished that this is all they had. So this guy was here: hired to upgrade computing and successful in getting a lot of money from the National Science Foundation to buy a good computing setup for the time. And he gets fired because he won't take care of writing checks on time. He's more interested in academic computing.

So that was offensive morally and just stupid. So I reacted to it, and I wrote a petition and got a bunch of people to sign it, and I read it in a faculty senate meeting with the person who had made those two decisions to fire and to hire sitting across the room from me. And somehow that

made me a hero in some eyes, and it certainly contributed to my later problems, but that's life.

Was Edd Miller involved with any of that?

Well, Edd was president. The chancellor was a man named Neil Humphrey, whom I've We've since made our peace and get along fine. He's retired here. He went away to be president in Alaska and also then Cleveland State.

Edd Miller was very supportive of me personally later in the problems I encountered, where I had to end up filing a legal action. He took in eighty-nine names to a closed personnel session (when they still had these closed personnel sessions on this) for promotion and tenure, and eighty-eight got approved, and one didn't, and I was it. And the regents would not explain why to anyone. And that's a due process problem, if they won't tell you why. And if you think that the reason is that it's your free-speech rights being violated, then that's a First Amendment problem. So that's how I sued them.

Were you surprised that you would be turned down for promotion?

Yes. There was a question about it, because I had been pretty active through that episode (of bringing to light the machinations of the firing and hiring the computer center director). So, yes, it was a bit of a surprise. The Governor's Day stuff had also occurred by the time I went up for promotion. And then I did apply for tenure the next year, and wiser heads prevailed, and it didn't get recommended up through channels for two years, after I'd won the lawsuit. So it was an early promotion, and it was an early tenure, but I had a strong record.

And, in fact, this is getting much too personal, probably, for your purposes, but I made a pledge when I encountered this difficulty and had to file suit: somehow my wife and I were able to figure out that we had to win the war and not just the battle. And so I made a commitment to present at least ten papers at professional meetings in the coming year, and I did it—while the suit was

going on—and then I published them all. And so I had a very strong record for tenure (and in fact, I think it's objectively the fact that I had more publications than anyone else who went up for tenure that year).

So I did get tenure, although I will always cherish N. Edd Miller's response when asked about it. When he came out of the personnel session where I was considered for tenure, the senate chair, Ed Barnettler from the Ag School, went up to him and said, "Did Richardson get tenure?"

And Edd said, "They couldn't think of any way to avoid it."

[laughter] That's good.

I cherish that comment, because they knew they'd get sued again on equal protection grounds, because I had a strong record. So I'd kind of boxed them in. Maybe I wouldn't have as strong a publication record today if they hadn't done those things to me. Who knows how these things work? But that is what happened, and, you know, you play it like it lays, or lies, or something. Anyway, that's enough about me. What else do you want to ask?

Well, you'd written a letter to Edd Miller right after Governor's Day. It was a lengthy letter, several pages typed. So were you on pretty good terms with him when that happened?

Yes. We were on good terms. I certainly had a high regard for him, and, you know, I could recognize that he was in a tight spot. He was president of the university here, and he was responsive to the faculty and tried to work with them. I can't remember the exact quotes, except that one that he said after the tenure discussion behind closed doors. But we knew he was supportive of us.

I mean, I'm certain that he was appalled at what happened to Craig McGuire as the computing center director and thought it was a real setback for the university. And at that time, the university system was almost totally UNR. I mean, you know, UNLV was starting to move, but there

wasn't very much out there. We were it, and all of a sudden we lost this tremendous asset, because the chancellor didn't agree. And Edd, I think, appreciated the support we gave him in battles with the chancellor over budgets. One of the things we did in the early 1970s with the faculty senate: we set up the first budget committee in this system, and we actually set up meetings where we asked the chancellor and his budget person to come and explain their budgets to the faculty—something that had never happened before. And that caused a lot of tension, but it also got a few of us educated so we could talk about budgets. And frankly, knowledge of budgets is power, and the faculty accrued a lot of power when they had a few people, at least, who could talk budgets with the budget director and the chancellor. And I think Edd Miller generally thought we were on the right track here. He was having trouble dealing with the chancellor on these budget matters.

Well, you know, he eventually resigned, and some of us had played a role in that, but that should not be interpreted to mean that we didn't have respect and affection for him. I don't know if you've done any review of that episode, but, you know, we actually had a vote of no confidence in the senate on him, because of some problems when they were taking money out of the operating budget to build a med school. That upset a lot of people. We didn't think we had enough money anyway, and so we made a motion in the senate—I actually made the motion—calling for a vote of no confidence, and I also called for a secret ballot so that people would feel that they could vote their conscience. My ploy misfired considerably, because the vote was unanimous, so nobody had any cover. And I think it was about a month later that he resigned. And he did call some of us in individually after that vote and talked to us about the meaning of the vote before he made his decision.

And who knows whether we should have done that or not, whether we would have been better off to keep him for a few more years? I count him a friend today. But, you know, he'd lost the confidence of his faculty in the ability to

handle the budget battles that were going on. And to get back to the point, I actually think he agreed with us. He just couldn't do anything about it. And he ended up being a casualty of those battles, which was sad.

He was a very well-respected president. Students liked him, too. And he served very well, but there came that time when he just couldn't deal with these budget matters, and he lost the confidence of his faculty, and he lost the confidence of some of the Board of Regents. So he resigned. Whether we did better then, who knows?

When the Adamian defense committee did the defense fund, I had the understanding that names were withheld from donations, and that it was essentially a committee that was trying to keep direct faculty involvement out. Is that true to your knowledge?

Well, I hope you do talk to Glen Atkinson. He and I co-chaired the committee, and we asked people for pledges. I think we didn't go around advertising who had made pledges. That would not have been a good idea, but we did get pledges and their later money in the realm of a couple of thousand bucks, as I recall. And it enabled Paul to at least go to court and try to get a hearing on what had happened to him—that he was being terminated over what we thought was a . . . He should have had his wrists slapped a little for momentary bad behavior, but to lose tenure over it? They decided to treat him as if he had tenure, because he had been recommended for tenure, although it wasn't effective yet. He'd been approved for tenure.

Was that Charlie Springer's decision to go that route, to consider him as tenured?

No, it was a decision made by the university. Once they decided to bring charges, they said, "We will give him . . ." Well, if you treat him as if he didn't have tenure, you basically don't have to do much to fire people. People without tenure can work even on a tenure track for a long

time, six years, and personally have no recourse if people want to fire you for virtually any reason, which is a bit ridiculous, but that's the way it is. So if they'd wanted to fire him and treat him as if he didn't have tenure, they could have just done it, but they decided to treat him as if he had tenure, which guaranteed him hearings.

So hearings were held, recommendations made. The recommendations were ignored. He was terminated, and then he filed suit. And so the decision to treat him as if he had tenure was actually You could view it as a kind of a cooling-out kind of action. If they'd just fired him without any kind of hearing at all, it could have been even more explosive. But at least he had hearings, even if the regents didn't agree with the recommendations.

It's been a long time since I've talked about this or even looked at those documents or anything. I don't even know where they are in my files. But, you know, it kind of kept people busy with the hearings and what was going to happen at the hearings and all that. So it had that kind of effect, but it also had the effect If they're really going to fire the guy, it'll really damage tenure, the meaning of tenure in this state, to fire someone treated as if they have tenure for basically relatively minor lapses of judgment one day of their life. If that's good grounds for firing tenured professors, then there wouldn't be many left, you know.

Right. Do you think that was a conscious choice on the regents' part?

I think they agreed with it to treat him as if he had tenure. Whether they had already made up their mind to fire him, I have no clue. In my earlier statement, I do talk about the fact that, to me, it was really interesting that the day of the Governor's Day demonstration Board of Regents Chair Procter Hug was interviewed on television, and I saw it, and he basically said, "Well, it was a demonstration. It was relatively minor, and now we've got to get back to work."

Three days later he was calling for Adamian's head, and so something happened. I have a feel-

ing a lot of people with some juice made phone calls, and Mr. Hug changed his position on the matter. But, you know, if you looked at those two tapes—and I'm sure they don't exist anymore—but the Governor's Day was a relatively minor matter: "Nobody was hurt. Let's get back to work." That's Tuesday or Wednesday (I don't remember what day it was), and Friday he's calling for his head on a platter almost and kind of leading the charge to get rid of this tenured professor. So, you know, I think some folks in the political structure of this state decided to exert some authority, teach some lessons.

I've heard that Governor Laxalt was quoted as saying—about the decision to go forward with the Governor's Day process—that he wouldn't cancel it, because it would embarrass his friend Governor Rhodes from Ohio. And, you know, maybe, given what happened, decisions were made that if we don't do something, we'll embarrass our friend Governor Rhodes from Ohio.

I don't know what was going on. I know people changed in just a few days, and it was almost a mob mentality that took off then.

And then they instituted the interim code, a code of conduct that summer.

Yes. Well, are you referring to the code in the 1980s, the early 1980s?

The summer of 1970. It set up an interim code of conduct, which was sort of thrown together, basically to prevent things like Governor's Day from happening.

Yes. It's been a long time since I've thought of that or reviewed it. I'd be interested in seeing it sometime and could comment more knowledgeably.

Lots of things were going on then. I mean, there was a turmoil on campus. There was a turmoil nationwide. You've got to remember what was happening nationwide with, you know, 3,500 campuses shut down. What happened on this campus was actually pretty minor stuff and should have been defined that way, but instead

we have this terrible precedent about how easy it is to fire a tenured professor. I'm only grateful the precedent hasn't been relied on too often since.

And you and all your colleagues in sociology seem pretty active at this time. You, Carl Backman, Dave Harvey, were all sort of in the center of Governor's Day.

Yes, Lyle Warner was there, too. Yes, we were involved. There were a lot of people from the Arts and Science College: anthropology, history, political science. English certainly was involved: Adamian and others. I can't think of any faculty member except Glen Atkinson who was College of Business. Well, Mike Reed might have been there. He's now the dean of business, but he was one of our group of people and one of the early founders of the National Society of Professors involved in Nevada Faculty Alliance. In fact, he's still a dues-paying member. So, you know, there were a few people from business, but it was economics. You know, in a lot of universities economics is part of arts and science, not part of the business college. So there was a group of people from liberal disciplines that were involved. Whether sociology was over-represented compared to other departments, I'm not sure, but it might well be the case. It would be interesting to look at the complicity statements that were turned in to the Board of Regents and check the signatures, see who all is there—which departments had people who were willing to sign those things. Lots of students signed them. I mean, hell, they don't have anything to lose. They were having a good time, but to get a faculty member or a staff member to sign those was a risky act, given the tenor of the times.

It was a pretty fearful time, it sounds like.

Yes, I mean, you didn't know what was happening in the country. You sure didn't know what was happening here. Seemed like people were going crazy on both sides of the issue, by the way. I wouldn't argue that the faculty had the

monopoly on rational behavior. So there was some strange stuff going on on both sides of the issue. It was a crazy time in this country.

Did you interact a lot with the students at that time? I know you and Dave Harvey had gone over to the Hobbit Hole the night before Governor's Day and tried to talk down the crowd.

Yes. Well, we tried to exert some leadership there, because we were fearful that somebody could really get hurt. I'm trying to think of the year that the Black Student Union folks got so excited and barricaded themselves in the union.

That was the next year—the fall of 1971.

Yes, we ended up going down and getting some of those guys out of jail. I remember when Edd Miller went in and tried to get them to open the door of the room they'd barricaded themselves in. I was standing right beside him. And, of course, they had deliberately barricaded themselves in a room with a trap door in the ceiling so they could get out on the roof and run away. What they hadn't counted on is that there was a couple of hundred fully-armed highway patrolmen completely circling the building.

It was an awesome display of force. There was a line of highway patrol cars all the way from where the freeway is up to the north end of campus. There were hundreds of fully armed highway patrolmen circling Jot Travis Union. And when those guys starting jumping off the roof, all it would have taken is one rookie to pull a trigger—it would have been a massacre. I mean, I've never seen anything like it. Talk about over-reaction. It was bizarre kinds of things that were going on then.

And, you know, around the country students were getting shot on campuses for various activities. But we nearly had it here. Well, that day we were out there trying to keep people calm and yelling, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" you know. But the black students were just up on the roof running around jumping off. I'm sure they were

terrified when they looked over the roof and saw that the building was completely surrounded.

They were standing about five feet apart all around the building. It's unbelievable. And that line of cars. I'll never forget it. I don't know where in the hell they got them all. Must have been every highway patrolman in northern Nevada, and every cop, you know. Scary stuff. But then they arrested them. When they jumped off the building, they arrested them and took them downtown. Dave and I went down the next day and talked to them and helped get some of them out of jail. But we thought there needed to be somebody playing a mediating role. [laughter] It was pretty tense.

Right. We were into the faculty and kind of going back to the Governor's Day stuff. Were there any other faculty members, like Adamian or others, who were more on the radicalized side and who were pushing for restraint?

No. I thought Paul did a silly thing when he stood up and urged people to go up and disrupt the Governor's Day. But mostly, you know, they were . . . my God, Jim Hulse was one of our group. Jim Hulse is not going to encourage radical behavior; he's a peacemaker. He's a wonderful man. And he was there. Everybody there was trying to keep things calm, trying to deal with the fact that an extremely stupid decision had been made, that is to go forward with the Governor's Day activity.

I mean, in that way we were in touch with the students. We teach them every day, we interacted with them, they talked to us, and we knew that that decision was stupid and it was going to cause trouble. We're lucky that we didn't get somebody killed that day, and if they had been killed, the blood would have been on the heads of the people who were afraid they were going to embarrass their friend, Governor Rhodes. Because it was so obvious that you at least needed to delay the thing. Nobody would have been harmed if you delayed it ten days or two weeks, if you'd called it off. I mean, it was actually strange to call it, you know, Governor's Day.

There are lots of things you could celebrate by bringing the governor on campus and showing off your best faculty, students, and all that, but Governor's Day is celebrating ROTC, and it was just a powder keg. And a bunch of us went there with the goal in mind to try to keep it from exploding.

And frankly, at the risk of sounding a bit immodest, we knew we were potentially putting ourselves in harm's way to do so. Adamian did his own little thing, briefly. It did contribute to what happened, and again, whether that's a fireable offense or not is . . . everybody makes their own call on that. But, you know, there were probably fifteen to twenty faculty out there. I'm not sure, but I'd guess fifteen to twenty faculty in the bowl, who then moved with the students down through campus to the demonstration. I was out on the field trying to keep the students separated from the guys with the bayonets marching toward them, [laughter] with Colonel Ralf in the stands yelling, "Kill, kill!" I'll never forget that. He wanted some of those students killed. I mean, the guy was nuts. So we're lucky that somebody didn't get hurt.

So, at the end of the summer it is clear that they were going to single out Adamian and Maher. And when did the defense fund start, or when did you all start looking for counsel? Do you remember?

You know, again, maybe Glen's memory is better than mine, but my memory is that it was almost immediately. When things turned rabid by the end of the week, and we knew they were going to try to nail him, we organized that. But I couldn't swear to that, because until they actually fired him, you're either being really prescient or you're . . . something. I mean, you don't need money for legal defense. Well, on the other hand, if he's going to go through those hearings, he needs legal counsel. You can have legal counsel involved, and he certainly needed it. So my best memory is that we organized the legal defense thing literally the next week.

I have a memory of talking to Glen about this and saying, "Glen, we need to do it now." He agreed, or he said that to me, and I agreed. We said, "We need to do it now and get commitments from people while their emotions are running high. You know, a month from now they're not going to be interested in writing a check or making a pledge." So we were actually being pretty practical. So we got on the phone.

Why you two, though?

Jesus, you got me. I don't know. I ended up in the middle of a lot of things, and you would have never guessed it from knowing my very calm, quiet background and all of that. And Glen is the same way. I mean, he's a guy from Oklahoma, a good economist, good scholar, but, you know, somehow it did end up being us that organized the defense committee. Others were supportive, and we got pledges from them. But I don't know. I can't answer that question. [laughter] Maybe others can.

We weren't looking for trouble, but we may have gotten some inadvertently. I thought the guy needed defending, that what was happening to him was very unfair, that he'd done a stupid thing for a few minutes, and that it shouldn't cost him his job. I've come since to be more sensitive of the fact of what the case meant for tenure. Because if you can fire a tenured professor for exercising bad judgment for ten or fifteen minutes You know, if you exercise bad judgment and kill somebody, that's another matter, but if you just stand up and give a little bit of a rousing talk and utter the sentence that you think the Governor's Day thing ought to be disrupted . . . if that's a fireable offense, then a lot of people are in trouble. And then throw in moral turpitude and affairs with students and things like that, you know. So anyway, I just felt that he was getting the wrong end of the stick and maybe I . . . I don't know. I can't explain. Maybe Glen can.

And you all had trouble trying to find an attorney, right?

Yes. Yes. I kept track. We talked to seventeen attorneys, and they came up with every excuse in the book.

Was that statewide?

Northern Nevada. They just didn't want to sue the Board of Regents. They didn't want to go against the They didn't want to defend a radical professor, and that's how they defined him.

Because of professional repercussions?

Personal repercussions.

Personal. Oh, OK.

But professional, too. You know, the Board of Regents members were known. They were professional-level people. Heck, I had trouble finding a lawyer later. And I'll never forget how I finally got one. I went through several, and I got the head of the National Judicial College at the time, Larry Hyde, to agree to be my lawyer. He was the second or third one I talked to. And then the university conflicted him out; that is, they said, "You have a conflict of interests, because the National Judicial College is associated with the university." Basically, they were saying, "You better watch out," you know, "we pay your utility bills."

And so he set up a meeting with another attorney, Paul Bible, who finally agreed to be my attorney. But I remember sitting there, and we talked about the case. Larry laid it out for him, and Paul shook his head and said, "I can't take this case. I'd have to sue Fred Anderson. He delivered me as a baby."

And I said to myself, "Oh, shit."

But I'll never forget this: Larry Hyde said, "Now, let me get this straight, Paul. When someone comes to Fred Anderson, a doctor, for medical care, before he gives them medical care, he's supposed to ask them if they have any beef with you, and if they don't, it's OK for him to give them medical care. Is that right?"

And Paul Bible looked at him for about a minute, and he said, "I see what you mean," and he took the case. That was really interesting. I was very impressed. [laughter]

And eventually, Paul Bible got the case settled. I mean, Paul Bible was son of a United States Senator, well-respected attorney, and when he agreed to take the case, it gave it a lot of credibility, and a lot of things flowed from that. The lawsuit apparently contributed to some changes in the leadership of the Board of Regents at the time, and in the position of General Counsel of the Board.

At some point Paul Bible called me up and said, "You won. They want to settle your case."

I didn't really want to settle the case. I was mad about it, but Paul Bible said, "You know, they're giving you what you asked for, promotion and back pay." So we did settle the case. I didn't agree to do it quietly, and so the agreement was that we could each offer our own interpretation to the case. And so Paul and I issued statements that this verifies that faculty members—even untenured faculty members—have rights of due process and First Amendment protections.

And Procter Hug said, "We settled the case because it was too much trouble to worry about." And everybody went home, and Procter Hug became a judge on the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals and Chief Judge of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals and has had a good career. And I did encounter him one other time. Well, we actually see each other occasionally, socially, and he's very friendly, and I'm very friendly.

When I went to law school, I went to Old College Law School for five years, starting in 1981, and I got in the moot court competition. And Dick Bjur and I—he was in pharmacology—teamed up, and we were in the finals for the moot court competition in the Old College that year. And for the final they always bring real judges in. We'd go into the finals, and there sits Proc Hug and two other judges. And I had a sinking feeling . . .

But we performed ably, and we got the nod, and we won, and we went away to represent Old

College in regional competition in San Francisco and placed third out of fifteen, or something. But that was an interesting experience, too, to encounter him in that forum. I'm sure that the same time I said, "Oh, shit," he did, too. [laughter] "Not again!" [laughter]

Oh, this was going to be an easy stint?

Yes. It would be interesting, you know, to interview him. See if he'd talk about this stuff. You ought to at least ask him.

It was. We did.

Oh, you have interviewed him? Oh, well, you know more than I about his side of the story then.

It was pretty consistent with everything he said back then.

Yes, well, I haven't read what he said back then, but I can imagine. But I'm wondering if you asked him any questions about the later legal actions involving me in this strange set of things where he resigned as chairman of the board and became general counsel in the same meeting, going into a closed session. And it was bizarre. Just think about it: if anything happened like that now, every television camera in the state would be focused on this room where they're having the session. But it was strange.

What about all the series of hearings for Adamian on campus? There were two or three in the fall.

Now, memory is a little weak there, by the way, so I'm happy to be refreshed a bit.

Well, I'm just curious what you thought of Adamian's representation. You said you were sort of the equivalent of a jailhouse lawyer back then, to a certain degree. Did you agree with the kind of direction they were taking?

In a word, no. I remember feeling upset and discouraged all the way through that. I did not

think that he had good legal representation, or that the arguments were being put forward forcefully. And I wasn't in charge of it, but I did observe some. I remember that, but, you know, I kind of felt like it was going down a wrong track and leading toward an obviously problematic conclusion.

And I'll never forget one time I went to a federal court. He'd lost, and he had appealed, I think, to the Ninth Circuit on something. It had been remanded for further hearings. And I go down to observe the hearing, and I walk in the courtroom, and Charlie Springer comes running back and said, "I want you to testify today." This is called case preparation? I end up testifying with no preparation, and I'm not a very good witness. I hadn't, you know, thought about the dates. I forget who the other attorney was, but they questioned me on my memory of certain dates and when certain things happened. And I wasn't a very good witness, and there's a real good reason for that. You usually let people know a day or two in advance that you're going to be a witness in a federal court case. I agreed to do it, because Charlie sounded desperate, "I don't have anybody."

Was this in front of Foley? Judge Foley?

It was here in Reno, because I went down to the federal courthouse when it was on Booth.

That was in front of Howard Turrentine, San Diego. He was a visiting federal court judge?

Might have been. I think it may have been the first time I'd ever testified in a court case, and he drags me up there with no preparation whatsoever. He just says, you know, "I've got to have you."

I said, "Well, I'm stupid enough to do it." So I did it, and I didn't help the cause any. I remember that: not feeling very good about it. But that's a sign of what was going on, just fly by the seat of your pants.

So you weren't all that optimistic about the trial and various appeals?

No. No, I wasn't.

Actually, if I could read you a quote from Jim Hulse in his history of the university. It says (and this is about your case): "The opinion was widespread that Richardson was being punished because he had tried to protect Adamian's rights, and the Board of Regents, by its silence, gave credence to this belief." Sounds like you were saying earlier that there were a lot of other things going on with your promotion case.

Yes.

It wasn't just Adamian, though.

I actually think the major factor was the computing center director episode, because it focused on Procter Hug very directly. The petition I wrote up talked about the fact that Procter Hug's navy buddy was being appointed computing center director. And whether it's true or not—that there was a conspiracy to get rid of one guy and bring another guy in, and that the chancellor and Procter Hug were involved in it—I don't know exactly what happened. I was reporting facts, and it could have left the impression that I was certainly accusing them of a conspiracy. So I think he was kind of laying for me. And if I knew . . .

You know, nobody has ever told me, but I would bet that he's the one that stopped it in the closed hearing. But you could probably find support for doing that on the basis of the involvement with the Adamian matter and that it wasn't a secret that I was heading up the defense committee with Glen and was speaking out in his defense on occasion. So that could have played a role, but I think Hulse is right about the perception, but wrong about the real causes, and that swayed him differently.

Right. So you were going through your own legal battles. Paul had just been fired and was

appealing everything. Did you have much contact with him over the years?

Not after he left here. I saw him, I think, once or twice when he came back through. Well, it was funny. He had closer contact with people like Dave Harvey than with me, and he has since. Glen Atkinson wasn't a close friend of his, either. And it is kind of funny that we ended up being the co-chairs of his defense committee, as we weren't close friends of his. I'm not even sure I really knew him. I would recognize him probably, but I didn't really know him. He was in another department. I was new. He'd actually been here longer than I had been here. So, no, I wasn't a close friend of his, by any means.

So it seems like the defense fund committee led into some of these other things like the Nevada Faculty Alliance, everything else. Would you say Governor's Day helped galvanize the faculty a little bit?

Yes, I think it's safe to say that the way that event was handled . . . I mean, the decisions to even continue to hold the event and the repercussions and whatnot taught faculty a lesson that they had virtually no influence over decision making here and that their only recourse was to band together and to act collectively. That happens, and as I've said, the group of faculty that was most involved in those episodes were the founding fathers and mothers—mostly fathers—of the National Society of Professors, NSP, which was the affiliate with National Education Association, and we did that because they had the DuShane fund that afforded legal defense to faculty members who were under threat of losing their job or not being treated properly in personnel matters. So it was a very practical, pragmatic kind of decision that we knew we needed a way to defend ourselves, and they offered the way, and so we signed up with them.

And what year was that, do you remember?

I would guess it was about 1972.

Oh, that's right.

In 1973 we had the NSP chapter formed on the UNR campus, and then over the next few years we saw NSP chapters formed at two or three of the community colleges. There were also AAUP chapters around the state, most of them moribund, non-functioning, and it was only in the early 1980s that, again, an action, an external action by the regents, galvanized the faculty even more with the code. The "Code wars," they were called.

We'd talk about where the regents foisted on us a new and very destructive, punitive code was established that upset everyone. There were a couple of administrators at UNLV that actually got fired over arguments with regents over this code. And that brought the AAUP chapters and the NSP chapters from around the system together to do battle over that code. That lasted a couple of years. We won some there, and the regents certainly got embarrassed nationally. I mean, there was an editorial in the *L. A. Times* in 1983 that said, "In Nevada, it's already 1984." I thought that was a great headline that they were referring to.

Back to Orwell?

Orwell. And they talked about some of the provisions of this code. And we got in the *Chronicle of Higher Education*. I think it was just in them, and I think they focused on it. There was even an article in *The New York Times* about it. It got national publicity, it was so horrendous. The provision that got all the attention was a really stupid one. It said a president could order a faculty member to get a psychiatric examination if the president thought the faculty member was going bonkers. And, you know, we thought that was a bit of an overreach. They finally took that one out and kept others. There are still some terrible provisions in the code, and the only good grace we can say is they've had sense enough not to implement them. There's some pretty punitive provisions in the system code.

Right now?

Yes, right now: like the provisions having to do with financial exigency and ability to fire people and stuff like that. We've worked over the years to ameliorate some of the worst provisions. We got some of the worst, the really bad ones, taken out right away. It took a year or so of battling and national publicity and embarrassing the heck out of them. But out of that came a decision that we need to maintain a statewide faculty organization, and so we melded the two organizations.

When did that happen?

In 1983-1984 we formed them. We put together the AAUP chapters, the NSP chapters, and we were nationally affiliated with both NEA and AAUP for about two or three years. Well, actually, yes, two or three years. Then we disaffiliated from NEA, and that's a long story, but we kept the form of the legal defense program that we'd brought from NEA. So we're now about the only AAUP chapter in the country that has a legal defense program like we do, where a member gets legal protections if they're a member. Most AAUP chapters in state conferences around the country will give advice, but they don't have any attorneys on retainer or anything. So we took that part of the NEA package. We also kept the part about lobbying, and the NEA has been very big in lobbying. And that's actually the main reason we split with them: they didn't like our being aggressive with the lobbying. They wanted to do that for us, but meanwhile, they were trying to take money out of our budget for the K-12 budget.

When I went down to the first session of the legislature in 1985, they tried to get me thrown out of the legislature on the grounds that they did not approve of me coming down there. NSEA hadn't had a higher ed state affiliate before, so we've had a lot of arguments with them over that. We eventually disaffiliated from them. So now in the Nevada Faculty Alliance we kept the name, but it's only affiliated with the national AAUP,

and is the national AAUP state conference, although we're a lot different than most state conferences, because we do much more lobbying involvement and political action. We have a Political Action Committee, and we also have the legal defense program. Those are very unusual for faculty groups to do. Some faculty groups will do one or the other of those. Very few will do all three like we do. And we put out this newspaper, which I'm sure you've seen.

Yes.

There you go. You know, we're pretty active. So back to your question: if Governor's Day hadn't happened, and particularly if the code wars hadn't happened, then later, there probably wouldn't be anything like the Nevada Faculty Alliance existing today, which is kind of ironic when you think about it.

So at the same time tenure was weakened, but there was also some sort of representative body that came up at the same time?

Yes. So, you know, that's the history of the thing. It's kind of interesting to think about, having been here long enough to view all that. If I can just remember it to think about it. But it is a really interesting history. I go around the country, and I give talks to faculty groups about lobbying or legal defense or how to set up political action committees, and you know, they all want to know how we did it. And it's a long story. It's just a long, complicated story, and I tell them it didn't happen overnight. If you think it's important to do these things, you can get started on it, and here's some things you can do to get started . . .

DAVID R. SLEMMONS

BRAD LUCAS: Today is Saturday, July 21, 2001. The chronicler is David R. Slemmons, and we're in the Bizzell Library at the University of Oklahoma, talking about the University of Nevada, Reno, Governor's Day, and other events related to Governor's Day. So maybe we can just start talking about Reno. Now you went to Reno High School?

DAVID SLEMMONS: Yes, I went all through school in Reno. I went to, first, Mary S. Doten, then Elmcrest, Peavine, then back to Elmcrest, because they were expanding Elmcrest; then I went to Central Junior High School and graduated from Reno High in 1966.

Then did you have a pretty good awareness of what your dad did for a living and your mom, as far as the university?

Sure, I did. My parents met at the University of California, Berkeley. Dad started teaching in geology. I *think* it was 1951. And probably sometime when I was in junior high (1963), Mom started working at the university as an engineering librarian. And I would work with my dad in the summers in his dissertation area work, you know, with the summer field camp. They had this

thing called (what was it?) T.O.P., Teenage Opportunity Program, so I worked with, like, Allen Ryall (Director of the Seismology Laboratory at UNR), in the seismology lab and stuff in the summers. When Dad would have field trips, frequently I would drive university vehicles, even when I was in high school, to drag people around all over the Great Basin and the Sierras.

Were there a lot of other faculty kids involved with that?

In the Geology Department there were several others, but the faculty, you know, was relatively small. So, I mean, there were a lot of other faculty kids that I knew that grew up in that same period of time. My parents were in bowling clubs, square dance groups—all kinds of groups that would have the faculty intermixing—and, of course, we as kids would hang out together and we'd know each other from school. I mean, back then, other than Manogue, Wooster High School was started right at the end of my junior high school year, so other than Sparks, I mean, it was still a very small town. And in terms of the university community, being a faculty brat was something that we were all very aware of.

So all your teachers in your public school probably knew who you were?

Well, I remember one of our textbooks in fourth grade indicated that the basin and range province in Nevada was created by glaciers. And, you know, when I corrected the teacher, Dad actually came to the class and gave a lecture on geology for the class. My sixth-grade teacher, I think, after his teaching career, went back to school under Dad for awhile. So, yes. And starting in 1954, because of the Dixie Valley earthquake, Dad became really prominent in seismology. And, of course, by the time I was in school, he was head of the department.

I used to get teased. When I took Geology 101 and 102, I did not take it from Dad. (We would say it as a joke, because one time when I was playing baseball, they didn't have an umpire, and he umped and gave me two strikes, and I was out. But we always joked about that.) When I took the class from Professor Mal Hibbard, he called off the roll and said, "Oh, and Slemmons, OK, well, he gets an A. His dad's head of the department." And, of course, everybody in class cracked up.

And I took historical geology from Dr. Joseph Lintz. (He had three kids that were my age. The oldest ended up going to Canada because of Vietnam. Chris ended up getting his degree in archaeology.) When he got around to me, he announced my nickname, which the kids had tagged on me in 1964. When we went to Europe, they had been going through some kind of a dictionary and found out that in Wales, "Taffy" was the form of David, and so they told me they were going to call me Taffy when they got back.

And I said, no, they weren't.

They did. And so when Dr. Lintz called off the roll, you know, he called out for Taffy. [laughter]

So that shows, sort of, what kind of a feeling there was. I mean, I'd met people like Gorrell and Laird long before I came to school.

Yes, so who were some of your parents' closest faculty friends?

Well, the Rysers, and, of course, the Brotons were in P.E.; the Hortons, Petersons, Morrisseys, Seims, Newbrys, Larsons, and Lawrences.. And, you know, I'd say it wasn't just the university deal, too, because they were involved in P.T.A. You know, the Laxalts; well, Bruce was in the same class as my little sister, and so a lot of these people we knew just growing up, because they were in our neighborhood or Mom and Dad were in the P.T.A. with them.

And your sister Mary Anne is how many years younger than you?

She's three and a half years younger. She was born July 20, 1952. And her high school class was 1969, so I guess the Kent State thing would have been her freshman year maybe, possibly. (We had that one picture of her.) She ended up finishing her degree at University of California, Santa Barbara. Plus we would have lots of out-of-town guests. I mean, like visiting Japanese geologists. When we went to Europe in 1964, we went on a field trip with a bunch of students and faculty in Germany. So Dad had been involved in the international geomorphology and geophysics scene for some time, and so we would have visiting guests. And there was actually a scientific meeting. Dr. Frank Press (a professor and presidential science advisor) came and a number of other very well-known seismologist people, like Drs. Clarence Allen (California Tech.) and Perry Byerly (University of California, Berkeley). And the incoming president was there, and this was April 7, 1966. I was a senior, and I was the person serving drinks for this party, and that's when I met Edd Miller. And, you know, I was one of the first people he had met. (And I think I told you that when I graduated, he hugged me and said, "We sort of came here together, and we leave it at the same time.")

Right. So were you pretty much wrapped up with science in your high school, or did you have other interests?

I've always loved science, but it was sort of like Dad always had so much fun with it that it seemed more like a hobby. [laughter] But I had gotten really involved in writing. A lot of my poetry goes back to around when I was fifteen, and I was very involved in theater. And so, I didn't file for a major until I finally got caught—because you were supposed to, I think, file by your second year or something, and I didn't. I think they didn't catch me until my first semester senior year. So I was undeclared. And when I finally declared, it was English pre-law, and then later changed to English creative writing with a minor in speech and drama. And that's what I graduated with.

So who got you started writing the poetry?

That was very personal. I went through this major existential crisis when I was fifteen years old, and from that point on I was writing constantly and got involved with the *Brushfire* at the very beginning. A guy named Ace Remas was teaching the classes that Walter Van Tilburg Clark sort of gave to him. I think it was called English 305, 306, 405, 406, but you were allowed to take them more than once.

Yes, different topics.

And he was the editor of *Brushfire*, and then he passed it on to some other students. But, I mean, I remember one time the whole class went to Mexico over Christmas. We just packed up and went.

Whereabouts?

Well, let's see. We went Guaymas and (I'm blanking) Mazatlan, and we got a little bit farther past that, too, to San Blas.

This is what, Christmas break between . . . ?

Ah, it probably would have been 1967, because I went to Mexico the following year with

my parents in 1968, and that was after the Olympics when they'd shot all those students. So it would have been Christmas of 1967.

Right. So what were you reading when you first got started on your writing?

Well, you know, I would always get attendance awards in school. I didn't ever miss classes—got the good citizenship. And when I hit college it was like a big change. I was living in White Pine Hall with this character from Battle Mountain, who I don't think took a shower the entire time, never took off his cowboy boots, or if he did, it was pretty dangerous. He would brag about how all of the whores in Battle Mountain cried when he left to college.

So that was a pretty big cultural shock, because originally there were three of us who were National Merit Scholars, Rae Lynn Conrad, Pete Reams, and myself, who all ended up going. And Pete and I were going to be roommates. And Pete's dad was something similar to Dandini (I forgot what his title was). His father was a former ambassador to Syria and a few other countries, and so he had some kind of position similar to Dandini's. And at the last minute he decided, I think, to either stay at home or then join a fraternity. So, you know, I was suddenly living away from my parents.

What happened originally that got me, you could say, on the wrong track was reading Tolkein. You know, I read it in one week and missed about ten classes. [laughter] And after that things started going downhill. I was reading a lot of things like, you know, *The Glass Bead Game*, and of course, a lot of political stuff. There were about, we'd joke, fifty of us who were either hippies or really politically astute on campus. And it was in that first semester that I was involved with the Peace in Vietnam Committee, and it was my first, I guess you would say, major demonstration. There were probably about twenty of us. Bill Lutz, who later wrote *Doublespeak*, was one of the leaders. There was another graduate student with him that worked on that.

Who else was part of this sort of initial core group?

Oh, there were people like Dave Phoenix; there's Mike Marshall; there was Greg Artman, (who, I think is still at the university in the Theater Department); Jack Gardner and his brother and sister. He was a year older than I was. His brother, Art "Foot" we called him, was in my class. And I think it was a picture of Jack that was the one that was actually in the newspaper.

In the second semester of my freshman year, Michael Pearson and I actually moved into a house in Floriston. And at that time, then, we were starting to see a lot of interaction between San Francisco. I mean, all of a sudden we were going down to find out what's going on, because that was right before the "Summer of Love." And the music thing was really big. I remember being at Dave Phoenix's house with a bunch of people the first time, you know, hearing a Jimi Hendrix album. But that year was, you know, The Doors, it was Aretha Franklin's *Respect*, it was the Grateful Dead's first album, and I think *Surrealistic Pillow* by Jefferson Airplane. So the music influence was important, too. I think that was one of the things with all of us.

And one of the things I describe to people or kids that I'm working with, like with Amnesty [International], is that there was really a tremendous interaction between the different disciplines. You know, when we were between classes in the union, I mean, the union would be packed, and there would be people hanging around a table, and it would be like they had just gotten out of their existentialism class or they'd just come from drama.

When we were doing demonstrations, or if we needed photos for a concert, it was like we knew all the people from the Art Department. There was a tremendous interaction. And that included even the sciences. You know, I remember when we did the first sort of multi-media deal, one of the dancers, I think, was actually one of my dad's geology students. So there was a tremendous interaction between the disciplines, and there really wasn't the kind of breakdown that

you see now between students and faculty. There was a tremendous amount of socializing between faculty and students. I mean, a lot of times, in looking back at some of the events that occurred, there might have been a party that was at a faculty member's or a student's, and there were faculty members there, and we didn't see that as a You know, I don't think that, for the most part, faculty actually played the leadership roles, but they certainly were there, since that first one, the Peace in Vietnam Committee—and some of those people were leftover SNCC people, because that was before I arrived.

Yes. Now, were you pretty politically conscious during high school?

Yes. Well, actually, when I was in junior high school I worked on the Nixon campaign, and I've worked on the Goldwater campaign. I was very active in Teenage Republicans. I was, you know, an avid reader, and I really believed at that time that the sort of rugged individualism of the party of Roosevelt and Lincoln was the way to do it.

And obviously by the time I got to college that wasn't quite as true, although I stayed in the Republican Party and actually went to the convention the first time I could vote. That would have been 1970 or 1971, because I ran for office the first time that I could vote—because back then the voting age hadn't changed. Because that's one of the things I worked on: to lower the voting age, because we were getting drafted. We'd go get killed; we thought we should be able to vote.

Right. Now, you were doing this sort of partisan politics stuff pretty young. Was that more from the family or just school?

No, because my parents were not very political. I mean, they were educated and aware, but they were not I was the political one; you know, I was into debating, and I won the debate in our seventh-grade class, of Nixon versus Kennedy, which is still difficult for me to believe now. I was still head of the college Re-

publicans, and the person that was head of the German club actually sponsored many of the more radical events on campus.

Really?

So that at least on paper somebody going back would be somewhat surprised [laughter], saying, "What are the college Republicans doing here?" But ever since then I've been actively involved in the Democratic Party, usually being precinct chairman. I've been party whip, things like that.

Well, what happened? How did you get involved in politics then?

I was always really very political. I mean, even in seventh grade. I was a legislative intern in college for one of the first black legislators, Woodrow Wilson, and Harry Reid was there. But I think the thing that happened in terms of the Republican stuff . . . I still felt that there must be some part of that party, and back then I think there was, but I'd also been developing a real strong moral sensibility. Now, my best friend Chuck [Manley] was a preacher's kid. Because of the war, you know, we had to become aware of what we believed in, and I talked about that sort of existential angst. I had to pretty well determine what my moral construct was: if there may or may not be a God, then what is true? Are there things that are right, whether or not there is? So, you know, I was a conscientious objector.

Did you have company amongst your peers in your junior high and high school?

Oh, yes. Yes. You know, Chuck, who is now retired, was head of the state library association, and he and I went to kindergarten together, and from seventh grade on we've been best friends and best men. Mike Cuno showed up at Reno High during our high school years. He ended up being the editor of the school paper, *The Sagebrush*. Bob Mayberry, who is a professor at Cal State, Channel Islands. We were all in the same

church group, you know. With the Methodist Church—I was, I think, the treasurer. And the previous group I'd been in, the president and vice president ran off to San Francisco. [laughter] That's why I joined the group with my friends. So all through high school we were hanging out in the same church group. And, you know, these are still people that I'm in constant touch with.

Yes. Well, I'm curious: what did your parents think of all this while it was going on? They weren't that involved in politics.

The high school period was different. I mean, I got grounded once because I snuck out and wore a suit to school. So we're talking about a very different time. Then it got worse. I was involved in almost all the theater productions at Reno High, and it's a very good department. I mean, the senior play every year was Shakespeare. And after a theater production that we'd done, we ended up going to a party, and the Sheriff's Department invaded it, and our parents had to come pick us up. When I look back at it, I mean, it was very innocent. But when I went to college, it was a major "generation gap." We went through a period of time where my parents didn't talk to me for about six months because of my long hair and beard. That was really a big deal.

So did that start pretty much when you started at UNR?

When I started at school. I mean, there was a breakdown.

Do you remember some of the classes you took those first years?

Oh. Let's see. There was an existentialism class that I flunked that was one of the best courses I've ever flunked. It was taught by Erling Skorpen, who went on to Maine. And it's really interesting, because here at Oklahoma I've met people that have a Maine connection, and, of course, after Edd Miller I was really interested in that. But then I found out that also Walter Van

Tilburg Clark had a Maine connection, and since then I've run into some other people who knew Stephen King when he was in school, who was doing essentially the same thing I was, only he was writing more in the school paper.

But we had required P.E. for four semesters. Oh, I did really badly in bowling, because it was an eight o'clock class. That's one of the things that I learned my freshman year, was that I was not a morning person. Badminton I did pretty well in. [laughter] Let's see. I had an incredible world history course. It was taught by this Hungarian expatriate, and he flipped out in the middle of the semester and went down the wrong way on Center Street and crashed into the library, and they replaced him with a high school teacher. And I sort of, like, blew that off after that, because she was back into multiple-choice things and memorizing dates. And after having this really brilliant teacher, that was a waste.

So was it more a Socratic dialogue kind of thing going on?

Oh! Yes, I mean, when he was talking about modernity, I was just going, "Wow!" And then all of a sudden it was back to, "OK, these are the dates that you have to memorize."

[laughter] Did your father have graduate students that he worked with very closely?

Yes, and almost all of them had moved on to become very, very well known. And you know, I'd be out in summer field camp with the graduate students, and sometimes on my own with them. I remember working near Buck's Lake with Jack Quaide, one of his students, just as his assistant. I remember when the "chaos theory" came out, and there was a really popular book, and one of the big people in it was Chris Schulz, who was at Columbia, and he was one of the people at summer field camp. So I'm reading this book, and these are students that I knew. As a matter of fact, I think the head of the seismological institute is one of his former students, too.

You were hanging out with graduate students while you're at high school?

Oh, yes. Sure. That was me. I mean, no matter where I've lived, that western thing is part of me. And when I was at the university I was really kind of uptight about the cowboy boots and hats, because at that point it meant something that had to do more with Sundowners and sorority and fraternities. And I know when I first listened to some of the stuff that I said [in 1970], referring to goat ropers or cowboys or something, that was really kind of misleading, because I was the one that would go over and speak at the Department of Agriculture, or I was the one that sponsored the money for the rodeo club.

When I got up to Alaska I really realized how much being in the High Sierra is spending time out in, you know, Dixie Valley and Pleasant Valley and throughout the Great Basin, how much that made me as an individual. My western heritage—I mean, my sense of the land—became very clear to me when I moved to Alaska. I used to go out and live in the caves behind Pyramid Lake, behind the Pyramid; that's how much the Native American culture had influenced me. And, of course, it influenced me far more when I got to Alaska, and also since I've come to Oklahoma.

One of the projects that Dad had done was a chronicle of earthquakes. And, of course, pre-seismograph, how we did it was going through the old newspapers and reading about events, and I worked with my grandmother going through the old newspapers and reading the old *Territorial Enterprise* and the Gold Hill paper and Silver City papers. And reading that and knowing that, I wouldn't even watch Bonanza, even though it was fairly well written, because, I was going, "No, this is about mining! That ranch that you see there is two mountain ranges—Washoe Lake and some desert." [laughter].

And it was really, really frustrating to me, because they had altered some history and certainly the people. The people that I would see with my dad were cowboys out in the middle of Great Basin; they weren't at all like the people

on TV, and it was a rough life. But Dad was always one of those people who, wherever he went (even up there with some lumberjacks or whatever), he was somebody that always got along with people. He never would prejudice anyone. I think he was the first one to have women in summer field camp. I mean, it wasn't that that was some kind of breakthrough for him; it was sort of like, "Well, why wouldn't you?" [laughter]

And he was that way about everything. I mean, all of his students either called him "Burt" or "Doc." And he also had that sort of sense of joy about what he was doing. When he's out there and he's telling me about a volcano or earthquake or something, you can see it. He taught, one time, a one-credit geology class, because back then it was three credits, three credits, three credits. But you had to have ten credits, which meant you had to have a one-hour lab. But if you didn't get the lab at the right time or if you didn't really want to take the physics, he had this one one-credit geology course and, you know, the kids loved it. He had that incredible joy about his discipline then.

Was there a sense of the environmental crisis at that time?

It was just beginning, because actually the first Earth Day was that final year, in 1970. But a lot of us had been talking about it, and when I go back and look at the quotes, I see it. I mean, I remember reading Ehrlich's book in one of our classes. I think it was in the futurism class. So a lot of us were getting involved in that. Part of the problem is that all of us were seeing everything as one thing, you know. I mean, it was sort of like the war, Chicago, the environment: they were all one deal. It wasn't like, "OK, well, I'm going to focus on the environment and be the Sierra Club-Greenpeace coordinator on campus."

And almost all of the activists on campus were the same core group of people that were sort of involved in everything. And a lot of times it was not a structured thing. In the case of SDS, Joe Crowley was the faculty advisor, Bob

Dickens was the president, and I was the vice president. We would have that vote, but when it would actually come down to doing stuff, it was still that same group: it would be Don Clayton, Bill Metzger, Tom Myers, Joe Bell, you know, John Doherty. It was the people that were at the Hobbit Hole, and usually the same faculty people that were sort of organizing everything. And though you see in the paper that maybe I was the "coordinator" or one of the coordinators, it was really pretty much a group effort in that sense. That's probably at the beginning why we thought it was so silly that they were going to try and nail Fred [Maher] and Paul [Adamian] for this. And then it really became pretty tragic afterwards when they actually did that.

So did you have a pretty good sense of that core group when you first came to UNR?

It grew. I mean, at the beginning there were maybe fifty people in that first semester that were sort of alternate—but then, the music and stuff was changing. So by my sophomore year, that was the year that Joe Bell got elected, and I got elected into student senate with my pictures on campus with the long hair and the beard. And people would scrawl things like, you know, "Is this Jesus coming?"

But there were all the kids who were beating me up, throwing me in the lake, or not talking to me in my freshman year because "What's gone wrong with Slemmons? He's wearing beads." You know, all of a sudden it was in. Everybody was listening to the Jefferson Airplane and Jimi Hendrix and The Doors, and all of a sudden it was cool.

What was it before? I mean, music-wise?

Well, I remember when I came back from the trip in Europe, 1964, and then started high school, and all of a sudden there was the Surf and the Twist, and people when they danced weren't touching each other, because before that it was the Jitterbug. And then it was pretty much

the Beatles invasion and the British groups. But during that period of time, we went from the mop-top kids from Liverpool to where they were also going through the changes.

As a matter of fact, I was driving to Virginia City the first time I heard "A Day in the Life" on the Sergeant Pepper's album. So all of these things were happening. It wasn't just that there was this core group of people trying to spread our long-hair mentality. We were still all the same kids that went to high school, but all of a sudden they were thinking, "Wow, that new Beatles album. Man, maybe there's something going on here." And there was the whole awareness. I remember the demonstration we had against Dow Chemical, and it was one of the early ones. And someone threw a cup of coffee on one of the people there, and it was at that point just like the Peace in Vietnam committee. You know, there may have been twenty of us.

So when was that?

I think it was probably spring of 1967. So, that first year there were several small demonstrations, but also, I think the beginning—well, during the sophomore year—was probably when we did MacBird. We did that in the union, and, of course, that had heavy political implications, and it drew a big crowd. So probably 1967, 1968 is the year that we saw the most change, where all of a sudden people were going, "Wow!" And then the summer of 1968 Joe and Tom and I went to the National Student Association meeting in Manhattan, Kansas, which turned out to be pretty much a planning session for the Chicago demonstrations, so there were all these big-name radicals there.

Plus, all of a sudden, we found that we were really in touch with what was going on, and, you know, we were hanging out with people like Charlie Palmer, who was student body president at Cal Berkeley and the president at San Francisco State. And actually, they came to Nevada for a meeting the fall of 1968. So all of a sudden, instead of us just being sort of out there doing our own thing, all of a sudden we were really in

touch with what was going on. And as a matter of fact, I had suggested at that meeting doing a one-day national kind of event, and people just couldn't pull that together. Well, a year later, you know, in 1969 we had the moratoriums, which were huge.

Right. But how did you guys get out to Kansas?

It was paid by the student government. And, see, when we got back, they decided that we should appear before the state legislative subcommittee on drugs. And we decided legalization of pot is probably going too far, but let's talk about decriminalizing it.

And someone says, "Well, why don't we do a poll?" So we did a poll where just anybody could come up to a desk, and they found out that just a much higher percentage of people were smoking dope than anybody had thought at that time, because it was still pretty under cover.

And in our report when we presented that . . . This was, I think, the first time that the paper wrote an editorial against what I had to say. We found out that a lot of it was because of the athletes, because we were recruiting athletes from California, and then, also, the ones who were into skiing and stuff like that—these sports. And, of course, at that time it was awful to suggest that athletes would be doing drugs. Now, we laugh at it, but it was that San Francisco influence that was coming up. And another thing is, a lot of the kids who weren't local kids were going to Nevada because their parents had sent them to San Rafael Military Academy or other prep schools down in the Bay Area. And then when all this stuff started going on, they didn't want their kids at Berkeley or San Francisco State, so they sent them up to Nevada. Well, they were going, "Great! There's lots of skiing, more parties. This is fine!" [laughter]

They brought that influence. And plus, back then it was a three-and-a-half-hour drive down to Berkeley and San Francisco. (Well, I did it in two and half hours once.) So people were going down to the Fillmore, going down and hanging out on Telegraph Avenue.

So there was a pretty good connection between Reno and the Bay.

Right. Plus, there was a deal going on out at Sutro. Also up at Virginia City, The Red Dog [Saloon] for awhile was bringing up the Warlocks, which became The Grateful Dead. So, you know, they were coming up and playing. And, I remember going into a bank down on Keystone, and a friend of mine was a poet and she was a teller, and she was going, "Janis Joplin just came through here!" And so all of those things were all going on at the same time. I mean, it wasn't just seeing Dan Rather in Vietnam on the news every night.

You know, it was when you were turning on the music. And the music then was so much more eclectic, because on the same station you'd hear Jimi Hendrix, Joplin, quasi-country things like The Dead. And it didn't matter whether it was now what we would call something that should be on urban radio. So all of those things, I think, were influencing everyone, and that year was probably the time that it changed the most.

Nineteen sixty-eight?

Nineteen sixty-eight. Because that was the summer we went out there, and also a lot of the kids in that spring had gotten involved in the election. You know, they'd cleaned for Gene, or they'd decided they were for Bobby Kennedy. And then my friend Chuck and I organized the memorial on campus for Martin Luther King and started the lectureship series, and we brought in some really good lecturers every year after that. Vic Simmons, who was on the track team, he spoke. There was very eloquent black leadership and very articulate black leadership at the time.

I mean, I remember we were at a church camp with the Bobby Kennedy thing, and I remember spending almost all night out with this kid. She just didn't see why she wanted to keep living in a world that would go out and do this kind of thing. And Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy, then all those people who tried to do the McCarthy thing, and then what happened in

Chicago. At that time, you know, most of the people were either alienated or figuring out what they wanted to do. I mean, that put it in everybody's face. And so that's why you see, by then a year later, such a huge crowd for the moratorium when we did that parade with Pat Paulsen. I mean, it was enormous, especially when I would go back and just think, "You know, just a couple of years ago people were throwing coffee and throwing me in the lake."

So there had been a steady build in terms of activism, and there were a handful of people of maybe twenty really committed activists and fifty people who were sort of active in 1966. And then, also, you would see that transition in the faculty, too. It was maybe one or two people who would be talking about things in class, to where everybody was talking. By the time Kent State happened, I don't remember that many people who had just stood there and said, "Hey! This is good."

And the thing about Kent State was that it really brought it home. You know, it wasn't seeing the demonstrations in Chicago, it wasn't people dying in Vietnam, but all of a sudden it came on campus. And Jackson State also played the race card, which we were also very aware of, that in Vietnam more blacks were dying than whites, comparatively.

Well, before we move on to other stuff, I want to make sure we talk about SDS [Students for a Democratic Society] a little bit more and about the reasons for the Dow Chemical protest.

Well, Dow was because of the napalm—and they were coming to recruit on campus. So that one was fairly early on. That would have been the spring of 1967, I believe.

SDS was after things had been going on for quite awhile. I think our original meeting was at Springer's house. I'm not sure. But SDS had a really wonderful statement, the "Port Huron Statement," which Tom Hayden and others engineered. They also made it very clear that each group was allowed to do whatever it wanted. We had been using locally named groups, and at that point we felt like we needed to take a more radi-

cal stance, and by using the name SDS, we did. When I look back, you know, at my FBI file, the two things that we were going to try and do was get a black faculty member, which was Ben Hazard, and to get the women's dorm hours changed, because they had to sign in at dinner—I mean, they had bed checks. It was a pretty hard case. So, what people now think about SDS is what was later—the weatherman spin-offs and things like that, which were really not that big a factor. And most of the people that were in the SDS were still the same people that were in the other groups, the moratorium coordinating committee, or whatever, so it was just a choice at that time of what to call ourselves.

And who was that?

Bob Dickens was president, I was vice-president, and Joe [Crowley] was the [faculty advisor]. I don't remember who all was at the meeting, but I'm sure it was Tom Myers and Don Clayton and just the usual cast of characters. [laughter]

What about Crowley and other faculty? Who was kind of prominent among the faculty politically those first couple of years there at UNR?

Well, Crowley wasn't that active when I first got there, because I don't think he'd got there until my second year or so. I don't think he was there in 1966, or if he had, he was pretty much a junior faculty person. There was Dave Harvey. Later it was Gunter Hiller, who was the one that got kicked out because he did the knives-forks-spoons grading method for his existentialism class. He handed out knives, forks, and spoons and then arbitrarily decided which were A's, C's, and F's. And it took the regents a long time to figure out how to deal with that. I mean, they could get rid of him, but they still couldn't figure out what to do about the grades and academic freedom. I mean, that really threw them pretty badly.

Do you remember what semester that was or when that took place?

No, that would have had to have been later on. It would have probably been 1969 or 1970.

How would you characterize people like Gunter Hiller?

Well, see, Gunter was a survivor of the Holocaust. Most of them were younger. Almost everybody in the Art Department was really pretty cool. You know, they would work on different projects. There was just a tremendous sense of idealism, but I think that that's what was destroyed when they got rid of Paul.

It was sort of like even if you do the right things, played the tenure game and the academic games the way you're supposed to, they'd have done better. They can still get you. Anybody who was not totally alienated by Chicago certainly was after Kent State. And what happened at Nevada is what happened on almost every other campus in the country, with a lot of similarities—because, you know, just like at every other campus they were blaming it on off-campus agitators. It was their kids that were doing it. It was young faculty who were making decisions because they had done the research. They'd gone back and looked at the 1954 Geneva Accords that said we were going to have an election. They had been reading about what was going on. The difference in Nevada was the mandatory ROTC.

Now, when you started at UNR you knew you'd have to do this.

Right.

What was your attitude going in? And did you start your first semester there?

Passive-aggressive behavior, you know. You were required your freshman and sophomore years to take ROTC, and then I think it was Tuesdays and Thursdays or something you had to go

march. So I'd always get my letter from the Drama Department saying I was in a play so my long hair and beard was OK. And because of the types of questions that I would be asking in class, and I was asking legitimate questions, they knew I was smart enough that they couldn't really get rid of me that way. [laughter] So a lot of times they'd just excuse me. And I remember one of them, Major Peterson. One time I said, "Well, cut me some slack."

And he says, "Well, some day you may be secretary of defense, and I may be working for you." [laughter]

So, who else did you work with in ROTC?

Well, [Colonel] Ralf was in charge when I first came, and then Colonel Hill was there at the time of Kent State and Governor's Day. I actually do remember in a class them having somebody who had just gotten back from Vietnam explaining the different (I don't know what you'd call it) logos or signs of each company—you know, which ones would cut off genitalia and put it in mouths, which ones collected fingers, which ones did various mutilations. And I'm sitting there in class going, "This is a required class for academic credit?" And the veteran that I knew the most was Doug Sherman, and he had been a Green Beret, you know.

Had you known Doug before he went over?

No. Jamie Clarke—who was at that party that I'd mentioned (that the sheriffs raided in high school)—was our student body vice-president at Reno High. He was killed in Vietnam. And so when the kids started coming back, I remember one of Chuck's best friends down at Whittier would start telling us stories about somebody stepping on a mine. All of a sudden, people were coming back, and our movement did get a lot more strident when the veterans started taking over more and more of the leadership roles.

Yes. So they were participating then with the activists on campus.

Right. Because I remember one of the points that I've mentioned to you was that when Cannon came on campus and was telling us all we really aren't in Cambodia, there was somebody there who had served there. And so when you were getting the B.S., you had somebody there that says, "Hey, time out, that's not true." [laughter] And, of course, what they had seen, what they had been through, certainly put them in a position of much greater anger than, say, those of us who were fighting to keep from going there.

What was the mood like in the ROTC program? It was a mixture of all students, right, because it was required?

Yes, it was required for everybody. [sigh] I don't know. It was probably just the same as being required to take P.E., you know. It's like, "Why in the hell am I bowling at eight o'clock in the morning?" Just because somebody feels that this is part of what I need to be doing?

It was like what I saw when I finally was drafted as a conscientious objector. The younger kids, you tell them to take off all their clothes and go do stupid things, and they don't know any better. So when you're a freshman in college and everybody is taking the class, you don't go, "Well, why am I taking this M-1 apart and putting it back together? We know this doesn't make sense." So at the beginning, I think it was more a frustration of why it's required than what the content was.

And later people were realizing, "Hey, there's hardly any other school in the country that is doing this. What's going on? Why are we still lost in this bizarre past?"

Was it pretty straightforward? You mentioned a guest speaker telling you some of these horrors of what's going on in Vietnam. Did you do other sorts of training as part of ROTC that was directly linked to the war?

Sure. I mean, we'd be taking our M-1s apart, we'd be learning to march, we would be having

classes in, oh, map reading or the general things that you would do in basic training.

Were any of those general things made specific, though, to Vietnam?

I don't remember in terms of the day-to-day activities. I do remember that one incident, because, to me, it really crystallized what I thought was wrong. And my feeling was that it was wrong to be there at all. So, I don't remember whether or not we were always talking about it day to day, but that it was always hanging over our heads. I mean, when I took it my freshman, sophomore year, we didn't have the lottery yet.

And that started when?

I would guess it was probably my junior or first senior year. I got a 135, which was not good enough. I knew I was going. But before that, it wasn't like that. It was like, "You're going unless we know that for some reason physically you can't." And then, of course, nobody wanted to drop out, because you lose your student deal.

So it was important to keep your grade at least passable?

Yes. And even though the women weren't in ROTC, they were still going through that same process of awareness, you know. I mean, it was like the deal that (which sounds pretty sexist now), "Women won't go with men who go" (and there was a really nice slogan; it was like the "Make love, not war" one.)

Did descriptions of Vietnam start entering the classroom at a particular point, or was that kind of always going on?

Sure. And it grew, because we were only sending a few of our advisors over in 1964. And so even by 1966 we hadn't seen that tremendous change. It wasn't until 1968 that it got bad enough that Lyndon Johnson decided not to run for president again, so it was something that grew the

whole time. As our demonstrations grew, we would pass resolutions in senate, things like that. And as it became more aware in *The Sagebrush*, of course, then if there was a relationship in class—for instance, a geography class—they'd probably skip over Southeast Asia. "That's not really that interesting. We'll mostly talk about Europe, because that's all we care about." But I mean, that was sort of the same thing with all the things as we became more aware. You know, Paul was teaching a black literature class. Well, that probably wasn't something that was very likely in 1966, but it was something that was almost essential by 1969, 1970.

So he taught a class in black literature? Do you know when that was?

It would have been probably the fall semester before, 1969. That's the only class that I actually took from him. He was an excellent instructor, but I did my class paper on *Little Black Sambo*, which I always thought was interesting, because of all of the characters in it. (I mean, tigers and stuff are from Asia, but we somehow, like, just confused all of these cultures and stereotypes and stuff.) But, you know, I think he had really meant for me to read something a little bit more scholarly. And then it was his class that I initially signed up for in the fall after they got rid of him that we had the demonstration—the "catnip caper" as it became known. So I signed up for that class so that I could do it, and then I dropped it. Then they said that he wasn't going to teach.

Now, is that the revolutions class? I mean, he was going to teach that with Crowley and Gunter Hiller, no?

No, no. This was an English class. I can't remember what it was. But Dave Schindler, wearing his Superman t-shirt, sort of organized it. We all started smoking catnip cigarettes, and then I got up and read part of the newly established Code of Conduct. And I just read the little line that's saying anyone who disrupts a class is in

violation of the Code of Conduct. And so what they did is they ended up dropping everything against Schindler and all the other people, and then they got me, or they censured me, for violating the Code of Conduct by reading the Code of Conduct, which was really classic absurdity, and then I published a deal in the paper doing it back to them.

Right. And that was fall of 1970.

Right. That would have been right afterwards, because that's when they had pulled him out of the class. And that summer they came up with the Code of Conduct to protect us from this kind of stuff.

Maybe we could talk a little bit about Adamian. When did you first meet him?

I would say almost immediately after he arrived, because he rented next-door. My parents bought the house next door when their neighbors moved, and I believe he was our first rental out of that house. So that would have been when I was in high school. And so I just knew him and his family as neighbors, not as anything else, and then got to know him more later on socially.

So how were they as plain old neighbors?

I can't remember when he got his divorce, but that was a big deal. And you could tell even then, I mean, he was one of those people that has a lot of excitement about what they teach. There really was a tremendous core of some very, very good faculty there, and he was one of them.

Were he and others pretty active politically?

I think what happened was a process for them as well as for us. At the beginning, the culture was just such that you just didn't think about that. I mean, why would a faculty member be an activist? But as what was going on became more and more evident, then certain faculty members became more and more vocal. And as that hap-

pened, just as the students became more and more vocal, they took larger and larger roles. And I'm sure that it varied by individual, like whether or not they had tenure. Each department had a different political deal. Did you have a dictatorial department head, or was it a rotating department chair? Was it encouraged in your department? In some departments, I would say, it was definitely encouraged, that they would see that just as part of academic freedom and scholarship.

But you didn't take English as a major until much later. Were you just sampling courses?

Well, back then the first two years you really didn't have a lot of choice. You had to take your English, you had to have your ten credits of math, you had to have your P.E., you had to have ROTC, and I think you had to have intro to speech and stuff like that. There were certain classes that I was taking a lot of. I knocked out enough of my English that I could start taking some of the more interesting ones, because I was not really interested in anything that happened a ways back, with the exception of Shakespeare. I took a *lot* of oral interpretation classes from Bill Miller over there. He was the one that directed me in Richard III. I took every one of his classes. Then I would take some stuff in art—beginning drawing or something like that.

And then they started having those honors courses on futurism and then the one on the university, which Peltier and Edd Miller taught (and I can't remember who the third teacher was). But these were excellent courses. They were taught by three faculty members, usually department heads. As I recall, most of the people that were in those classes were either the better students, or a lot of them were the activists. And I think a lot of my perception of what happened was certainly shaded by the course on the university, because we would be studying how in the Middle Ages the students really pretty much ran the university. And then we saw the development of where the faculty were really pretty much in control. And I believe that right then at Kent State,

Governor's Day, is when we saw administration or politicians running the university.

When you see someone like the Board of Regents then taking a political step like the Code of Conduct or making hiring and firing decisions about two individuals . . . before, that would have been something that would have been a totally academic matter. It would have been part of academic freedom. And I think that that happened almost all across the country. I think there were some other factors at the time that influenced it in other places, such as unionization, because the concept of unionizing faculty, of course, then changes that structure. But I think that very clearly that was a change in the university as an event for many, many years.

What kind of stuff are you reading on your own?

Ah! Because of graduate school, I think, and all of the non-fiction I read, I usually read junk suspense. At any given time, of the top ten bestsellers, I've read probably six or seven of them. And I justify it because I'm a librarian, and I can say, "Well, I need to know John Grisham and Jeffrey Deaver." I just got through reading two of Janet Evanovich's last two books. So, yes, junk-escapist stuff.

And I still probably read more than almost anybody I know—except my daughter. I don't read quite a book a day, but probably near that. Thank goodness for the Internet and being able to put books on hold at the public library so you can just go in and pick them up. My daughter probably reads more than a book a day. And my son, who's eight, just got through reading his hundred books for the book program, and then after that he's reading the first Harry Potter. But certainly my love of reading has been inherited.

Did you read a lot on the political situation during the Vietnam years?

Oh, I still have a lot of those books, you know. I still have [Herbert] Marcuse. I have a lot of the stuff that was written about the civil rights movement. But a lot of that was more in collections

back then. There were significant changes, say, something like *Soul on Ice* by Eldridge Cleaver. But, yes, you could still go through my library and find many of the books that I had back then. And when we revived SDS here at University of Oklahoma, I still had my old "Port Huron Statement", so it was pretty easy to pull together.

Well, what are some that stick in your mind as powerful readings at that time?

Well, of course, there were just some really incredibly eloquent things coming out of black literature, you know what I mean? The readings of King, and not all of them were from then. I mean, obviously Gandhi and Thoreau had a tremendous influence on us. We were reading the rantings and stuff of all of the Mario Savios, all of the Chicago 8, 7, 5 as they slowly got knocked down [laughter] which was, you know, just incredibly good theater as well: Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin and all the great troubadours of the time. And some of them were from previous times, like Pete Seeger and Joan Baez (and I've gone to see Joan Baez speak, and I don't know if I've ever gone to actually see her play).

And, of course, there were the magazines like *Ramparts*. We were reading the underground newspapers from Berkeley and San Francisco and New York, and all of those things were readily available. On our campus, we did not get into some of the kinds of rhetorical problems that they got in on some of the larger campuses. I saw on some campuses where movements were just literally torn apart between the Maoists and the Leninist philosophies within a group. And I would have to say it was probably more than a couple of faculty and maybe one or two graduate students who were into that kind of a deal. But, I think we were very much more project oriented. I think we did have a good theoretical base in terms of what we wanted to replace it with. It wasn't that we wanted to tear something down without having a good clear concept of what we wanted to replace it with. A lot of times you'll hear people get into arguments of competing theories—like Marxism or something, which is

an economic theory, and then they argue it with democracy.

So a lot of times in some areas you'd see people lose their momentum because of things like that. They're saying, "Well, what are you going to replace discrimination with? What are you going to replace the war with?" We didn't get hung up on that. And I think there were a few times when we got into a thing whether we wanted a free university or the experimental college concept. And, you know, in the long run both of those ended up dying off.

What were the arguments for those?

OK, well, an experimental college would probably be more within the structure of the university, whereas a free university would probably be more like, "Hi, I'm going to teach a class next week on such and such."

And there would be a program saying, "Well, you know, Slemmons is going to teach a class on agit prop theater," whereas in experimental college it would probably be more within the university: "OK, well, next semester so and so is going to do something." But it would be looking toward more exploring ways of teaching and stuff like that.

Stuff within and without the system—because I know that's come up a lot. There are the political arguments that, "Oh, we work within the system for change."

Right. Well, a free university would be a little bit more . . . I guess, anarchy isn't quite the right term, but, I mean, it would be a lot more free form. Anybody that wanted to teach a class would teach a class, and they would do that, whereas within an experimental college you would be probably looking at it more as a laboratory for coming up with new ways and concepts of teaching. I mean, they're both going toward the same long-range goal, but it was little differences in some ways. And the problem was that there probably weren't enough people to support both concepts at a time, at least in Nevada.

So would you say it was kind of a gradual shift to the left from your early high-school days to college days?

With the exception of the fact that I was in the Republican Party, I really don't see myself as really any different from, probably, the time I was about fifteen or sixteen on. I'm still pretty naïve about some things. [laughter]

But in terms of my politics, in terms of war . . . you know, I'm still working on a lot of human rights issues. Right now I'm focusing more on Burma and the death penalty, but I'm involved in all kinds of things. Through the years I've continued to fight many of the same civil rights battles. I remember the civil rights things in 1964 and King speaking in 1965 and all this. It was like, "Wow, right on!"

And that was before I got to college. I think my freshman year I suddenly had the freedom, because in high school we were really, really insulated from everything. You know, the world that my kids grow up in is so different.

I mean, when we were kindergarteners, you'd hop on a city bus and go someplace or go climb a mountain, or your parents wouldn't know where you were because you were somewhere in the neighborhood and somebody else's parents were making sure everything was OK. You didn't think about that, and now that's just not an option, and that period of time is when that changed. My boss grew up in Harlem, and the life of a black kid growing up then. Yes, you'd hop on the subway, do whatever, and hang out. But during the period of time when the riots happened—1968 and Watts—all of those things changed for everyone everywhere, and it had results: whether it's locking your house every day or whether your kids are going to be running around town. So I mean, the world really changed in a lot of places besides the campus.

And you say that's why Governor's Day of 1969 had such a good turn out? Was it all of the things going on in 1968, because you said they'd had a picket line on Governor's Day as far back as, what, 1966, 1967?

Probably not 1966 or 1967. I had forgotten about the stuff that had happened in the previous year until I'd heard some of the stuff. But, yes, there was stuff going on and building that whole time.

And what about the moratorium? Can we talk about that for a little bit?

Yes, the one on October 15 went very well. The one on November 15 went even better. It was the number of people: seeing them parading five or six miles, all the way down Virginia and under the arch. And with Pat Paulsen joining us, that's probably the point that we realized that we were no longer the minority.

And you helped organize this?

Yes. Right.

So a pretty large group was working to set it up?

Again, it was pretty much the same group of people. You know, Karen and I were the ones that actually went to talk to Pat Paulsen to get him. I went to Bill Harrah's downtown, and when he was up at the lake, we'd go see him afterwards. He was very much the kind of person that you'd think he would be when you looked at him. He was just a very, very nice, quiet, unassuming person, and that style of humor that he had was just wonderful and just perfect parody.

That would be another thing that you would point out that was going on at this time. You know, the Smothers Brothers. People that had not been allowed to be on television, like Pete Seeger, were coming on. Paulsen was running for president, and his style was just spoofing all of the things that you knew were wrong. And to have something like that on the network . . . And then when they finally got rid of it, I mean, it was also as much of a statement. You'd say, "Hey, what's going on here?"

And so you and Karen just hit him up backstage, and he comes right in?

Oh, well, actually, he was . . . OK, there's high-rise apartments down by the river, and Harrah's used to, I think, own the top two, or the penthouse, and that's where they would keep their stars. So we'd arrange with their manager, and we went up there and talked to him, and then later, I went backstage to see him every time he would come back.

And so he joined up for the October moratorium?

The parade, I think, was the November one, but I'm not sure. Whichever one was the parade, because he marched at the front of the parade.

And I heard there was kind of a strong reaction from the community downtown. Do you remember anything?

Well, I remember them filming us, and stuff like that—you know, the little guys with the shiny shoes. But I really didn't see anything. I mean, I think they were just more amazed than anything that there were so many of us and that we were committed. I think it was about that time, too, that we ran a half or full-page ad in the paper listing hundreds of names of people who chipped in for it.

So, that's sort of a difficult thing to put in perspective, I mean, because a lot of times what was happening was kids with their parents, or something like that. It would be really hard to judge what the community as a whole really felt. Because after all of this, when I ran for the Board of Regents, I got more votes than any youth candidate had ever gotten.

Really?

Well, I didn't get elected, but I didn't expect to. But, even the fact that I was running during this whole period of time, when all this stuff would happen—it was a process. The process probably didn't get completed for a lot of people until Watergate, when they finally said, "Oh, they were right."

A lot of parents were really very frustrated at first. They did not understand: “What’s going on? Why have my kids kept growing their hair long? Now, what did they protest? Don’t they know?”

Because our construct before was World War II. And most of them don’t remember what went up to World War II, that there was a strong pacifism movement in this country. When they took polls shortly before World War II, most people said they wouldn’t go no matter what. That even when I was drafted, the first group that’s on there was the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, the people who were going to fight fascism. But we think of them as “commies,” even though it was Hemingway and whatever. Their minds were more on—or their vision was like—all of those World War II movies that came out in the 1950s. Everything was still like a western;—it was still the good guys and the bad guys. It was still the domino theory.

So it took a while for that to change, just as it took a while on campus, although I think that change was a lot quicker, because it was young people who were in a place where they were supposed to be thinking anyway—and so what happened was a lot of people were. And they were seeing it happening on every campus across the country.

And then you ran into conflicts with your folks, too, at some point for all those friends?

Constantly.

Did that start right around the start of school, or was it with the activism?

I would say some of that was finally healed after I was drafted and working as a counselor. I think that politically I’ve seen them drift from probably the time of Watergate farther and farther and farther to the left. Their opinions about Bush were probably as strong as mine. But, you know, they’re still . . . How do I put this? [pause] It’s hard for them, I think, to still not see me as somebody who is a child. It’s hard for them

to relate to me as someone who is grown up and has children of my own. I think it’s something that a lot of parents have a hard time in making that transition.

Did you run into a lot of conflict yourself, knowing that now here you are—sometimes with a loudspeaker—shouting out against the war, knowing that your father is on faculty and your mother is working for the university?

The only thing I ever really worried about was for my dad, because he had a lot of clearances, because a lot of his projects were funded by the government—Air Force Office of Scientific Research, NASA. And as far as I know, he was never affected at all. Probably in some ways it would have been better for me to go away to a different school.

Academically I did not do real well. I mean, I think my total GPA was about a 2.7, and I think I flunked between thirty and fifty credits. You know, if I didn’t like a teacher, I would tell them that if they didn’t improve I wasn’t coming back to their class. [laughter] I never really had an attitude. Some of the really bad teachers like McQueen really took it out on me. He flunked me, he nailed me, so I lost a whole semester, because I got mononucleosis. And he kept the paperwork on his paper until finals, then told me he turned it down, because he was still mad that I had taken one of his courses and gotten A’s in it (I guess after twelve absences, you’d flunk), and I said, “Look, I know I’m at twelve. Can I go to my great-grandmother’s funeral?”

And he said, “Sure.” And then he flunked me. [laughter]

Nice.

You know, he was one of those teachers that would sit there and read out of the textbook, and you’re going, “I can read this. That’s why I’m getting A’s and not coming to your class.” But I had a bit of an attitude. Sometimes when I was having problems in some of my courses, the other

faculty would call Dad up and stuff, since a lot of the time we were, you know . . .

Did you feel restrained at all?

I must not have, having figured out what I've done, not what I did. I just felt morally that I was doing the right thing, and so I really didn't have a choice—because they wanted to kill me, or have me go kill somebody, one way or the other. I fought really hard for that conscientious objector [status].

And so you moved up to Floriston your second year?

OK, I was in White Pine Hall with Mr. Battle Mountain, and that just didn't work, and so this friend of mine, Mike Pearson (he was something, from Carson City), he and I moved out to Floriston. We were actually only there one semester, but it was pretty incredible. I mean, it was so beautiful. We had a lot of people coming up from San Francisco, and it was almost like a commune, with the people coming in and out—but it wasn't, you know, really at least in terms of the way people perceive them now.

Yes. And then you moved back into Reno for the last couple of years?

OK, then I moved back into the College Inn. And we're not sure, but the Mormon Tabernacle they built in Oakland possibly blocked off a bunch of springs. My grandmother had a house in Oakland that was incredible: there were deer; there was a waterfall going through her backyard. I mean, it was just gorgeous. And there was a slow-moving landslide. It took about a month or two months for her and all these other houses to be demolished.

So my parents had her move up, and at first we lived (well, I'm not sure about the order of this) . . . I think we lived next door—the house that Paul Adamian lived in—and then we ended up getting low-rent housing that was to the east

of campus. And I lived there, I think, for the last couple of years.

So then as things are going on, did you find yourself developing particularly strong ties with any of the faculty more than others?

Sure, but I'd probably have to go through the yearbook and figure it out. There were probably thirty, forty faculty who I felt pretty close to.

So that's a pretty big group, then.

Yes. I mean, there were quite a few people in the Art Department. You know, I was in a play with Bob Harvey, and we both had our hair dyed red and then showed up on campus—and the guy who dyed it did a really bad job, and it was more orange-pink. So, we did *Life With Father* together, and Joyce Laxalt was in that, doing some of the theater things. I was on the president's arts festival committee, so I think I may have been the only student on that committee. So a lot of times, because of my involvement with student government, I was on committees sometimes that were faculty committees. So, yes, in terms of interaction, that was happening a lot. And, of course, in the student union everybody would be hanging out there, so it was not anything unusual to sit down at a table with faculty.

When was the Hobbit Hole? Now, that used to be a coffee shop, right?

Yes, I don't remember when Roberto got it, but it was sort of unusual in that people were actually living there.

And was it called the Hobbit Hole before as a coffee shop?

No, it was originally a house, so when he got it and turned it into the Hobbit Hole . . . I don't remember exactly how he had that structured. I know it was extremely casual. I remember giv-

ing some poetry readings there, because for a little while there was a coffee house down on Sierra, and one of the founders of Jefferson Airplane used to play there before he moved to San Francisco.

What member of Jefferson Airplane was it?

Well, he did a solo album that was really good.

Jorma?

No, not Jorma.

Marty?

Marty Balin hung out there. And then for a while there was a coffee house on the corner—is it Virginia and University? There was a building that's been a number of different businesses: it's been a bar. But for a while there was poetry readings there. And for a while a lot of us were going out to a place out at Sutro, but once the Hobbit Hole opened, that was really pretty much it. I mean, it was a good place for meetings, and I never thought about it in terms of structure. You might ask John Doherty about it, because I think Roberto, the guy who owned it, is still around. I think he's living in Sparks.

Was that the pretty regular happening place to go, like the year-end?

Yes, but maybe more evenings, because I remember it would be really cool, too—because when I do readings I like to have people doing music and stuff like that. I guess what people imagined it was like in the Beat Generation. And that's what would happen there, you know; there would be somebody playing piano or some congos, and it was a good place to meet. And the people that lived there—Woody, Doug, John, and Kladney—were all people that were really involved anyway.

Yes. Then could you talk briefly about the minority students, the Black Student Union?

OK, at the beginning, you know, my involvement was because Pete was involved with the track team (and that was another course that I flunked). But a lot of the blacks on campus had been recruited athletically, people like Otis Burrell, who was a high jumper. And as far as I know, he stayed with the university. And a lot of these were just really articulate people.

There's a group that was living in College Inn, too. And what happened as the university grew, and also as these other people became more aware of what was going on, there was a deal called Instant Park, a neighborhood on the east side that had a higher ratio of blacks. And they just went and built a park. Those events went right alongside other awareness. You know, one of the goals of SDS was to get a black faculty member. It was like, it's OK for us to recruit people as long as they can run track or play football, but we're not trying to get any black cheerleaders, we're not trying to get any black teachers. Now, something's wrong.

And you know, I was one of the ones that got the Martin Luther King memorial thing organized. And through that period of time, there was no isolation. I think, finally, probably in the period of time before Governor's Day, we saw (and this happened throughout a lot of the country) where the Black Student Union needed to be separate. I mean, they did not want any whites in the union when they took it over. They needed that sense of separation. And for us it was something like we're going, "Yes, we understand."

So you were around then when Ben Hazard finally came to campus. What did you think of him when he showed up?

He's cool, you know. [pause] Ben was Ben, and I guess probably the only thing that probably might have struck me is what discipline they finally found, that it wasn't somebody that came out of anthropology, sociology, English, black

studies, or something like that, but that he came as an art professor. But that was no big deal. And now I remember his cane and him and Paul, keeping people back during the Governor's Day. But, you know, I never had any of his classes or anything like that.

Maybe we could start moving towards the Governor's Day stuff. The year before there were theatrics, and stuff. Manzanita Lake was dyed red.

Yes, and they dumped, I guess, the cannon in the lake, I think, that year.

Yes. When did more militant ideas start showing up in discussions as far as protesting the war?

I would say after Chicago, because there was really a sense that for all of these people who had tried to work within the system—the “Clean for Gene” campaign, or whatever—it didn't work. They were just going to get out the National Guard, you know. And [Chicago Mayor Richard] Daley was going to buy the election anyway, so that it really didn't matter what we did. And then also with the veterans coming in and taking a larger role—to them, you know, they had seen it in a much more violent situation.

And so, with what was going around the country, I think even those of us who were pretty pacifistic didn't see that violence—as long as it wasn't directed at people—was necessarily bad. And I think that there was a point where that changed, though. I believe it was at the University of Wisconsin when they blew up a building there and a janitor died in the process. And so that sort of changed. And also later on when we started seeing some of the stuff with the Weathermen and the house blowing up in New York, and stuff like that.

So those became real options, then. And blacks being separate as far as . . . ?

We had been seeing—all across the country—people taking over buildings at Columbia

and Harvard, and if it would stop the war, it would be worth it.

So did that start to factionalize people? When the stakes got higher, did that cause problems among people who were involved in the movement?

Yes, there were arguments about how strongly we should take our actions. I mean, there were some people who would have liked to see things go a lot farther than they did. And then there were those who were constant voices of restraint. And I would say that there were maybe a higher percentage of those from faculty members that were voices of restraint—of not getting into confrontations. But, yes, there was a lot of discussion about logistics and what we should or should not do.

And even after Hartman Hall or the Hobbit Hole, I think, there was still people who felt that they hadn't done enough. And then for others at that point, it seemed to have escalated to a point where there was a tremendous amount of fear about what was going to happen next.

Did you get the sense that things were rapidly accelerating towards that end, let's say, March and April? You know, judging from the Sagebrush, it seems as though the Jesse Sattwhite case was incredibly important.

It was. It was incredibly important. And it certainly was a prelude to what happened to Paul and Fred. But that sense of urgency, what was happening on campus was being echoed in the news every day: Cambodia and Kent State and Jackson State. But in terms of the Black Student Union, those things, those questions, were happening everywhere, and we were seeing that. And they were very serious and legitimate questions of economic and social justice, and for the most part, we were finding that—at least in the upper levels of politics in the state—those questions were not heard at all. Fortunately, we were somewhat protected by people like Edd Miller, but Jesse made it clear that we weren't safe.

So you got the sense that UNR was pretty much tied into what was going on in the national scene?

Definitely.

Was there a big time delay or a sort of isolation?

I would say over the years, from 1966 to 1970, the time delay between what was happening at Nevada and other schools quickly got smaller and smaller. I mean, if something happened in San Francisco in 1966, it might not catch on for awhile in Reno. But I would say by 1968, we were clued in to what was going on everywhere. After we had gone to the National Student Association, when something went on at Berkeley, we knew who was doing it at Berkeley. So by 1970, when the Kent State shootings happened, everybody everywhere knew.

And the national news changed during that period of time, too, from where they may talk about something going on in Vietnam to where suddenly you're seeing it every night, and live. In 1966, people just weren't talking about it. It wasn't on the news that often. And it was the same thing with racial problems. You know, you might read in the paper about Martin Luther King, that something was going on in Selma, but suddenly then, "Hey!" It did matter here in Reno.

What was the media coverage like for activism before 1970—local media? Nothing?

I remember being on the Corky Procter show one time, and I also remember one time one of the shows put on about, oh, three or four of us hippies as a little talk thing that they thought was kind of amusing. But [sigh] the media . . . Back then almost all the kids' shows in the afternoon were locally generated. I forgot what's-her-name that used to do her movie in the afternoon.

The whole aspect of news journalism—that's the period of time that it started to change. In 1966 news journalism was next to nothing, at least in terms of local TV. That wouldn't be something that they would be really focusing on. I mean, it's sort of like the difference when I came

here: you watch the weather, and they're showing the Doppler radar, and they're telling you what size the hailstones are at each quarter, because the weather is really important, and they have a lot of money on it. Well, TV journalism was just in its infancy, and I think probably the Vietnam coverage and the 1968 convention was probably a major point in time of how we approach journalism. If you'd watch the news, it was mostly just to hear Walter Cronkite's pleasant voice. It wasn't like by the end of that period, where every time you were going on it and seeing what the death toll was today—the whole awareness of it. And that would have affected the local scene, too. I mean, before that, even the downtown paper really didn't cover what was going on on campus very much, and with far less accuracy and integrity than the student paper.

I know the student paper was pretty much . . . Was it a hands-off publication, as far as the administration?

No. Well, I mean, you paid for it with student money, so we had a student publications board, but they had an academic advisor. And I remember Mike telling me about how they worked with Miller about putting out a statement about Kent State. But any of them would be better to talk to about whether or not they ever actually were told to back off.

Right. So describe what the atmosphere was that spring, that Saturday before Cambodia, before Kent State.

Well, you know, the attitude hadn't really changed. It's just that we no longer were such a small minority. By the time of the moratoriums, we knew that we weren't just a handful of kids on campus that didn't like what was going on. And with the Black Student Union, there was a sense of escalation, and that when we decided we were going to close down the school, we were serious about it. It wasn't like we were doing that for a publicity thing. We were saying, "Hey, look, they brought the National Guard on campus, and

they're shooting kids, and we don't want to be in Cambodia. And 'business as usual' is just not cutting it. And then on top of that, throwing a Governor's Day to celebrate . . ." [laughter] "It just isn't going to cut it." And so, yes, it was building, and I don't think it was a difference of what we believed; it's just that suddenly we were no longer the minority.

And so the invasion of Cambodia was announced on the thirtieth, and that weekend between Cambodia and Kent State, people were planning to do something on Governor's Day.

Yes.

Could we slow down in terms of moving through this? With the invasion of Cambodia, what were some of your impressions? Was that just more of the same Vietnam craziness, or craziness at seeing more?

[pause] I wouldn't say I saw it as a separate kind of a thing. It was just that rather than us getting out, it was escalating—and the duplicity of all of it, too.

To what extent do you remember being involved with the planning of Governor's Day activities?

I was right in the middle of all of it, you know. [laughter] At first it looked like, I guess, a lot of people weren't really going to do something, and then we—as it organized—got something together. Then things kept escalating, things like Kent State.

Yes. Was Adamian involved in any of this?

Yes. I don't remember. I really don't. What he got nailed for was what happened that day and for [sigh], I would say, pictures that probably misrepresented what was going on. When he was trying to get Bill May out from under the car, the pictures made it seem like he was encouraging people to get under the car. I mean, it

made it look like the opposite, and so when they needed a scapegoat, he was the one.

But, you know, Paul did nothing that day that should have resulted in anything that shouldn't have happened to all of us. If they said, "OK, you really blocked this thing, and that was not supposed to happen." Well, then, you know, there's a few hundred people. But most of the day Paul was one of the people that was pretty much a voice of reason, trying to prevent things from escalating, at least in terms of violence.

How did you see this? How did you see the things unfolding? Was it sort of an organic thing?

Yes. Yes. I think we all knew what we wanted to do, but here was never a plan per se, that, "OK, it's time to go up and take over the stadium," or, "We're going to go around the track so many times," or, "Let's go and get the bayonets." I would say organic would probably be a good way to describe it. It's a sense of almost surrealness in a way. Here you have the governor and the flags and the people marching and all of this stuff going on.

Were you surprised that was going on in Nevada?

No. That's what I'd been doing for four years, so, no. But the events at Jot Travis with the discussions probably more represented the feelings than the actual activities out on Governor's Day, when people were talking issues and things like that.

So it's after the actual protest when the debate started?

Yes. And then people were talking about specifics. I know what happened, but in terms of watching a kid in ROTC with a bayonet standing there, that really wasn't going to actually change anything about Cambodia, but it certainly made people aware. And whether or not in Nevada's collective mind, the collective consciousness about the war, whether that slowed

or sped it up, I don't know. I mean, whether people's feelings toward Watergate and whatever got closer to that point or whether they didn't, I don't know. And it probably was some of both, but it was certainly a wake-up call.

Then, it seems like all of the folks who were in ROTC for mandatory requirements, the protest wasn't an adversarial position as much as this.

No. Oh no, because we'd been standing out there two years. So, you know, it must have been more bizarre for them to be out there in their funny little costumes in that situation, and I have a feeling that probably maybe some of their minds were going, "Hey, if I can be put in this kind of situation, do I really want to go to Vietnam or join a National Guard unit and go shoot my friends on a campus?" A lot of it was about image: the bayonets, the uniforms, those kinds of things.

Right. Did you ever worry that it was going to get out of control like Kent did?

Well, [sigh] it was out of control. I mean, nothing like this had ever happened really. [laughter] So from the moment that everybody started moving out of the bowl and headed north, it was out of control in the sense that this was not a little structured deal. From the moment everybody moved up, it was not in control in the way that we had seen being done in previous demonstrations.

So it was probably the first time for everybody to be in a large mass movement like that.

And I imagine for some it was very scary, and probably for some it was kind of exhilarating. You know, it was a rush.

And then afterwards did you feel like it was a success?

I was pretty blown away, I think, because I remember that I went up to Lake Tahoe. I found

some boulders that nobody knew about, with this friend and I. She and I just went out and sunbathed and just sort of like chilled out, because it really was incredibly intense.

Were you worried that there would be repercussions for it?

What, that they might draft me and send me to Vietnam? [laughter] You know, at that point we were seeing things in terms of life and death. We weren't seeing it like, "Oh, they're going to flunk you this semester." The question is whether I get drafted at the end of this semester or the end of next semester. Because I thought, "It's coming."

I think certainly we didn't suspect that they would do the scapegoat thing the way they did. We wouldn't say that, "Oh, well, Paul, because he tried to pull somebody out from under a car, we're going to fire him."

Right. I guess maybe I'm curious if afterwards you had thought that what had happened would change the way things were going on campus.

Certainly. We wouldn't have done what we were doing if we didn't think at some point that we were going to be able to stop the war or create change. We would have already split for Canada or something.

So the line had been crossed then as far as what students were doing on campus for activism, or did it just seem sort of mild to what had been done in the past?

I'm not sure. I don't recall how I felt right then.

The meetings followed Governor's Day. Can we talk about what the union was like?

Yes, the union was an incredible center in terms of what was going on on campus. I mean, not only was it the meeting place for the student senate or the judicial council, but any of the stu-

dent groups could have meetings there. You know, when I directed *Zoo Story*, it was there. When Jim McCormick and I did the multimedia thing, it was in the lounge there. When my production of *Daedalus* was performed, it was in the union. Downstairs is where we were hanging out between classes; upstairs was a place where everything happened.

And I think the students' relationship with Pete Perriera is significant because of how we set up getting the bowl. I mean, he was also in charge of that. And I'm not sure if I was the one that originally started doing the things in the bowl or if there were others that were involved. But we had friends in bands. We would just go set it up. And at the beginning, we were running extension cords, I think, from Frandsen or someplace.

It was incredible how it started working to the point that they eventually actually set up a deal down there so that they could have power. And when Strom Thurmond came to the university he spoke down there. And so the meeting at the bowl was something that developed over a number of years. But, you know, I think I contacted Pete at home to arrange for some of the reservations—that was how close all of us were, that if we needed a room in the union, we'd just go and do it.

And I've always thought that that would be really funny if some day, if they had kept all that paperwork, they found out about one of the major marches or something: "Well, why was it sponsored by the Republicans or the German club?"

But it was like we were just constantly saying, "Hey, Pete, is anybody using the lounge on such and such a time?" I think actually for some of the meetings after Governor's Day they were actually held in the commons, because there was not enough room in the lounge. And, of course I had talked about my growing up there. My high school graduation thing was in the commons—which was a more modern structure on campus at that time, out over the lake—and there was for all of us sort of a sense of, not history, but what we'd grown up with.

And so it's around the union where pretty much all the activity after Governor's Day really kicked in. It's where all the meetings were held and things like that. And, of course, that's when the outside agitators showed up, right?

Right. And again, you know, the Hobbit Hole is essentially across the street.

Right. So it's very close.

So if we're doing something off campus, you just went across the street. So, yes, there was a real sense of the local. And I guess the relationship in terms of the faculty administration . . . a lot of times in certain universities now, if I wanted to get such and such a room (especially if I were a student), I wouldn't say, "Oh, well, I'll just call the president at home and see what he thinks about it." And that was not an unusual situation. Obviously there wasn't any pressure.

Pete certainly didn't feel enough pressure to say, "Well, maybe somebody in the community won't want me to let the students have Manzanita Bowl." I mean, all of us had been hanging around in and out of the offices of all these people for a number of years.

And the student government was incredibly powerful. Even though a lot of people are down on student government . . . but you look at the people that I ran against for student body president: one of them is a judge, and the other is the attorney general. Almost all of those people, you know, went on, and it was an incredibly good training ground. You learned Robert's Rules of Order real quick. And there were some incredibly powerful political debates that went on in the years that I was involved in student government. And I think probably as you look at them, they would probably also echo a lot of the things that were going on politically.

Now, was there a lot of traffic between students who were enrolled at UNR? Were there other folks in the same age group just living and working in the area that would hang out on campus?

Hang out on campus? No. And I mean, [sigh] the concept of “outside agitator” was essentially laughable.

Right, and a lot of other folks have said that the four people who were identified as “from Berkeley” were all local kids.

Yes, they’d all gone to Reno High. I mean, they were sort of more what we would call on the juvenile delinquent track. I think some of them finally ended up getting busted and serving time. But they were hanging out more because maybe their older brother was a student or they were coming up there for music events—you know, they’d come to see Santana.

The faculty and the students at that time, if somebody was an “outside agitator” and came into a meeting . . . I know that it probably did happen, but if it did happen, it was probably an undercover policeman, because it was somebody who was older. And that’s only based on stuff that I heard afterwards, where people have gotten records and have figured out that maybe so and so would have come in as someone who was a student or a faculty member or a staff member. You know, those kids, if they weren’t in high school, they had just gotten out of there, and they were hometown kids.

Will you talk a little bit about them, the four that were identified as being from Berkeley?

Yes. Well, I only remember the three. I think most of them were student athletes at Reno High. They hung around with a guy named Don Owens. Brian Smith—Brian’s family was the owner of Harold’s Club.

And, see, I talked about what happened with the campus, but what happened in the school system happened much more quickly—like how the music and everything went. From when I was just one of maybe fifty people as a freshman year to where it was becoming an “in” thing in my sophomore year to where you can have the moratorium in 1969. When I went to high school, things like drugs were just something you read

about in the paper, and even then it wasn’t part of the subculture. It may have been part of certain music subcultures in black communities and in the jazz scene in New York, or something like that, but, I mean, it was a big deal. Everybody knew about it if somebody had been out drinking beer or was smoking a cigar or something that weekend. I’ve heard since that there may have been a couple of kids that had access to pot, but if it was, it was just a handful. It was certainly nothing that would have shown up in school.

We all had to have our shirttails tucked in, and your hair couldn’t touch your ears. And we didn’t think about it as that big a deal, because this stuff hadn’t happened. Well, I would say by my sophomore year that the counterculture and the drug thing had hit the high schools, and shortly after that it was into the junior highs. And so a lot of those kids were having access both to the pot, politics, whatever. And a lot of it was because their big brothers or sisters were going to school in Nevada or, hey, they’d driven down and, “Wow, there’s a place called the Fillmore.” I remember reading about—I think it was in Oakland—when the Monkees and Jimi Hendrix played. [laughter] You know, it’s just like they were going, “God.”

When I was in high school, surfing, the Surf (the dance), and the Twist hit. That’s how these things hit. It was like, “OK, they’re listening.” Now, the Beatles are doing Sergeant Pepper’s and people are getting high, and so the kids in the high school would have never thought about going to the university, except for a scheduled event. I went to the leadership concert, which was, I think, the Future Farmers of America, or when I was in junior high school going up there for the science fairs or things like that. I mean, you wouldn’t think about, as a high school kid, going up and just hanging out on campus. But as the culture thing hit, that would have been more likely. But you wouldn’t have seen somebody from San Francisco go say, “Hey, I’m going to go out and hang out in Reno.” [laughter] I mean, that is just laughable.

And so these were kids that were Reno High. And I think they had been jocks, and then when this change had happened, they had gotten involved in the drug culture, and then these guys were more into maybe ripping stuff off and just having a good time. But the only way they were outside agitators is that they weren't really enrolled students. And because they weren't students, they weren't really as focused into what was going on, but they were seeing it probably as something that was real, that was important, and people that they knew—that they respected—were fighting for something, so they showed up at this meeting.

Because they weren't enrolled, they probably were at a greater risk of being sent over[to Vietnam], too, I would assume.

Right. You know, some of them may have been enrolled at different times and dropped out, but that would be like saying, "Well, Paul Laxalt wasn't a student. What's he doing on campus?" [laughter]

These were kids that had grown up there and were just hanging out, but they were not in any way in a leadership role. They were not in any kind of position to have any impact on anything that happened. And they didn't, as far as I know.

So you really don't think they had anything to do with the firebombing?

I know they didn't. I don't think they were capable of it. I mean, they would be more likely to go down and rip off some albums from schools or the Mayfair, I guess I would say.

So did you hear anything about the Hartman Hall bombing?

Yes. And it was pretty much understood that it was students who were pretty much from the leadership group.

At UNR?

At UNR.

Was it something that people knew about or just kept covered on?

There was a meeting afterwards, and almost all of the student leaders (I don't remember if there were any faculty there), we all pretty much knew that it was someone there [at the meeting], and we said, "OK, look, we don't want any martyrs."

As a matter of fact, there was almost a feeling like . . . there were some people who were going, "Well, why didn't they do a better job and burn the thing to the ground?" And there were others who were really paranoid that it would no doubt escalate the situation. Others felt it was good that it had escalated, but without as much collateral damage as if there was a gaping hole in the ground where that building had been. And so everybody pretty much agreed to try and spread as many rumors that many people had done it as possible. I mean, we didn't want to see . . . Well, it actually wouldn't be as much like a Chicago trial, but maybe some of the trials of the Panthers or something like that. We didn't want to see that. And at that point, you know, we had seen what happened with Jesse, but we had not the knowledge of what was going to happen with Paul, but I think that was what we wanted to avoid.

Right. The same setting.

Although in a sense, it would have shown . . . When I think about the people who would be sitting at that table, it would have really shaken the community up, because all of these kids had gone to Reno High and Manogue, Carson, Sparks, Fernley. These were all home-grown kids that were involved.

And it was pretty well understood that the people who did it had access to doing a lot more than they did. I mean, they had access to the building—they had a key to the building—so they could have gone inside and had the thing going pretty well before, so it became more symbolic.

And probably, if it hadn't happened the way it did, based on the fact that there had been gas found near there earlier, it would have happened later. And since these are kids that grew up—some of them—in mining communities, they might have found a way to do it with dynamite or something else.

Right. So no one was really surprised necessarily? Because it sounds like the whole week up to that, everyone was—in one shape or another—talking about something of that nature.

This happened on campuses all across the country. And here are kids that have been forced to take two years of classes in that building, about a war that they didn't believe in. Hartman Hall was a symbol of everything that was wrong. And we couldn't understand. You know, maybe it was justified that ROTC could be on a campus, but not to have something that is totally part of the war machine being a required part of the campus. And at the point of Kent State and Jackson State, when we should be mourning, this building is sort of the headquarters for what happened with Governor's Day. So it was always a symbol of everything that we did not believe in.

So it was a logical extension of everything?

I mean, yes. People had talked about bombing Hartman Hall forever. It was probably just a matter of time before it did.

It seems there might be mixed reactions to, "What if it did get firebombed?" How did student leadership respond on the core groups?

Like I said, it was from one extreme to the other. Some people were going, "We should have burned it to ground." There was even talk at one point of the crowd going up and doing it, feeling if there were three or four hundred people going and burning it to the ground, rather than going to the stadium, that they wouldn't be able to lock everybody up.

Well, yes, in retrospect that was pretty naïve, and that was certainly not something that was acted on. But I mean, the range of thought at that time . . . We were already seeing stuff happening around the country. The sense of the violence against property had escalated, and certainly when you have the National Guard coming on campus and shooting you, the concept of burning down a building seemed very small in our minds.

There were others who were very paranoid about it. People were saying, "Oh, my gosh! Now, they're coming after us." And [sigh] I guess, one of the things (and I did not know this until about a year later) was that the Hobbit Hole firebombing really almost counteracted that in terms of a lot of the public sentiment on campus. A year later I learned that it was probably self-inflicted—it was by people who were involved in the movement and some that were tangentially involved in the Hartman Hall bombing.

As a means for what?

Countering public sentiment, because in the community mind it was like, "My, God," you know. There had been nothing in Reno. I remember when a block blew up one time downtown, where Gray Reid's went—that was a gas leak and blew up. And when the hotel that was where Harrah's is now burned, these were catastrophic kinds of events. When we had a fire up at Donner that cut off power for three days or even getting up to watching the atomic bomb tests in Reno . . . because you could see them over the horizon, you know.

Oh, really?

We'd get up and we would watch the A-bomb tests. You know, there was nothing that. . .

So where would you go to see these bombings?

We'd sit on our front yard, because you'd look east and over the range there, you'd see the glow. I mean, you wouldn't see the mushroom

cloud or anything like that. They'd be far enough away for that, but you would see the glow. Yes, I remember getting up and watching the A-bomb tests. And unfortunately for people like John Wayne, they were making a movie [laughter], and a lot of sheep and a few actors didn't come out of that too well.

So it was still going slow.

But there was still nothing that shook the fabric of it. Oh, there was a murder of Sonya (oh, what was her name?) by a guy named Tom Bean, who was a student at Wooster, and he cut her up and threw her in the trunk, or something like that—and this murder just really shook the fabric of the community, because it was a kid that was growing up here. And it was like we weren't used to this kind of thing in the community. That just stunned the community.

And I think Hartman Hall and the Hobbit Hole and Governor's Day did the same thing, because even though they did a march downtown, they were still far away, and all of a sudden it was here. I think it was a clarion wake-up call, and it was in Reno.

Well, it seems like the day after Hartman Hall was bombed, there must have been a huge change on campus. It's one thing with a Governor's Day with the march and everything, but then. . . . Do you remember?

Yes, with both—all—those events, the stakes suddenly just seemed to go up. And it was associated with that whole sense of what happened with Kent State. Before it was like, "OK, sooner or later they may get me, make me go to Vietnam and kill somebody or be killed." But when all of a sudden the National Guard is on campus and they're shooting students, that changed everything.

I think that even then, some people could say, "Well, that was in Ohio. This is Nevada. It'll never happen in Nevada." Well, all of a sudden it was here.

I think the gravity of what was going on increased, that everybody knew that it wasn't just walking around the track and singing "Mickey Mouse." We were all committed, but still, in a demonstration it's not like you're seeing somebody getting shot and die. Well, all of a sudden, because of Kent State we were feeling that—and we were feeling that when we went up to the Governor's Day. But then when suddenly a bomb is thrown, it's not that the stakes increase—because the stakes were there—it's just that we were more aware of it. I mean, the war was coming home. And the war was always about death and conquering somebody else's homeland, and when it's on your doorstep, then you can't ignore it anymore. And a lot of the people that had been trying to ignore it suddenly woke up.

I think that probably that was the reaction of the people who were after Adamian, and stuff like that. It was suddenly like they couldn't ignore it anymore, and they over-reacted because they were—I think they were—scared.

Really? What was the reaction among student leadership when Adamian and Maher were singled out?

[pause] It was devastating in a way, because it was sort of like if a whole bunch of people were playing a football game, and you all decided to break a rule at the same time, and afterwards I come out as a referee and say, "Well, you over there, I'm going to shoot you," it didn't make sense. Why didn't they pick me? I mean, I had more to do with any of it than Paul did. And I think all of us felt that way. It was like something out of *The Lord of the Flies* or something, you know, or, oh, Shirley [Jackson's] *The Lottery*. [laughter] You know, why Paul and Fred! And all of us knowing that it could have been us and probably should have been one of us.

Now, were either of them around the Hobbit Hole and such when the discussions of the bombing happened?

They were tangentially involved throughout all this because we were, but I don't remember whether they were at any of the meetings. They certainly weren't involved in any of the . . . I mean, if there were people that were involved in planning, I would look down and say they may have been like number fifty and number eighty. And certainly, even on the day, they were among the people that were trying to maintain calm.

So, yes, there was a sense of almost, maybe, guilt on the part of a lot of students. Here's somebody that they're going after and trying to make him lose his job, destroy his life, and they're ignoring me? You know, it would be better to ask Bob [Mayberry] about this, but Bob has been involved in education from that period on and only in the last year or two has he ever, ever gotten involved with the tenure system because of what happened there. His faith in academia was so destroyed.

Yes, it was suddenly a campus thing, and even though there was this stuff going on, it was still a very—for the most part—excellent campus. There were, God, good faculty. Everything was working. The student government, in terms of student judicial council, all of those things were working well, with the exception of idiots like Bob McQueen who were in administration. Now, most of them like Miller had really done an excellent job in dealing with what was really tearing the fabric of universities all across the country, and suddenly you have these politicians from outside come in. I guess you can't say they were totally outside. Yes, they were the Board of Regents, but for the most part, they had been arguing budgets and stuff, and then coming in and saying, "OK, we've got to have a martyr for this. We've got to have somebody." And, you know, I can only think it was arbitrary who they picked and then based it probably on the photo and misunderstanding it.

I mean, if it had been a Gorrell or Laird or Walter Van Tilburg Clark or somebody like that, they were not going to . . . And a number of the faculty that were out there had been in Nevada for a long time, and so they aren't going to pick

one of those. I don't think they would have picked one of the faculty who had been around for a long time.

Well, to kind of back up, so we have a sequence. Hartman Hall is firebombed. That weekend in Elko the Board of Regents meet and decide to investigate Adamian and Maher. On Sunday, Slattery gets on TV and says, "Well, maybe the cowboys should clean the campus up themselves," which fits in nicely when the students bomb the Hobbit Hole themselves. What then?

Well, see, one of the things that happened and was part of the problem about the Code of Conduct was that it was summer, and so everybody split. So, a lot of the stuff about the Code of Conduct, a lot of the stuff was kind of happening—going after Paul and stuff like this—somewhat in a void.

But you were pretty familiar with how the whole political system was working at that time.

Right. And so that's why we had the "catnip caper" right at the beginning of school, because a lot of the stuff had already happened during the summer with the students gone.

Now, were you around during the summer?

Let's see. I'm trying to remember that summer. I think I helped my parents move back that summer. Yes, I think my parents were moving back from Washington, D.C., so I was gone for awhile on that. But I usually did summer school, and most of the time I was working. I guess four of the five years that I was there I was working in the library, and first in the branch libraries, but most of the time I was working circulation. But with summer school classes, there is something that's just so laid back about it. So in terms of meeting and organizing, that probably really hurt Paul, because the people that were right now out there weren't on that same kind of time frame.

Right. So when they decided to investigate them, was it pretty clear that it would eventually wind up in them being fired?

I don't think any of us ever believed that it would have happened.

OK. So you are all pretty optimistic?

As the events unfolded, we got more and more frustrated. I think at first we thought they were going to get slapped on the wrist, but then it became more and more evident. I remember Bob talking about speaking at one of the things (and I don't remember whether it was faculty senate or whatever), but the way a lot of this was handled, too, was kind of strange. Other than in terms of the student government things and passing resolutions, I don't remember them contacting most of the organizers to ask any of us about what happened. Now some of the people went to fight for Paul, but I was never brought into any of their proceedings, and I'm the one who apparently (and I don't remember specifically) arranged for the reservations for the bowl and all of this, and I was in the middle of it. Sometime in that year the FBI interviewed me for maybe an hour, but I wasn't pulled into the proceedings saying, "Did you see Paul do this?"

And, see, by the time it ended up in the courts, I think the questions were more academic freedom questions or things like that. It became more technicalities rather than what Paul actually did or did not do, because otherwise if it wasn't based on what Paul or did not do, then every single one of the faculty people would have been called in. I mean, obviously they didn't go after Ben Hazard.

Right. Well, and he didn't come back that next year.

But I mean, they're saying that Paul did something bad enough to kick him out of the university, then not that something illegal was done that was bad enough for us to file misdemeanor charges against all these people.

There must have been a radically different atmosphere on campus between spring of 1970 and fall of 1971.

Well, also, a lot of the leadership graduated. If I hadn't had mononucleosis, I would have graduated that year. And that was the only reason that I was around the next year, because I lost a semester in the fall, so that was the only reason that I was around one more year. Bob, I guess, was a year behind me, so he was still there, but a lot of the people graduated. And I think Tom at that point might have been a fifth-year senior.

What about the new students coming in? You talked briefly about how they were sort of getting the same influx of politics and music and everything else.

Well, I don't know. I mean, even my sister went off to Santa Barbara. I think maybe a lot of them did leave or go follow on other paths. I think there was a tremendous sense of frustration. The demonstration was still working within the system. And I mean, we made reservations for the bowl, and anybody who hadn't given up after Chicago was . . . After Kent State, they're going to shoot us, which probably forced people to make personal decisions, "Do I want to go to Canada?" You know, Mike and a lot of my friends joined the National Guard at that period of time.

To take care of their service requirement?

Right, because now it's in their face. Chuck, after going to court, finally got his conscientious objector [status]. OK, it was December, on my birthday in, I think, 1970, because Mike got married on that day, and Chuck had his first son and finally won. So I turned twenty-one, twenty-two? He finally won his court battle, and they said, "OK, we're going to let you be a conscientious objector. You report next week. You're working as a janitor in a hospital in Kansas City."

So the graduation thing probably accounted for a lot of the leadership. I think a lot of the

younger people, probably rather than trying to work and fight the war, figured they had to take care of it for themselves, that OK, if they can get somebody like Paul or Fred, then obviously they can get me. Maybe it's time for me to figure out what I'm going to do to get through this period.

So you guys started off the semester with the "catnip caper?" We should talk about that.

It was, you know, pretty classic. I mean, we were doing a lot of stuff. It doesn't make the papers a lot, but there was a lot of Abbie Hoffman kinds of things.

Now, were you guys reading his stuff?

Oh, yes. You know, people like Hoffman, Rubin, Mario Savio. When you'd mention the books, and I start looking and here's Carmichael and all of those things. Yes, all of us were incredibly well-read. I mean, I personally had a little trouble with Marcuse; it was getting a little bit over my head at that time. But I was probably more ready for something like that in graduate school. [laughter] But yes, I mean, we were very aware of all of that.

In the informal classes that were happening in the student union or on the quad, people were always talking about those kinds of things. Or, if you'd go to a party, it was intense that way. People would be talking about music or politics or stuff, and people were really into that.

So Schindler wanted to do a demonstration. He got lots of people together who had signed up for the course, and I think some of them actually weren't signed up for the course at all. We were going to drop it. You know, it was a class that Paul was going to teach. For some reason it was in the lecture hall in the chemistry-physics building, so it was a fairly large room. And he decided we were all going to smoke catnip cigarettes, so we'd all lit them up right after the beginning of class. And this poor guy that replaced Paul, I mean, he was not ready for something like this. [laughter] He was pretty junior faculty, and he just was not ready for dealing with it. And

I remember this one kid (I can't remember his last name, actually somebody who ran in the Board of Regents race) freaked out and ran to the window to open it up, going, "I'm allergic to marijuana! I'm allergic to marijuana! Oh, oh!"

I'm going, "Well, just a minute, you're a right-wing guy, and how do you know that you're allergic to marijuana?" And we didn't tell him that it wasn't marijuana. [laughter] But again, you know, there had been this gap over the summer, and they put in the Code of Conduct. So I got up and read the paragraph about disrupting a class being in violation of the Code of Conduct, and then we all walked out.

Well, they went after us. Since David was the one who organized it and since I was pretty in front of everything, they filed charges against both of us, and then they finally dropped them against David, and then finally me. And this is really weird, because it wasn't judicial council; it was the Board of Regents that censured me for violating the Code of Conduct.

You directly?

For violating the Code of Conduct by reading part of the Code of Conduct in class, so it was really pretty good absurdist theater.

Was this a pretty orderly thing, or was this kind of rowdy?

Well, I don't know. Smoking catnip cigarettes in class, I mean it was pretty. . . . [laughter] Schindler was wearing his Superman t-shirt. But overall, it wasn't that big a deal. It wasn't a big rowdy thing with everybody running around. When you put it in perspective, it was pretty funny. [laughter] You know, you're just going, "What?" And with what finally was going to happen with Paul If we'd have known what was going to happen, we would have probably made a much harsher choice. And then, of course, after the Board of Regents censured me, I censured them and really condemned them for what they had done and what we saw that they were doing to the university.

But was there still a sort of good energy between faculty and students that semester? Was the union still having that buzz going on where people were talking about things, or had it polarized more?

The relationship between the students and faculty did not change as much as I think we were individually starting to feel a sense of estrangement. Also, during this period they passed the lottery. So for those who had not graduated, it was immediate.

And this was your last semester, and here are the two F's, right?

Yes, I had gotten an extension because I'd had mono. So I knew that in June I was dead meat. And I think that that was something that was felt by everybody. I don't think it was so much that the climate had changed; it's just that there was a lot more media. The relationship between the students and faculty did not change as much as that sense of frustration of seeing what was going on. Fred and Paul were being railroaded, and we were not knowing how to deal with it. And I think that when the faculty senate met, they were probably frustrated, too, because the fabric of what they'd seen in terms of academic freedom and everything else was getting changed and distorted. If two years before there had been a concept like the Code of Conduct, it would have been something that would have slowly developed out of student government and then gone to the faculty senate and then finally worked its way up to the regents, rather than essentially the other way around.

Right. So by fiat then.

You know what happened with Jesse [Sattwhite]. All of those things—Governor's Day and the firebombing—were the things that brought everything home. It was like, "Yes, well, so and so is in Vietnam or just got back." Well, now it was like we were all there.

So was there any talk of future militancy or attempts to do anything on a scale that was going on in the spring, or was it mostly just consumed by the trial?

Individually, I would say yes. I think that people were to a point of frustration: talking about much more radical activity to the other extreme of just saying, "Well, I'm going to drop out and move to the mountains." It wasn't so much that there was a structured thing and we were going to have a meeting about it, like "We're going to go burn such and such down," but people would be going, "Yes, well, somebody needs to wipe the Pentagon off the face of the map." You know, that sort of a sensibility.

Certainly by then, with the violent solutions, I think everyone had had some kind of wondering if that's what we had to do. And then, on the other hand, other people were just wanting to drop out. So in that sense there was an individual sense of polarization. Well, some of the sayings back then were, "They've got the guns, but we've got the numbers." Well, now all of a sudden they can take this guy who's been teaching, his career, and just nail him because he's doing the right thing. God knows what they can do to me.

Right. Did you talk with Paul much during that time?

Well, he wasn't on campus as much because of the court stuff, but our dealings were probably more just social. I ran into him, but I don't remember us sitting down and really talking about stuff. And because, also, at that point it had become a legal matter, there was a limit to what he could talk about. [pause] It was very strange.

And so you were taking classes then that fall, too?

Yes, and one of the things I remember that year the most was that I was in a major produc-

tion of *Richard III*. I think I directed *Zoo Story*. So in that sense, things were still going on. I remember that we had a demonstration at the federal building the year after Governor's Day, so things didn't stop. They weren't as flashy, significant, or whatever as the Governor's Day thing, but we didn't stop doing what we were doing. I don't remember the specifics about it, but it's interesting that the place that we held the demonstration was off campus. That we went to the federal building, too, may have reflected a change in our tactics, that we weren't doing it at something that was on the campus—that the bad guys were out there. [laughter] The bad guys weren't so much the ROTC guys as the generals and the FBI.

Right. So basically your last semester at UNR was Paul's last semester also, and he was terminated from his contract at the end of 1971, and then that was your last semester.

See, in June of 1971 I graduated, and I remember the shock of some of the Board of Regents and the officials when Edd Miller came up and hugged me and said, "We came together, we're leaving together." And my parents went to Russia, and I couldn't go with them, because I knew that I was being drafted, but the congress had not re-passed the draft law. And so there was no way that I was going to be able to go, and it was difficult finding a job.

And so it was November 15, and it was (oh, God, another irony) a year after, well not a year, but it was on the anniversary of one of the moratoriums that I was drafted and got bussed down to Oakland and actually went with some of the local musicians, one of the musicians who ended playing with Edgar Winter. He was supposed to be drafted, but he got out. When we did the deal with Jim McCormick, the multimedia thing, the band's name was Wheatstraw Bluegrass Band. (And I remember they did the whole destructionist thing at the end, and there were little pieces of tambourine all around where Chuck played.)

Another thing that I remember was that you had to go for your pre-physical, and so going down for that, it really was clear in my mind what was happening. So my focus at that point was probably my own personal survival, whether I was leaving the country or going to jail. I'd met people like David Harris, who was Joan Baez's husband, and all of these people that we'd met through the time, and they'd all influenced who we were. I mean, I remember him talking about getting beat up by some of the people on campus at Stanford when he was student body president and them cutting his hair and him just talking to them while it was going on.

And so it was finally hitting the fan, and I had gotten my conscientious objector thing. And, you know, I had my book of the Code of Military Justice and G.I. rights, so I went in very aware of what was going on, having talked to a lot of people. And there were about a hundred conscientious objectors that went into the military that had graduated that spring. And they segregate the conscientious objectors, because they don't want them to infect the others. So they bussed us down to Fort Ord and then they flew me to San Antonio at Fort Sam Houston, I guess.

And when was this?

It was November of 1971. These were almost all people—with the exception of a group of Seventh-Day Adventists—who had had a radical background. I mean, we had one guy who was a Black Panther, but actually he got pulled out, because they found some old drug charges against him. And we had a guy who was a grandmaster at chess. But most of us were pretty radical, and I remember Mike telling me, after he'd gotten back from Fort Leavenworth for the National Guard, he said, "Remember, there's two times you volunteer: when they ask if you'd had ROTC training and if you have a driver's license. Because if you've got a driver's license, you're in the front instead of the back, and they make you a squad leader if you had ROTC, and then you don't have to do K.P., you assign it." [laughter]

So, ironically, because of my required two years of ROTC, I was a squad leader, and almost all of the squad leaders had that radical background. And there were a lot of us who were even older than some of the drill sergeants. And the drill sergeants weren't ready for this group. They were used to getting a lot of kids who, probably for religious reasons, were still coming in at eighteen years old. They'd strip them naked and go crazy. Well, all of us had been fighting the war for a long time. And a couple of days into basic, Fort Sam was an open base, and they were requiring us to do guard duty, and we had a drive-by shooting, and one of our guys got shot. So we went on strike, and they weren't used to that. I mean, we finally worked out an agreement that we're conscientious objectors: how are we going to guard something, you know? [laughter]

But we really watched out for each other, and we got into a lot of trouble. I mean, it was really like *Stripes* with an attitude. The physical requirements for the army back then are really pretty Mickey Mouse. I think you had to be able to do a mile in eight or nine minutes and maybe twenty push-ups. You maxed out on sit-ups if you could do fifty in a minute. And you do one at the beginning and one at the end. So we were really pretty organized, and we said, "Well, OK, everybody really slack off at this first one, because they're going to want to see some improvement," [laughter] "and if we look really good at the beginning, then they're going to really work us." And by the time of the last physical, one of the guys in the group handed out methamphetamines to a lot of people, and they were running around asking if they could do extra miles. And the sergeants were just freaked out, because, you know, here they'd had all passive-aggressive behavior and suddenly these guys . . . Everybody was in pretty good shape athletically. I mean, we had one guy who was an incredible skier.

During basic, a guy from Oklahoma named Cherokee, he and I hitchhiked down to Austin to an antiwar rally. We got picked up by a guy who was working on the Steve McQueen and Ali McGraw movie that was based on the Jim Thompson novel [*The Getaway* (1972)]. We would

regularly get kicked out of the movie theater, because they'd always play "The Star-Spangled Banner" before the movie, and we wouldn't stand because we were political prisoners. Toward the end of basic, they said that people at the end were allowed to live off base if they were married, and so this guy and I went in and asked permission to get married.

Because I graduated at the top of the class and because I had the ROTC, I was a private first-class by the end of basic. So I'd gone from private, private second, to first. And during that period of time, if you were a conscientious objector, they were going to make you a field medic. And I told them, "Look, I'm a little squeamish about this blood thing." [laughter] "I think you'd be better off getting somebody else." And it was during that period of time that the army suddenly discovered that they had a drug and alcohol problem. Because I couldn't get a job during that period after I graduated, I was volunteering for a group called DETRAP.

And that was in Reno?

In Reno. And Beano Anderson and Bill Metzger, I think, introduced me to it. Beano was Fred Anderson's son, the regent. And, so I had letters from John Tachahari, and I also had a letter from Edd Miller, and then letters of recommendation. And so they decided to go ahead and put me in the 91G training, which was a psychology-social work specialist. And we got credit out of Baylor [University], and they brought in top people. And if you graduate in the top part of your class in AIT, you get another promotion. So at the end of basic and AIT, I was a Spec-4, and you could not get to be a Spec-5 until you'd been in the military for, I forget, a lot more years than I was planning, unless you got some kind of commission on the field.

So, in the period of time before I got drafted and after I graduated, I had gotten a number of phone calls from recruiters saying, "Look, if you drop the C.O. thing, you can go in as an officer." And of course, with the lifestyle and whatever, there was no question in my mind that that was

not an option. [laughter] I mean, my commitment for a long, long time was really clear. And that was also really interesting when I went in, because all of these people in basic had made that same commitment.

And how long did basic go on for?

Six weeks.

So you'd started in November and finished up around when?

Well, we did get a Christmas break, but that was weird, going right into the holidays. And, of course, things were escalating in Vietnam. We all knew that.

There was another incident in basic. There was one of the guys who was of Russian-Japanese descent. He was a little bit pudgy, but he'd had his master's degree, I think, in mechanical engineering from Cal-Berkeley. This guy was brilliant. And so, they—especially the younger guys who were Seventh-Day Adventists—kept trying him: “Well, don't you want to go out on the pistol range? I mean, because medics carry guns, and it'd just be for self-defense.”

And they'd work on this sort of macho thing on the younger kids. I remember the draft board: they would do those things like, “You mean to tell me if you saw your grandmother being raped you would not!?” They would do all of that kind of stuff. [laughter] Well, for most of us in basic, we'd been through that for a long time. We knew where we were and who we were. So, they were doing the self-defense thing, and they said, “Well, we'll just teach you a few judo and karate things. Do we have a volunteer?” So we sent him out, because we knew he had a black belt, and the sergeant ended up flat on his back. [laughter] That was about the time when I think they reached a point where they just wanted to . . . It's like when you've got a kid in your class and you want to graduate him because you don't want him back the next year. And they just finally left us alone. So anyway, in AIT, most of the people there that we were taking classes from were psychiatrists,

people with doctorates. And we were going out and working in hospitals, working with a lot of things, and they'd got a lot of stuff in ten weeks.

Where was this?

This was still at Fort Sam Houston and Brooke Army Medical Center. So toward the end of it, we'd started getting our orders. And it was essentially that all of us were going to Vietnam, and then right toward the end, Nixon ordered a pull-back of troops, so all of us got new orders. I was originally supposed to go to Fort Ord, so I was going, “Oh, well, I'll be back to San Francisco.” Of course, in AIT there were only several of the people who had come from my basic training. So in AIT it was not so much people that were conscientious objectors; these were people who had gone into the military to become counselors. And actually, some of them had come in with degrees in that. So military intelligence changed the orders of any of us who had had radical backgrounds, and they did not want us in continental Europe or in the continental United States—any place that we could be hanging around with other radicals. [laughter]

You know, they wanted us in Antarctica or Alaska or Greenland. So my orders were to go to Alaska, and they gave us a few weeks to get up there. We could either fly up out of the fort in Seattle, or if we wanted, we could just travel. So now I went home to Reno, and Dad had a bunch of his students who were up there, and they decided to sell me their four-wheel-drive pickup, because they wanted a new one, and Dad drove up to Alaska with me. I don't know, we did however many thousand miles and did the AlCan in April. And April is break-up, so part of it was pretty rough. A lot of it was still twenty below zero. And it was a really incredible bonding experience with my dad, because we'd gone through this other stuff. And it was right after we crossed the Canadian border into Alaska, there was just this incredible aurora display, and Dad and I were out there dancing in the middle of the AlCan highway. [laughter] It was just incredibly beautiful.

So anyway, we got up to Fairbanks, and there was some confusion about my orders, so we drove back down. There's Fort Greeley in Delta Junction, Fort Wainwright in Fairbanks, then down in Anchorage there's Elmendorf and Fort Richardson. So we went down to Fort Richardson, because that was sort of the headquarters, and at that point Dad flew back down to Reno. They told me, "Well, oops, yes, you were supposed to go back up to Fairbanks," so I went up to Fairbanks. And, see, I also had one of my friends, Gretchen Estes, who had married a guy at Cal-Berkeley, Ed Murphy, and he was in graduate school in the Biology Department there. And it was just incredibly beautiful.

So I was assigned to the rap center there, which was this sort of looser idea like, "Well, this would be a place that would be OK for soldiers to go in and just talk to somebody about their drug and alcohol problem." And the deal about Alaska was that if you'd done a tour in Vietnam, but you hadn't finished your total tour, a lot of times Alaska is the place they sent you back to. So for the old-timers it was great. They were going, "Oh, boy, I'm going to be going fishing and hunting." But if you were an urban city kid, it was like you might as well have been put in Antarctica. And, of course, these kids were coming back from Vietnam after getting into a heroin thing (it was just costing them a few dollars a day), or the sergeant who had been drinking, and whatever.

But what happened with the rap center, our boss was this guy who had done ROTC. He'd gotten his degree in music appreciation, and he was just a cocky little second lieutenant. He thought he knew everything, and he didn't know anything about psychology, but he was in charge of this. And then his assistant was one of these old-time sergeants, brown-shoe army, who was working there because he was in A.A. And the guy that I was working with closely was a black guy from North Carolina who had a bachelor's in social work, so he knew more than anybody in the building. And Carroll was just an incredibly wonderful person. But, at least in terms of the counseling, they gave us a tremendous latitude,

because they really didn't know what they were up against. So we'd convinced them that we shouldn't be wearing our costumes if we're dealing with an officer or somebody below us.

So we were running group therapy sessions. We were running a crisis line out of the rap center. I'd had crisis training, and I went into the community and was volunteering with the community crisis center, and because of that we were also doing family counseling. I mean, it was just incredible how quickly it branched out. I would be dealing with some kid for a drug thing, well, then it turns out that I was dealing with their kids. And so fortunately, I quickly met some *really* incredible resources in the community—Jim Cole, who's a psychologist, Roger Coleman, who was one of the local psychiatrists working with the Indian population.

But suddenly, I was also working with people that the courts were assigning me and working part-time with the alcoholism program in the state. The military had also signed up working with some people out of the University of Alaska, so I was teaching classes. And I was doing most of the drug and alcohol education deals, so I was going around to even Fort Greeley, places like that. They flew us down to Mills College for some classes, so it was really pretty amazing. I mean, I'd still get in trouble, because I'd go, "Well, look, I don't understand. When my hair is getting too long, you tell me and whatever." I remember getting an Article 15 once because there was some kind of a deal where they were supposed to go march or something and they didn't tell me. But they just wanted to make sure that I knew my place. [laughter]

But at this same time, I was taking some course, an anthropology course, at the university and really got involved in the community. And Fairbanks is an amazing place. I mean, it still had that frontier spirit. I remember the defense lawyers, the public defenders—one of them had gone to Cal-Berkeley, another one, Harvard. And there was just an incredible arts community there. It was really a vibrant community. The people who were there were there because they couldn't make it elsewhere or because they were brilliant.

It was sort of the same thing that you had at Virginia City.

So how long were you there?

I finished and got out in 1973. I got an early out to go back to school. And I went back and took classes that fall and then was hired as director of counseling for the Northern Alaska Regional Alcoholism Center, which was run by the Fairbanks Native Association. So I was working for the Athabaskans, and it was one of the largest programs in the country. We had about, I think, six hundred people that we were working with. We had a detox center, early treatment, rehab, outpatient, a drop-in center. And the director resigned, and I ended up being the acting director of the program. So I had about sixty people, including doctors, psychologists, and stuff like that working for me. Well, we were paying our regular counselors (I think it was) five hundred dollars a month, and these people would be working the graveyard shift and having some really intense kinds of experiences.

I was doing a lot of grant writing, and we'd gotten the money to give them a hundred-dollar raise. And our director, Georgianna Lincoln, who was in charge of the Fairbanks Native Association, went on a break or something. She's now, I think, a senator out in Alaska. And they had this kid who was back from Harvard on summer break, and she had an attitude problem (plus I was not Native American), and she wouldn't give them the raise. And I resigned because I just didn't feel what was going on was right.

So I went to work for the state, for Family and Children Services, working as a child custody worker, and I did that for awhile and then went through a really bad break-up with a lady. And this whole period of time that I'd been working in counseling, at that point I guess—considering the time that I'd worked in Nevada as a volunteer—I was doing it twenty-four hours a day. I mean, I was doing the crisis-line thing, and I really never did the smart thing and made the time for me, and I really was burned out and was kind of broke.

I had been running a coffeehouse during this period of time with my sister. She had bought it. It was the Chestnut Tree Café (which is the name of the café in one of the great science-fiction books, George Orwell's *1984*.) But it was a vegetarian cafe, and she was doing the restaurant part, and then I tried to keep the coffeehouse part going. And I'd spent too much money and then decided to go to work on the Alaska pipeline, so I got hired as a recreational director. First I went to Five-Mile Camp, which was five miles north of the Yukon River.

And when was this? When did you move into the pipeline stuff?

Nineteen seventy-four. I started hanging out with people like Blackie Dill, who was an old powder monkey, and he'd actually worked in some of the mines in Nevada. You know, he was doing demolition and stuff, and it was a very strange environment. I mean, Five-Mile was actually really close to the Arctic Circle, so the first six weeks I was up there I never saw the sun. Because in Fairbanks [in the winter], it gets down to the point where there's about a forty-five minute to an hour-long day on the shortest day, and then, of course, the other way around. And at Christmas, you can imagine—you're up there with a few hundred people living in these trailers. It was pretty intense. I was responsible for showing movies twice a day, so I was on a really weird schedule and organizing pool tournaments and whatever.

And then my grandmother passed away, who I'd been living with before, so I went back down there, and when I came back up, they put me as a rotational director. Normally up there you were on either eight or nine weeks on and then two weeks off. And see, I skipped my time off. I don't even remember why. But when I took that, I worked almost all of the camps. There were about twenty camps, and I ended up working probably at least half of them and then ended up at Atigun, which was at the top of the Brooks Range, as sort of a permanent deal. And it was in a really

strange camp, in that, well, we had some musicians.

The music scene in Fairbanks was really interesting. The bands were more out of the Allman Brothers kind of tradition, or there was a lot of bluegrass bands. And it was really weird. You'd go and you'd see the hip people square-dancing, which is totally different from anywhere else, you know. Otherwise you'd think of square dancing as these people with their little bolo ties, but you'd go in there and they'd be in their parkas and whatever. One of the groups, The Sidewinders, was stationed up at the camp next to Atigun, and during that time I started an underground paper. It started that I would do a thing that would show what the movie was each day and then what other things were going on. There was a big, large TV, and we would get five or six tapes of programs, and we would rotate them. So it was originally done as just a thing about that, and then we started adding, and we ended up with columnists.

So you were still keeping track of politics and stuff?

Oh, yes. Yes, I never got that far away. I mean, the way I perceive it is that the counseling was trying to change the world one person at a time. Theater was trying to do it through the arts. And then the other time was like Governor's Day and at different times trying to do it through the system—or against the system.

So I was doing this sort of underground paper, and they started getting a little antsy about that. Recreation directors were actually employed by Bechtel, which was the management team, so almost everybody else was union and making three or four times as much money as we were. The only reason we were getting a pretty decent salary was because it was overtime. I mean, we were working every day—and I forgot whether it was seven eights or ten eights or seven tens or whatever.

I was doing a little union organizing, and they finally decided that wasn't too cool. So I'd gotten back into Fairbanks, and out in the gravel pits these people had set up sort of a tent city, so

I was living out there. And, again, a lot of the people on the pipeline were people that really had an attitude about the pipeline. I mean, they were doing it for the money, but they did not believe in what was going on, and they had the bumper stickers on their car that said, "Happiness is an Okie going home with a Texan under each arm." And there was this one group of people—a couple of the people that I'd known from the military—and they had what they called the Willow Street Marching Kazoo Band. And whenever anybody would come back from working on the pipeline, they'd show up at the Fairbanks airport doing stuff.

I did one bush trip that summer, and we were back in the bush quite a ways canoeing, and that's the only time in my life that I'd ever partially owned a weapon, because there were some bear things. As a matter of fact, I was in the military for quite awhile before I ever saw an M-16. I remember at the rap center (and this is after I'd been through basic and AIT and everything), and somebody came in with a gun. I'm going, "Get that thing out of here! Don't you know those things kill people?" So I was pretty strange. [laughter]

So, yes, I did a trip back in the bush, and that was when my photography ended, because we ran into a sweeper and the canoe went over. Unfortunately, I didn't know that once your camera got submerged that if you kept them in water, you wouldn't have the rust or oxidizing. So if I'd have kept them in water, I probably could have saved it, but we were a week out before we could even get back into town. So I lost both my Nikon and my Nikormat on that trip.

They had this big solstice event, doing a poetry reading for a huge number of people, and there were bush pilots. There was this bush pilot who kept flying into the event, and he would be making runs to the liquor store. [laughter] He'd fly down to a liquor store, he'd load up with beer, and then fly in. And one time his plane crashed, and I remember us all working on him, helping, trying to take care of him.

But, you know, I was trying to figure out what to do. And I had a cabin out at Ballaine Lake and

finally decided that what I really wanted to do was theater, and so I finally decided to go back, and I didn't have enough credits from my days at Nevada.

Now, did you finish with an English degree from UNR?

Yes, it was a B.A. in English with an emphasis on creative writing and a minor in speech and drama. So anyway, I decided to go back to school in theater, and I had been doing a lot of stuff with the Fairbanks Drama Association. I did their summer show, and then I did *Cuckoo's Nest* with them. And actually, that year I did *Time of Your Life* on campus, *The Crucible*, and a musical called *Tricks*. While I was going back, this friend of mine, who was the student body president, said he wanted to run for Board of Regents. And they have a voting member of the Board of Regents there that is a student, and he asked me to be his campaign manager, and I said, "Sure."

And he goes, "Well, why don't you get involved in student government?"

I said, "No, I did that for five years at Nevada. I'm burned—I don't need to do that again."

And he says, "Well, why don't you just apply?"

So I put my name in for the student senate, and nobody ran against me. And we went to the first senate meeting, and Ric Davidge got up and said, "Well, this is the guy that at the University of Nevada was in student congress and held all these positions," so they elected me president of senate. So they didn't have a student body vice-president there, and the student body president, for personal reasons, resigned, and so the president of senate automatically became student body president. So it was just so weird, after what I had done at Nevada trying to run for student body president and losing. You know, here I was suddenly student body president, and nobody had even run against me. [laughter] I mean, it was just sort of like, "Whoops."

So this is like 1975, 1976?

Yes, the year of 1975, 1976. And so the kinds of things that we were fighting then were a little bit different, but it was still pretty activist. I was doing a lot of rewriting the constitution. There were some questions about the radio station and the student paper. But there was a lot of movement toward unionization, and so we developed a really strong student lobby. And Ric did end up getting on the Board of Regents.

I mean, we were really very organized. They said that our lobby in the state legislature was probably only comparable to the oil lobby. And we went down to prepare. But what we were trying to do is set it up so that if there was the unionization, there'd be tri-partite bargaining, because otherwise class size, parking, and everything else could get bargained away between the administration and the faculty without any student input.

And we were working with some groups out of Oregon, and also the SUNY system was dealing with a lot of those kinds of questions, so I was still back in the middle of it. And we were doing a lot of wild stuff, too. We did the Model United Nations, and we went down there as Libya, and this was down in Oakland. And Ric, he really got in a lot of trouble, because he walked in there with a mock M-16, you know. [laughter] And they actually did have some U.N. officials there, and they were pretty freaked out about it. But, again, we hadn't lost the concept of political theater.

As a matter of fact, there was one point that he was really getting harassed a lot. When he was student body president, we sent a mock letter to the school paper saying what an idiot this guy was. But we were using the reverse psychology, making it sound like it was from some dingy freshman girl (there were just fraternities and sororities, and well, we didn't have problems with all this). And it was so far that everybody was going, "Well, Ric's really a pretty good guy." [laughter]. So we hadn't lost any of the Abbie Hoffman deal, but it was much more structured. I mean, my budget as student body president—and this was a school with two thousand full-

time students—was a quarter of a million dollars.

So it was really an incredible situation, and I really had the opportunity to use a lot of the better things that I had learned at Nevada. So I was going to run for student body president again, and we were even talking about running for congress, for state representative up there. But I'd been invited to go to a conference at Harvard, and we found out there was another conference that was going on in Minneapolis on the way back. So I went to this conference at Harvard, which was really incredible. They had some of the top faculty that were speaking there, and it was amazing student leaders, people that I was hanging out with. I remember the guy that was a really young president of Bard [College]. He had been the youngest university president at the time, and there was an article in *Time* about him. But it was really intellectually invigorating.

And then I went to Minneapolis. At that time, you know, in the 1960s when Joe and Tom and I went, NSA [National Student Association] was recovering from the fact that there had been CIA connections with the NSA. Well, a lot of the independent schools, because they had a lot more money (the Harvards and Stanfords) were funding a lot more money to their students. And so the National Student Association—the representatives from the large state-supported schools—felt like they weren't getting enough representation.

So the University of Minnesota sponsored this conference and brought in people from a lot of the schools all across the country. That's where I met Hubert Humphrey, which was so weird, because back in the old days, he was one of the ones that was hanging out with Richard Daley. And so, I sort of re-evaluated some of my anger about him, because he really was a pretty populist kind of guy in terms of his background. It was just Vietnam and what happened in 1968 that worked into the position. So anyway, they set an executive board. It was a guy from University of Arkansas, some people from Michigan State, Wayne State. And John Bode, who was the student body president, and Denise Durham, who

had been president of senate (John wasn't actually there.) And, let's see, there was the president from Colorado State. They had set up a board, but they wanted somebody to be president, and they decided that it was going to be me. [laughter]

So it was really weird. Suddenly here I was president of a national student group, and there was a front-page article about it, I think, in *The Chronicle of Higher Education*. You know, I had never run against anybody and suddenly was president of the student group. [laughter] So, I said, "Well, look, I can't do it that long, because I've got some commitments in Alaska," so I agreed not to run for student body president. And Minneapolis and D.C. both put up deals for hosting it, but then O.U. made a better offer. I guess it was right around the Fourth of July, I came down here for what was going to be a several-month stay until they elected a new president.

Now, this is in 1976?

Nineteen seventy-six. And see, I was really involved in the Democratic politics in Alaska. I was a precinct chairman for what was the largest Democratic precinct in the state, which was the university. I was state whip when we went to the convention and had been really involved in the Carter campaign until I came down here. So I got involved with that as well and was like a marshall when he spoke at the field house in Oklahoma.

So I was down here, and I was going around to different conferences, but there really wasn't that much for me to do, and so I was volunteering to help out in the Drama Department. And that fall they offered me a graduate assistantship. Well, my options were to go back to Alaska, take a few more credits and get a bachelor's, or just stay here and get a master's. So I decided to work on my master of fine arts and worked on that from, I guess, the spring semester of 1977 until finishing up in 1979.

I directed a number of shows. I did some really interesting research on a 1930s group called The Red Dust Players. And at one of these con-

ferences I was elected onto the board of the Southwest deal as a student of the Southwest Theater Conference and at that conference met a person from Louisiana, and got married. We went down there for her to finish her master's, me not realizing that it really is almost impossible to finish a thesis when you're not in residence—not to have the professor hitting you over the head. So I ended up in Louisiana. I stayed really involved in the politics there, and actually went to the state convention there and worked on things as strange as child safety seats. But when I first went down there, I got sort of a political appointment and worked for the Census Bureau as Special Places Operations Supervisor, and this meant that I was in charge of, like, Fort Polk, England Air Force Base, all the colleges and anybody who was sleeping under bridges, the state hospital. I did that, then was director of their outdoor theater, called Louisiana Legend, and worked with some of their arts programs. Then after that summer I worked teaching English to Vietnamese. I had a brief stint trying to sell cars, but it was clear that I didn't have the moral fabric to be car salesman.

Or you had the moral fabric but . . .

Right. I mean, these people made somebody who would be selling drugs in an elementary school look nice. It was just mind-boggling to me the stuff that went on. And then I got a job as an all-night disk jockey. That was really strange. The station was a *major* station. It was FM easy listening, which covered most of northern Louisiana, southern Arkansas, and part of Mississippi. And then an AM rock station. And they decided I was Dr. Dave. [laughter]

So I'd come in, and you'd be doing the AM station, which was live, and then the FM station, which was automated, so I was like, [in a fast, energized voice] "Hey, this is Dr. Dave, da da." Then you'd go in and you'd be cutting the news stuff. [In a slow, mellow voice], "This is KWEZ, EZ104." I started out doing all nights and worked my way up so that I was eventually program di-

rector of the FM station and production director for both stations.

And during the process of that, my then wife got involved with the station doing news, and it turned out that our schedules were totally opposite. Also during this period we had our daughter. When we had moved to Louisiana there was an agreement that we were going to move to San Francisco when she completed her degree. Well, her degree wasn't getting done. So I finally said, "Look, I want to go back and finish up my degree." So I came back here. I guess it was like 1985, 1986. Since I had been gone, they had me do another thesis show, so I directed *Oh, Grande de Coca Cola*. And then she got offered a major position with one of the bigger stations there, so we moved back. I had done some theater there and was doing a production of *Chorus Line*, where I was the part that Michael Douglas had, the director and the voice of God, and it was a fairly long-running show. And we discovered that there were some major problems with our marriage.

So after some counseling, I came back here that winter, and because some of the aspects of our break-up were pretty traumatic, I was not going to do theater again. I did want to finish my thesis so that was over, but I was, like, living on the street. And that was when the oil bust came. So you look for a job, and they'd be going, "Well, I guess, sir, you can do just about anything you want, but we don't have anything. Well, where can we reach you?"

And I'd say, "Well, most nights I'm parking on the corner of Brooks about two blocks from campus."

So finally, after several months, my parents said, "Well, look, we'll help you out if you get a degree you can use." [laughter] So I got into the library school and started finishing up my thesis and somehow during this period ended up in graduate senate, first from the Drama Department, then later from the library school. And that fall this friend of mine had to drop out of a show, and I ended up doing three roles in *Mother Courage*, and so that really got me back on stage, and they were excellent roles. I was the general in

the beginning, then the weasely little old colonel, and then the lieutenant who gets to yell "Fire!" in a crowded theater. Knocked out the library degree in the same year as I finished my thesis, so both my degrees ended up being in 1988.

During that period of time, my lead professor, who is now at Trinity University, was known as Dr. Doom. He was one of those scholars that when he first taught theater history, which was a sophomore-level class, half the people dropped out, and of the remaining half, half of them flunked it. I don't know, drama students had this reputation that this was sort of Mickey Mouse, and he came in there and changed that real quick and really got me back into the scholarly thing, because I'd always had that sort of anti-intellectual edge from back in my Nevada days. And so suddenly, I was going back and reading about the futurists and all these people who were even crazier than anything we'd thought of.

But he and I were talking about some of the stuff that was going on and decided that we would restart an SDS organization, which we did with the purpose of renaming the chemistry building, which was named after [Edwin C.] "Daddy" DeBarr, who was a grand dragon of the Ku Klux Klan during the period of the Tulsa race war, which is finally being looked at again for what really occurred there. And the difference was that I'd gone and done the research and had the goods on Daddy DeBarr. People had been talking about this since probably the 1920s, but nothing had ever been done. Well, we found out that there were students on campus who wouldn't even go through that building, because they were still being told by their grandparents about what happened. And he had gone on to take a national office in the Klan after he had been grand dragon. So because I had had the student government background, we put together a resolution that came out of the undergraduate senate, the graduate senate, and the faculty senate at the same time that was worded the same way.

But we had what was the largest demonstration that they'd had on campus since the Vietnam War. It was on the south oval, because we

were not allowed on the north oval, which was where the chemistry building was. I gave a pretty intense speech, and we burned a Confederate flag and then violated our agreement about staying on the south oval, marched past the president's office, and went back down there. And, of course, the TV stations were going, "What makes you think that you can do this?" I mean, especially SDS. [laughter] Well, four months to the day after that demonstration, the Board of Regents changed the name.

When did Groovefest at Oklahoma start?

Around 1985 or 1986. And it was just a few people who put together a deal in the park. But it was also about the time two of my friends, Tom Decker and Allen Hailey, had seen how Jack Healey with Amnesty had put together some of the big human rights tours. And they called the 800 number and talked to the Amnesty people and decided to go ahead and put this thing together as an Amnesty event. Of course, these were all friends of mine, and at the beginning it was just like I was helping out. You know, I was always one of the organizers.

But then Tom later on went on to run a camp for underprivileged kids in New York. Allen is doing grassroots stuff in Chicago. I was sort of like a faculty advisor, because you would have an ebb and flow of the students. Sometimes they were more active, and sometimes they weren't. So we kept the event going during those periods. And, see, I guess it was somewhere between 1994 and 1996, because the event is held twice a year. This one this fall will be the twenty-eighth, so it's really hard for me to put it together which one was which.

But we invited Jack to come. And Jack had just gone through a major upheaval in the Amnesty U.S.A., because of these concerts that Jack was doing, you know, with Sting and Tracy Chapman and Jackson Browne and U2 and all of these people. Amnesty U.S.A. had just exploded in size by many times, but Jack was the person that they were seeing on HBO when they were doing the concerts. And as a matter of fact, there's

probably, I think, two chapters about him in Bill Graham's biography. And a certain number of people felt like Jack was too visible, that he was Amnesty, because he was the one that was doing all this rock and roll stuff.

Jack had been a priest and left the priesthood and was an early person in the Peace Corps, was really involved with Mandela and people like that in South Africa, with the guy who started the walkathons in the 1960s. And so he had had this tremendous background and was hanging out with people like the Dalai Lama. It got to a point where they went separate ways, and I think Jack was really still feeling pretty uptight about what had happened. So it was pretty strange that when this little Amnesty group in Oklahoma invited him out, he came out.

And for the first one, we had had an incident on campus called the tepee incident. The Native American Association had put a tepee up in front of the library, and apparently, some drunk Greeks had gone and urinated on it, you know. It was a really pretty intense situation, and Jack got involved with that and involved with us. So now regularly he comes and stays here with us and has just developed a remarkable integration with the students. And when they want to know specifics about what was going on in Haiti or what such and such an entertainer was really like, he has just been an incredible resource.

Actually, it sort of was an interesting cycle, because one year he had suggested that we bring in Omar, who worked in a refugee office. Well, afterwards he had set up what was called the Human Rights Action Center, and he knew these people that were involved with a refugee group. We brought in this Burmese refugee and started becoming more and more involved in the "Free Burma" movement, and through that I'd met Dr. Zarni, who was the founder of it. It was actually just a bunch of kids at the University of Wisconsin. He was working on his doctorate, and they said, "Well, you're from Burma. Let's do this." And they did.

It was really probably the first great Internet human rights movement. Through the University of Wisconsin, they set up the web pages and

listserves and then started networking and got involved with some people in North Carolina and throughout the country. So I had met Zarni online and then went out there a number of years ago. They had a major event at American University where I met Zarni, and I'd talked with Jack, and I stupidly did not get them together then but then connected them six months later. And that's how Jack got involved, really, with the Burmese movement, and he actually went and met with Aung San Suu Kyi. And during those early years we did a major fast about it, and so the students here now have all these connections throughout the world with people.

I get e-mail constantly from throughout the world. And when we'd set up our first website, which was the early days of the Web, we also set up a listserve, and it's called Free Groove, and it sends out any of the urgent actions throughout the world. People became very aware of the East Timor thing. We had some fasts. And actually, Allen Nairn was the one that, when things happened, he was held by the Indonesians. When he came back, this was one of the first places he came, and it was actually students from here who connected Guzman and some of the other leaders there with Phillips to talk about renegotiating the oil leases. So I mean, it's been really amazing how small the world is and how I'm still doing the same things.

After I graduated, there was a Christmas when I was going to be in Norman [Oklahoma], and I wasn't going to have my daughter, so I was really depressed about it. So I thought, "Well, shoot."

I remember when I was working radio. It's one of those jobs, like in a hospital, where you don't get the day off. "It's Christmas. So what? We're not going to turn the radio station down because you want a day off."

So I went in and volunteered at the NPR station here and said, "Hey, you know, I've been doing radio for awhile. And if somebody wants the day off or something . . ."

And they said, "Well, do you have a tape?"

And I'm going, "Well, no. Could we just go in and run something?"

Well, they really liked what I did, and so they said, "Well, do you not only want to do that, but you can have a job, and you can be our production director."

So I was doing all of the top-of-the-hour I.D.'s, and stuff like that. And it was really weird when I was working on my thesis. You know, I'd be at some little coffeehouse drinking espresso, writing, and listening to myself on the radio. [laughter]

But it was one of those times where you sort of volunteer to do something, and it came back to you. So that whole period of time that I was working, I was doing radio, and I ended up doing their *Morning Edition* show. I was the local anchor for *Morning Edition*.

And then, when I finished my degree, for a while I was artistic director of what was almost a regional theater group, and that's when I directed Bob Mayberry's *Frankenstein*, which was an incredible, incredible show. So, I kept doing the theater stuff, and I was also working part-time at the local library but needed a full-time gig after there were some problems with the board of directors of the theater group. I went ahead and got on the state register as a librarian, because I'd heard there might be some openings, but I really wasn't aware of what kinds of things.

I was contacted by the Oklahoma Library for the Blind and Physically Handicapped and went up there, checked it out, and they are associated with the Library of Congress. And I've been there for over twelve years now, and it's a really, really unique opportunity in working with people. It's one of those library jobs where you really get to be a librarian in the best sense, so that's continued to reflect the kinds of things that I've always been interested in, although it is, you know, my eight-to-five job.

During that period I got married again and divorced and had another child, so my kids are eighteen and eight. Mabry is getting ready to go off to Wesleyan University. She was a National Merit finalist, like I was. See, I was one of their early ones in the National Merit Program. I think it started mid-1960s. I was a National Merit finalist. My sister was, and I've only got one

cousin, and she was a finalist, too. So now that Mabry is, as far as I know, there's not been a Slemmons who wasn't a National Merit finalist.

My son Michael is eight and will be starting third grade, and he's pretty sharp. They're also pretty aware, you know. When Sister Helen Prejean published her book, that was my Christmas present from my daughter, and I don't know how many years ago that was. And she met her at her high school, had her picture in the paper. That concept of the generation gap, I certainly don't see that anymore. And for my friends that went through that period, the relationship they have with their kids is so different than what happened then. I think what we were afraid of then was that that was just something that was always around, that we were always going to see that, and it's a much different world in some ways. But what is frustrating is that, for a lot of us, we're still fighting the same battles.

Really?

You know, it's not like Vietnam, but it's the death penalty or Burma or civil rights or globalization (which I don't like, the term "globalization," because it's pretty simplistic). When we lost the ERA battle, that was really pretty devastating for a lot of people, because they put a lot of years in trying to get that amendment passed, and we never got an amendment about sexuality, gender issues—and we're still fighting for the same kinds of things. So I'm still involved in civil rights, but I like the term "human rights" now. And I really was very excited, because I've been really involved. Again, it's one of those things in terms of the language, you know, whether it's "indigenous peoples" or "Native Americans" or whatever. But that movement really made the environmental movement not a separate movement from human rights. For a while it was like the environmental movement was sort of something like Sierra Club and Greenpeace, rather than a human right. And so now I refer to myself more as a human rights activist, because that covers a wide scope of things.

We had talked about how overwhelming it is sometimes for people to start getting involved in issues and that it really is good to focus, you know, but there are people like the Pete Seegers or the Ralph Naders who don't. And in many respects I haven't. I still have a wide, wide range of issues. And the Internet has just really simplified a lot of things, because it's so much easier to get information. Even if you live in a community whose newspaper doesn't cover the G-8 or doesn't really care about East Timor or what's going on in Burma, you can pop it up. You can read what's going on in the Bangkok paper.

We were getting a lot of the stuff on East Timor from Australian papers, or people were just posting stuff because we were on different listserves. That was also going on in Chiapas. We had friends who were down there. And so that sense of the world has really, really changed. I mean, my kids get on, and they're talking to somebody—and they've got friends now all around the world, because they have a general interest.

So where do you think things are heading now, at least for you?

I don't know. It's both a thing of frustration and promise. Back in the mid-1960s, I would certainly not have thought that this many years later we would be still dealing with civil rights issues, that my daughter would be going to a Catholic high school because they have a white parish school system and a black city school system and various races to categorize.

I was really naive back then about gay issues—and, of course, I was in theater. There was one production that I was involved in in the late 1970s that there was only one male from that entire show that's still alive. So many of the battles that we thought we were fighting back then I would have never guessed that we would still be fighting.

And along the way, when I was in Louisiana, I was really involved in the anti-apartheid movement, and that was when we got involved in questions like nuclear winter, global warming.

Now especially, when we saw the change in Russia and Eastern Europe, you thought, "Wow! What an opportunity."

And so we're still fighting a lot of the same battles, and I would have never imagined that. On the other hand, I look at my kids, or the kids that I worked with at Amnesty, and then I see this incredible eighty-year-old lady and this minister and this high school kid who are getting arrested in civil disobedience actions about the death penalty. I mean, I couldn't be more optimistic, because I've had the opportunity to hang out with people like Zarni and Jack, and meet people who were totally innocent who've gotten off death row five days from being executed. And, you know, these people are heroic, but not always in huge ways. Some of them may be just doing clerical stuff, working on maybe some environmental change in a community, getting recycling or doing stuff like that. But I've really had the opportunities to see a lot, like with working with the student Amnesty group. I mean, these kids are amazing. So in that sense, I think we have just as dedicated people now as those who were walking around the track at the stadium, and in a way they've got more tools now.

LORENA STOOKEY

BRAD LUCAS: I'm here with Lorena Stookey, March 10, 1999, and we're here to talk about Governor's Day, 1970. So, maybe to start us off, as I understand it, you were present for the day?

LORENA STOOKEY: Yes, I was. Yes, I was a teaching fellow in the Department of English. And there had been information circulated about people's concerns, and I was at school that day and felt that I should participate and did. [laughter] So I was there from the very beginning.

And was the beginning at the Manzanita Bowl, or did it start somewhere before?

Yes. Information just spread around campus, it seemed, that people were concerned about the inappropriateness of holding the military ceremony so shortly after Kent State. So word spread up and down the halls of Frandsen, I guess, and then people were alerted that should they wish to voice dissension about the decision that was made, to go ahead and meet in the Manzanita Bowl. And that's where it began.

At that point, did you know what was going to happen there? Was there talk of a confrontation at all?

There was the feeling that there should be some kind of overt expression of concern, as we understood it. Telephone calls had been made, people had objected to what was seen as the inappropriateness of holding the occasion, and campus administrators had been approached. And certainly no one wanted to bring a complete halt to the ceremony that honored the military students. The ROTC was present on campus (is still, of course) but was perhaps more significant, and larger numbers of people participated in it. In fact, I think it was required.

Yes, it was.

And so no one wanted to necessarily say the ceremony should never be held, but I believe people wanted to say—suggest—that be put off for a week or two. And that request was apparently denied, so people gathered in the Manzanita Bowl, and some leaders emerged. There were a number of people, and it was determined that there should be a march up to Mackay Stadium where the ceremony was being held.

And so would you characterize that as a spontaneous decision?

I think some people were organizing those present, perhaps were hobnobbing together. And I believe that what would occur was more or less being determined as it happened, so that meeting in Manzanita Bowl was a first step. Then, I guess from that, the determination was made to march up to the stadium.

Yes. How many people were there at the outset? I mean, would you say it was a fairly sizable crowd?

Well, in the hundreds. I'm not sure I can gauge too well, but there were at least a couple of hundred.

And how would you characterize the atmosphere of the crowd?

There was some anger. I think people felt that the request to put off the activities that were to occur that day was a reasonable one. And so there was frustration, and there was a strong desire to express dissent. [laughter]

Yes. How were you feeling at that time?

Well, I had a position on the war and had been a participant in other marches. I think I mentioned to you earlier that a group of people largely from the university and other assorted "peaceniks," I guess, had marched down Virginia Street at one point. [laughter]

Yes. Can we talk a little bit about that? When was that, roughly?

It was in the same period, and I simply can't recall if it was before or after the Governor's Day event. But I was a very young graduate student in my early twenties—twenty-two, I believe—and was younger than some of the Vietnam vets who'd returned to go to school and were some of my students on campus. I come from the state of Washington, where I guess I could fairly state that the antiwar movement was more forcefully expressed than perhaps it was on this campus.

There were people on the campus who felt the time had come to say something, and I think there were the beginnings of a kind of antiwar movement on campus, as perhaps demonstrated in that small explosion—or that Molotov cocktail, I guess it was—that was thrown into the military building. Though it was not, I would say, a widespread position. It was a little bit inflammatory, I think, to take such a position overtly.

Were you concerned about taking any position in a public way, as a graduate student who was teaching?

Well, I felt that I had to. The question of actually discussing issues . . . this was a somewhat different period politically in respect to pedagogical techniques in the introductory writing classrooms, for instance. [laughter]

And so I think there was a kind of unwritten policy that one perhaps ought not—for fear of offending people or stepping on toes—discuss issues of the war directly in class. Paul Adamian, of course, was one who did not observe that kind of code and did talk about those issues directly in class, in fact.

And how do you know about that?

Well, I was a graduate student, and I wasn't directly taking a class from him myself, but I knew people who were. It stirred a bit of controversy that he was a professor of eighteenth-century literature, and so to some people's minds had veered from the course a bit in taking up the issue. [laughter]

Yes. Had he been doing that for long?

No, I don't think so. I think that the correspondence of these various events for the dates that we're talking about . . . Of course, the shooting of students by American military members at Kent State was a huge shock—a huge shock to the nation—and it exacerbated people's feelings and brought them out. And on university

campuses across the country, there was a sense of grief and loss and confusion that developed. And so that was experienced here, as well.

Right. Was Paul alone, as far as sort of bringing his politics into the classroom about the war?

Not all together. There were a couple of graduate students who were perhaps seen as . . . some of whom participated in the event, including Fred Maher, of course, who was fairly outspoken about political issues, although I wasn't in attendance in his classroom. He used to paper our office with clippings from newspapers, underlining certain political issues and so on, and made no secret of his interest in and concerns about things that were going on.

And, of course, there were a couple of undergraduate students who were leaders of various kinds of political movements. The feminist movement was really just getting a start on campus. There had, before I came here, been a Black Student Union formed, and although membership in any of these groups was not particularly large, these movements were present on campus. And many of the members were participants in this political event, as well.

Did you get a sense there was a growing political consciousness on campus?

I think so. I believe so. Yes.

Did you think that maybe the administration would solve it as well?

Probably. I was aware—and certainly they were aware—of the clubs, or the organizations: the Black Student Union and various other groups that had formed. There were a couple of outspoken people writing in the *Sagebrush*. And in fact, I don't have yearbooks from times before 1973, and this would be in the aftermath, but I brought this along just to kind of jar my memory as to some of the figures around. And this 1973 yearbook is a few years after the events at Governor's Day, but there are a couple of

references to politics that are kind of interesting, just noted in passing. This is mostly a picture book. But I got that little passage. It was kind of interesting.

Let's read it aloud:

Politics: The Nevada State Legislature refused to ratify the proposed Equal Rights Amendment to the U.S. Constitution in mid-March. Later, a bill giving eighteen-year-olds full adult status was killed in the senate. Early in March politics bloomed on campus as filing opened for new ASUN officers. Primary election posters sprung up overnight, littering the lawn like weeds. Politics: The American Indians are still trying to find out where their bargaining went wrong. A few started over again at Wounded Knee.

Oh, so this was 1973?

Yes. Now, we didn't have, as far as I recall, an organization of Native Americans as we do today on campus. But some of the political events in the country were being noted on campus.

Right. [Reading:]

Activists from the American Indian Movement tried to hold off the cavalry where their ancestors failed. Politics are timeless, but so is Shakespeare, and he's a lot more fun." [laughter] "The UNR Drama Department presented A Midsummer Night's Dream, directed by Jim Bernardi. Bottom was a top hit. Page 63.

That might underscore the more or less unofficial Nevada position on racial politics in a way. But they were beginning to be of significance to some people on campus. (And one of the people I thought of in relation to that was a cartoonist who sometimes did political

cartoons, who is a person who's still in town, named Kelsie Harder. I believe he teaches art at the Truckee Meadows Community College and might be someone you could speak to.)

Oh, yes. Now, how many graduate student teachers were there at the time?

Were there in the English Department?

Yes. Like you and Fred Maher.

Oh, it was much smaller. Maybe fifteen, twenty, or something. Probably closer to fifteen, if that.

Were many of them involved in antiwar movement activities?

I think increasingly from that time, more and more people were. But I don't recall other "activists" particularly on that day.

And in addition to Paul Adamian, which of the faculty members, would you say, played a large role in antiwar politics at the time?

That's an interesting question. There were faculty members present at the Governor's Day occasion. I'm not sure about participation in other kinds of campus activities.

Well, which are the ones who were involved in the Governor's Day?

From the English Department, they included . . . Bob Harvey attended. And in fact, I don't believe he was there that day, because he had young daughters that he had to tend to. But Rod Connor was also opposed to war activities, and he'd been present on that march down Virginia Street that I mentioned. Joe Crowley from the Political Science Department was someone who was also present at Governor's Day. And some of these figures, from my observation, who served as the leaders—Paul

Adamian, Bob Harvey, and Joe Crowley—conferred together in talking about what might be an appropriate gesture on the part of the people present at the march.

At the Manzanita Bowl?

Yes. Yes.

So you saw Bob Harvey, Paul Adamian, and Joe Crowley before there had been a decision made to go to the stadium.

They were, it seemed to me, concerned that there'd be some kind of gesture and were among the faculty leaders present who were talking about what kind of gesture might be appropriate, and also, what should happen, what should go on. So I wasn't privy to the consultations, but I think it became increasingly apparent to everybody there that a march would occur. [laughter]

Yes. And did any of them speak to the crowd directly?

To my memory, there weren't microphones or anything like that present. So I think that when the decision was made to march, that people called out, "Line up!" or something. [laughter] There were some shouted instructions, and perhaps it wasn't as orchestrated or controlled or shaped, in some way, as might have occurred had someone had microphones present and was actually directing events. It seemed in some ways to unfold. [laughter]

Right. Yes, just sort of a mass movement that took direction.

Yes. Bit by bit. Do other people who were present at that time have similar memories as to how it came about?

Well, Paul Adamian says that there was a megaphone there that someone handed to him.

Yes, I do think I recall that he had one at some point. Yes.

And that there was some talk of maybe taking it downtown, and that perhaps there was a way to keep it on campus as a way of dealing with it, maybe in a smarter way. [laughter] The way he puts it, there was a sort of a spontaneous movement, a decision to take it out of the Manzanita Bowl, and that he stepped in when that spontaneous movement began to happen.

I think it might well have happened in some fashion similar to that.

Yes. So does any of that resonate with you?

Well, I remember a kind of hollering, "Line up, and we will head for the Mackay Stadium." Well, actually, had the march gone to town, it would have headed south. [laughter] But it exited the bowl and came up that driveway that goes in front of Clark Administration and Frandsen and so on, and moved up that way—which would be the street or entrance sort of sealed off, but from Ninth Street. As it happened, of course, the cars of various dignitaries participating in the ceremony also entered campus (some of them at least, and perhaps some came in somewhere else), but some of them entered in that Ninth Street gateway and were taking the same route as the marchers.

Right. Sort of a collision course.

Yes. [laughter]

If you had to position yourself in that movement, that crowd, would you say you were towards the beginning, the middle, or the end of it?

Probably more in the middle, leaning toward the end side of it.

Did you realize that the motorcade was ahead?

As we were marching? No, I don't think so. I think that word passed down the line. I heard it at some point, as we were nearing that pass of the narrows between Lincoln Hall and the library and so on, but those at the head of the line had brought a halt to the motorcade, in fact.

OK. What was going on during this march? I mean, I'm assuming it wasn't quiet, but maybe I'm wrong.

Well, later on then, we all appeared in Mackay Stadium. There were some orchestrated chants and so on, but I don't recall that in the actual march. What I seem to remember is just chatting with fellow marchers: "What are we going to do? What will happen? What is the schedule? What goes on at the ceremony, anyway?" [laughter] And, you know, things of that sort.

Then as it became clear that cars were stopped up ahead, word would be passed down. Some people might have been calling out. I just know we were talking and conversing and somehow . . .

Did you have any sense that there was something good or bad about to happen?

I believe I really remember not knowing what was going to happen. I believe the collision course came about in that narrows between the library and the Lincoln Hall then. [laughter] I do remember that some people were angry that the cars were proceeding. They weren't running anyone over, of course, but the cars were in the midst of the crowd, and the crowd had succeeded thereby in slowing the cars way down. They were inching forward.

I remember that some people were calling out things or asking questions of the people in the cars. Some of the people in cars were trying to explain the position of those gathered to people in the cars. And it seems to me that someone or another lay down in front of one of the cars temporarily, although in the end, the cars passed

through, and the marchers continued marching, and everyone congregated at the Mackay Stadium.

Now, had the cars already passed through by the time your section of the marching group got to where the cars had been stopped?

Well, they were inching forward. [laughter] And the crowd was swelling about the cars, but they continued. I don't recall the cars taking any other course. Certainly right there in that pass, they couldn't have veered. They had to continue on.

There's a turnoff onto Virginia beyond that by the old gym. I don't know if they've . . . They changed the configuration of the roadway there sometime. But anyway, the cars continued on after being slowed, and the crowd continued on, as well.

I have a picture of the motorcade right inside here. That says photograph number one.

Oh, yes. There is someone sitting in front of a car, right.

Do you recognize any of the folks in this photo?

Nope, I really don't. Sorry. Something like, perhaps, an undergrad, I think.

And this is part of the march towards the stadium. This is photograph number two.

"Strike Governor's Day." In the classrooms of the few people who were talking about some of these issues, there was discussion of the possibility of a strike. I don't think that movement was widespread on campus, although I do believe that Paul Adamian did call off a class or so. Somebody just whipped up a sign pretty quickly there.

Yes. [laughter] And that's photo number three. Would that seem to you to be about the density of the marchers?

Do you know, I might see myself here.

Oh, really?

Maybe. It's that figure with that floppy hat on. It might be me. But, yes, that's kind of how it . . . We weren't all tightly packed together. People were walking and chanting. Now, this density suggests in some ways that there were not huge numbers of people. A hundred, couple hundred.

Yes. Most accounts vary, with near three hundred of the crowd that eventually made it to the stadium.

I think we did pick up some folks on the way across the campus. Out on a sunny day. [laughter]

Right, trying to figure out where things are going.

That's Kelsie Harder, by the way. Yes. And any of the people listed there . . .

Might be in the Sagebrush.

And Dennis Myers. Bruce Kruger was another person who'd been outspoken in certain respects on political issues on campus.

Were there other undergraduate names that stick out in your memory as being radicals?

Not a huge number, but the name Dave Slemmons: I know Dave Slemmons was a campus leader and outspoken on political concerns.

Did you know him at all?

I knew who he was, and no, I didn't know him personally. But I'd been in his presence sometimes. It was a very small campus, and there was really, well, only one little place to get coffee in the student union and see people around.

Well, someone like Slemmons . . . what was, I guess, the general opinion about him, let's say? Was he dismissed as just a campus radical? Was he causing trouble, or was he simply voicing his own concerns?

Now, that's a very interesting question. There were, as I suppose there are now, groups of people on campus—people who belonged or associated or had identities in some ways defined by various things. And he was, of course, known as outspoken about issues of the war and so on, as were a few other people on campus (even if their names don't come to mind fully). But I don't think they were dismissed—at least, not in my memory. I guess I believe that on the campus people were beginning to become aware of a variety of political issues, and he was one who served as a spokesperson for some of those issues.

There were other people. Some undergraduates were beginning to be concerned about women's issues and so on. And there weren't huge numbers of them, but I imagine they might be seen as occupying, appropriately enough, that kind of position, representing a faction or a group or a point of view on a college campus. In my earlier undergraduate experience, of course, there'd been many more kinds of factions and many more participants in various political concerns.

Right. When you came to UNR, what was your initial impression of the campus atmosphere?

I came as a graduate student, so I was very conscious of those kinds of concerns, of being a serious student and participating and doing my work and being part of the graduate student community (though it was small, of course). But there was a distinct Western flavor of . . . I'm just trying to think of how to characterize the atmosphere.

In the spring, for instance, a day called Mackay Day was celebrated. And on that occasion, this was in honor, I came to understand, of a miner who had worked in Virginia City and

contributed to the university, and the statue is still on the quad, et cetera. But for Mackay Day . . . which seemed to me to be the equivalent on this campus of a kind of "rites of spring" celebration, which occurs on a number of campuses. (At an old undergraduate school I'd gone to, it was called "Flunk Day," and everyone went off for a picnic for the day.) But this was a week-long affair. It involved different kinds of activities that good numbers of the student body participated in, including dressing up—women in long, Western, 1890s kinds of calico dresses and sunbonnets and so on. And there was a beard-growing contest for men, and so in anticipation of it, they would start . . . [laughter]

There was "Ugliest Man on Campus." I've never seen that at a college. [laughter]

Ugliest Man, yes. Right. And somebody regularly won for several years there. [laughter] And they brought the "Black Mariah," a kind of moving jailhouse, onto campus, and some students were stuck in it for violating whatever Mackay Week rules applied, and then sprung later or something. And people were regularly tossed in Manzanita pond. There was some danger of that occurring. As graduate students, we didn't dress up or participate in these kinds of activities, but we certainly viewed what was going on about us. [laughter]

Right. Now, was there as much drinking as was depicted in some of the photos?

Yes. Everybody, in the times we're talking about, to generalize about it, probably drank more than most people do today. [laughter] So there were many more drinking occasions. Some of the campus groups, including the Sundowners, were still a campus entity. I think that they're probably a kind of non-approved campus entity these days. But they still wore black hats, turned up in front, with a picture of the sun setting in gold on them. [laughter] And they could still be seen about campus in those days.

And Mackay Week had just ended the week before Governor's Day.

Yes. I didn't recall that, but it is certainly likely, yes. So there probably would have been some high times and frivolities and celebrations and so on, going on on campus. So these things were perceived as longtime campus . . . something having to do with the flavor of Nevada.

The Sundowners included in their membership—and the other secret organization, Coffin and Keys (in respect to male initiation ceremonies, rites, traditions, or whatever)—a good number of important people in Nevada. Nevada was a small state, and people from traditional families were coming to UNR and undergoing certain traditional experiences on the campus. And that's all, I guess, perhaps in part, in description of something of the flavor of campus, of which, of course, the war protestors and more radical elements were not seen as part.

So in that sense, I guess there is a sense of a kind of division in the student body on campus and people concerned about various kinds of issues. In fact, I would perhaps go as far as to say that concerns about one or another of those issues might have been fairly mutually exclusive—that a good number of people who participated wholeheartedly in the activities of the Mackay Week perhaps were not to be seen a week later participating in this other rite of spring or whatever. [laughter]

Sure. So would you say Governor's Day was probably the largest activity of this other group then, that wasn't participating in Mackay Day? Or had there been other large demonstrations on campus?

No, I don't remember any other significant demonstrations on campus. I had heard of various political events that occurred before I came here. One involved activities relevant to the Black Student Union, and there was a small, and perhaps growing, concern about finding a voice and beginning to offer coursework and so on for various minority members of the campus, who

were at that time a distinct minority. I don't know if anybody told you that racial integration, as it were, came somewhat late to the state. The state, after all, was battle born, and in some respects seems to fight its own north-south civil war in various ways to this day. [laughter] I guess I had heard that there had been some small demonstrations on the part of people interested in forming, or participants in, the Black Student Union sometime before I had come. And there'd been the other significant political activities, some of which involved English Department members long before my time here, namely, that time during the 1950s, when apparently there was a tyrannical administration in relation to the McCarthy scares and whatnot earlier.

Right. The Minard Stout administration.

Yes. And that people—Gorrell and Morrison and various people in English—had, in fact, stepped forward and put jobs on the line on behalf of another faculty member named Richardson. And there were also concerns that lingered on, in fact, into the time when I was present on campus, having to do with the requirement for signing a loyalty oath when one came on staff. [laughter]

Yes. Did you have to sign that loyalty oath?

Yes, when I first became a lecturer in the English Department. I think it was just at the end of those. Either that or it was for a part-time contract or something. And there had been a couple of people who refused to sign the oath, and there was a flap about that. Once again, this predates my appearance here.

It's interesting. So maybe backing up a little bit to the actual march to the stadium. The crowd went in the stadium, and they circled around the track a few times.

Yes, and then took seats up in the . . . Although there were a number of parents and state officials and some university officials

present for the Governor's Day ceremonies, the whole of the bleachers on the west side of Mackay Stadium were not full of people. And so we joined them. [laughter]

Right. I'll show you photos four and five of the march around the track.

Yes, I see Bob Harvey right here.

Yes, in the black tie. And then there's Paul Adamian in the blue jacket. Do you recognize anyone else in that photo? To Adamian's right there's someone in a white shirt.

Oh, Fred! Here's Fred Maher right here! That's Fred Maher, exactly. Yes, I don't know who the young woman with the flag is. I can't make out . . . The faces are really small.

Now, there were other faculty members involved, but from this photo, at least, they weren't at the very front. Do you know what they might have been doing at that time?

Oh, and could that be Slemmons? Right there?

Yes, it's possible. It's hard to tell.

Yes, right behind . . . No, I imagine maybe they're in the crowd. Once again, you asked questions about the organization of it and so on. There wasn't a set plan, at least that I knew about, and so once we arrived at the stadium, it was a little unclear as to what would happen next. So we did circle it. [laughter] We circled the track a few times, maybe sort of deciding. And I suppose people were congregating up in the stands and so on. And having done that, that was then done. So, "What next?" And that's when we sat in the stands.

Right. And what was the behavior like of the crowd while in the stands? [laughter]

The crowd that was there for the ceremony? They were not pleased. [laughter]

And what about the marchers who took seats? How were you and them acting?

I think, because this was now taking the form of clear-cut issues of principle . . . the group to which I belonged then had felt it had made a reasonable request in terms of national confusion and grief about the slaughter of students and so on to have this event moved to a different date, and that request had not been honored. And it was important. The gesture had been made, and so it was becoming a matter that needed clear voicing—particularly (not in the abstract anymore) in the presence of this crowd, who had not wanted to accede to the wishes of these few hundred students, at least, and were annoyed and angered at the presence. There were mikes for announcements of awards of this-and-that military honor and so on, and proud parents and government officials. And the protestors began to chant and to interrupt the proceedings to a degree.

What were some of the chants?

I think that some of them were antiwar chants from the day. "No more war," or something like that. And there were a couple of occasions when obscenities were chanted out.

Can I ask you what those were?

"Fuck you's," and so on.

OK. And those were just coming sort of sporadically from the crowd?

Well, I think that one particular chant of "fuck" got going, and I don't remember if "you" was added to it, but the word, which was not in as great currency then as it is now, was a power word and a word that was meant to express emotion and was used to that end, we might say. [laughter] Much, of course, to the horror of the

people who were dressed up, because you do get a pretty clear division.

When you look at some of the parade pictures of the various students on campus who participated in this, one of the interesting things about some of the faculty members present, who were voicing an opinion and part of the gesture Bob Harvey, for one, and Joe Crowley, for another, as I remember, were wearing suits. I might just add that there was, for teachers at least, a kind of dress code. For graduate students in the English Department, when I'd first come to campus, Anne Howard, who was then the director of the program, had made explicit the dress code that was to apply to our work in the classroom, at least. But maybe one could wear pants to a seminar or something. But women were to, as Anne specified, wear bras, and it was given that we were to wear dresses or skirts. And men didn't necessarily have to have dress pants on but had to have a sport coat—not only the tie, but men had to appear with a sport coat.

And this was in the very early 1970s, which soon, of course, gave way later. So for Harvey and Crowley and people like that, this is their working uniforms. They did wear suits to classes. And Paul was pretty much wearing what he wore to class. Fred would, if he were teaching, probably have a sport coat back in his office that he'd sling over his shoulder or something.

But Paul, you said, characteristically didn't follow the dress code?

Yes. There wasn't a dress code for full faculty members, obviously. And as part of the orientation to introduce teachers-to-be to what was required and for the graduate students, it was specified—although people weren't punished or something for being in violation, necessarily. I think that's kind of an interesting cultural observation.

I have two photos here, six and seven. Paul's on top of a truck, and this seems to be somewhere

near the stadium. Do you remember seeing him this way?

No. You know, that's why I remembered orange. Isn't that an orange jacket he used to wear? You don't have it in color here, but I think that's orange, I believe. Yes, I remembered him in orange. I had an image of orange that day. Now, I know where this is, however. This is rather close to where we are now. It used to be Quonsets. Well, before they put that new education building in right out here, there were Quonsets and ramshackle buildings. Actually, this Quonset is still there, isn't it? Isn't it part of the police thing right over there?

Oh, is that the same one? It's ironic. [laughter]

Yes. I don't know the sequence of this, and I wasn't present wherever it seems to be. I think I know where it is here on campus, but I wasn't part of it. And maybe . . . I don't know if people came here after the march or what.

Yes. Well, so from the point where everyone was in the stands chanting, sort of disrupting the ceremonies, were the cadets on the field in formation? Was there activity on the field?

Yes. I remember this, of course, was the only military ceremony that I ever attended, so I wasn't aware of what protocol would be. [laughter] But I think I remember that there was some kind of parade activity from people who were ROTC members, some kind of march in uniform, with regalia and flags and so on. Maybe that's part of what starts off the ceremonies. As I understood it, the whole thing was about giving awards to people who had excelled in various things in their ROTC classes.

The main objection by the people protesting rose out of the activities of Kent State, that the fact of the military in uniform and the presence of soldiers with guns and so on was certainly a symbol, was deeply implicit in what was happening. So it wasn't as though classmates who

were in ROTC were suddenly seen as enemies, but what had happened at Kent State raised the question. Was America a country when its citizenry was pitted one against another on certain issues? [laughter] And so the military stood for something that was being objected to, both in terms of the war, of course, and officialdom and an administration that wouldn't listen to this other position and consider it in the face of the context of the day.

Yes. Now, was there another smaller protest going on on the field, some of the black students?

Gee, I don't remember that.

Because we have some photos. Some people indicated that there was a small group, probably under twenty, black students who wanted to sort of . . .

Raise another issue, too?

Yes, raise a separate issue, or to stand separate, to not be a part of the larger crowd, and that that presence is what sparked off the confrontation between protestors and cadets. And maybe you could just tell me what you remember about what happened to bring people out of the stands.

Yes. What I most distinctly remember, to bring people out of the stands, is the symbolism of people in uniform with guns. That was exactly what was deeply part of the concern in the first place. So I don't know if everybody was afraid, or if anyone thought, "Will we be shot today?" [laughter] Or, "Will Kent State happen again?" or something. But the very shocking fact that it had *ever* happened made it possible. And so it really became a taking of a stand: "You can't do this in America."

Yes. So what brought people out of the stands?

There hadn't, as far as I know, at least, been an orchestrated plan all the way through, so things

happened and began to happen. And so people circled the field and then went to the stands and then chanted things. I almost think that in the absence of the ceremony being called off, that now the purpose became the disruption of the ceremony. And relentlessly, the ceremony went on. [laughter] The ceremony continued in the *midst*. And there were, of course, calls for order.

Was anyone stirring up calls in the other direction?

Well, there were responses to . . .

I mean, were there people taking leadership roles, I guess, and keeping the momentum going?

Yes, to a certain degree. Yes. And Paul was one of those who was keeping the momentum going. I've been edging toward saying this, I think, that there in the stands, polarization was taking place. Or to say that people marched because they had a point to make and principles and so on. Then on the other side, I guess, people came to the ceremony for a different set of principles. And the positions were strengthened, were getting strengthened, in each group's presence vis-à-vis one another. So the way perhaps to answer your question about how these spontaneous things kept happening, is that things were escalating a bit.

For instance, the first antiwar chants weren't necessarily obscenities, but they escalated into obscenities. Then the people holding the ceremony attempted to make it orderly, attempted to keep it going, attempted to have their marches and formations on the fields. And they did have the mikes, so I suppose their voices were louder. But the protestors wanted it to be interrupted, wanted it not to relentlessly go on, wanted to make another point, a different kind of political statement. And there were chants, and then there was the leaving of the stands and the expression of emotions and the fears and tentativeness: "What will happen next? This can't be allowed to happen." And the pushing to make sure that it

didn't, that it wouldn't be allowed to happen. [laughter] But people *could* confront armed people in uniforms with guns and *not* get shot; they mustn't get shot, and all of that, so people left the stands. I don't even remember if the ceremony ended up concluding. And they kept trying to keep it moving, do whatever is done at those things.

Do you remember any sort of conflict on the field, between the cadets and protestors?

Yes. I remember people moving toward the cadets, and that's the scary reverberations of Kent State that I was kind of describing. It was uncertain what would happen. People were testing and trying them. People were angry.

Paul was really dismissed for leading the crowd in rude and raucous catcalls and for sort of playing a leadership role.

Yes.

Did you see him playing that central of a role in what was going on, or, as you say, was it a case of polarized escalation?

Paul was a person who felt very strongly about the issues. And his position was known on campus before this, and he thought it important that the views he represented be expressed and was not afraid to do it. [laughter] And in my view, I did not think that the whole affair was very well organized or orchestrated, though there were several faculty members present (including ones I probably at that time didn't know, not being so familiar with the campus as I am now). It got started, and things happened, and there were occurrences that perhaps rose out of other ones and so on. And Paul expressed himself and played the role that he felt he needed to take on that particular day.

But I really don't think there was a particular leader (not that in the absence of any particular person, things that happened would not have happened). I guess it almost sounds as though a

kind of scapegoating took place later in respect to a person whose presence there was quite obvious and was well noted by many others, but who wasn't—at least to my mind—actually central to it or even crucial to it. I mean, I don't think one person directed and guided and orchestrated what occurred.

Right. Well, after all this that happened, there's a file photo I have here, photo eight. This is Paul on the field. I'm not sure quite sure how this fits into the timeframe. Is it an image that strikes anything up for you?

No. The photographer is in a position to have the . . . I mean, it's framed in such a way that clearly the military folk out in the field are in formation, and something is occurring there. And nobody else who was part of the protest is in the photo, so I'm not sure where they are. Maybe they're still in the stands. Maybe Paul ran down into the field toward the end. I'm not sure of the context.

Yes. It's not clear for me either. [laughter]

Paul is a single figure there, and I don't know where the other people are, given the framing of the photo. Not that he didn't—in his sense of outrage at what was happening in the world, in the country, and most recently, on university campuses—distinctly, deeply feel that the gesture being made wasn't important, even off in the wilds of Nevada. [laughter] It isn't as though he didn't behave according to his conscience or do the things that he thought needed getting done that day.

But I would say that he did introduce certain chants, and he did play a role in what emerged to be the decisions that were made as to what should happen when everyone was gathered together. (That's odd.) But it seemed to me that it was almost more a case of Paul expressing himself than attempting to get others to do things. I mean, that's a kind of distinction. I don't remember him as standing up saying, "I'm your leader, and to get this stuff done, we must do the following."

In watching him, it seems that he felt deeply and expressed it. [laughter] And then others sometimes followed.

OK. Leading by example, kind of. Or was it?

Through the expression of what was concerning him, he did things. Yes, he was deeply concerned, deeply moved. The feelings of what was going on were deeply felt in that man, and that was obvious to anyone who watched him. So it became an important spectacle to those who didn't approve of it, and it was a kind of moving expression of feeling to those who were considering his position, who were sympathetic to what was concerning him. Just my view. [laughter]

Yes. Well, maybe that's a good place for us to stop.

Yes.

INDEX

A

Adamian, Christine, 4-5, 9, 14, 20, 24, 26, 58, 150, 154
Adamian, Paul, 1-88, 91-92, 94-98, 103, 106, 116-119, 124-126, 134-136, 138-141, 143-146, 149-150, 154-157, 159-160, 166-170, 172-173, 177, 192-194, 196, 198-199, 205, 207, 211-212, 215-217, 219-231, 241, 243-244, 249, 251-255, 257, 267, 270, 272, 278, 280, 282, 286, 288-292, 308, 310, 312, 317-319
Agnew, Spiro Theodore, 18, 30, 74
Alcan Highway, 295
Ali, Muhammad, 27-28
Allen, Clarence, 262
American Association of University Professors (AAUP), 144, 170-171, 258-259
American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), 19, 235
Amnesty USA, 302
Anderson, Beano, 294
Anderson, Fred, 104, 163, 174, 255, 294
Anderson, Neals, 249
Andrews, Jonathan, 119, 121
Artman, Greg, 264
Ashland, Oregon, 21
Atkinson, Glen, 251, 253-255, 257-258

B

Backman, Carl, 130-132, 135, 137-138, 147, 170, 200

Baepler, Don, 94
Balin, Marty, 279
Baring, Walter S., 131
Barmettler, Edmund Robert, 250
Basta, Paul, 216
Basta, Sam M., 236, 242
Bedrosian, Todd, 104
Bell, Joe, 110, 114, 267-268
Bennett, Bill, 87
Bible, Paul, 255-256
Bilbray, Jim, 228
Bjur, Dick, 256
Black Panthers, 29-30, 32-33
Black Student Union (University of Nevada, Reno), 38-39, 115, 135, 218, 238, 244, 253, 279-281, 309, 314
Blacks, 34, 36, 55, 209, 236
Board of Regents (Nevada System of Higher Education), 63, 70, 77, 79, 81, 152, 156, 158-159, 169, 173, 192, 194, 196, 201, 205, 218, 228-229, 233-234, 237, 243-244, 249, 251-253, 255-256, 270, 274, 276, 289, 291, 293, 299, 302
Bode, John, 300
Boston University (Boston, Massachusetts), 4-6, 10
Briscoe, Elmer, 126, 136
Brown, H. Rap, 85
Brown, Russell, 245
Bryan, Richard H., 248
Burell, Otis, 38, 279
Byerly, Perry, 262

C

California State University, Humboldt, 204
 Cambodia, 32, 40, 43, 96, 140, 200, 271, 280, 282
 Cannon, Howard W., 93, 271
 Carmichael, Stokely, 27, 77, 85
 Cathey, William N., 98
 Center for Religion and Life (University of Nevada, Reno), 197
 Champaign, Illinois, 129
 Claremont Graduate School (Claremont, California), 4-5, 10-11, 15-16, 25, 149
 Clark, Walter Van Tilburg, 204, 263, 265-266, 289
 Clarke, Jamie, 271
 Clayton, Don, 267, 270
 Cole, Elmer, 159
 Cole, Jim, 296
 Coleman, Roger, 296
 College of Arts and Science (University of Nevada, Reno), 91, 253
 Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), 13, 15, 30, 37, 43, 76, 85
 Connor, Rod, 310
 Conrad, Rae Lynn, 263
 Copren, William G., 200-201
 Crawford, Roberto, 112
 Crowley, Joseph N., 91-99, 142, 156, 226, 248, 267, 270, 310, 316
 Crumley, Newt, 163
 Cuno, Mike, 265

D

Dandini, Alessandro, 263
 Dash, Sam, 16
 Davidge, Ric, 299
 Davis, Kingsley, 131
 d'Azevedo, Warren L., 134, 142, 146, 225
 DeBarr, Edwin C. "Daddy," 302
 Decker, Tom, 302
 Del Papa, Frankie Sue, 101-106, 164, 216-218, 221, 223-225, 229, 236, 240, 243-244
 Democrats, 94-96, 143, 248, 265, 300
 Desert Research Institute (Reno, Nevada), 164, 179
 Dickens, Robert E., 95, 119, 267, 270
 Doherty, John R., 109-128, 279
 Dornan, Geoff, 123-125
 Dow Chemical, 268-269
 Driggs, Don, 94-95
 Durham, Denise, 300
 Dylan, Bob, 77

E

Elko, Nevada, 179
 Evers, Medgar, 16
 Exline, Christopher H., 99

F

Farber, Bernie, 134
 Foley, Roger, 176
 Foreman, James, 30
 Frank, George, 161
 Franklin, Bruce, 140

G

Gardner, Jack, 264
 Ginsberg, Jerry, 131
 Goldwater, Barry Morris, 264
 Gorrell, Robert, 19, 35, 94, 159, 223, 262, 289, 314
 Graham, Bill, 303
 Grange, Red, 134
 Grotegut, Gene, 143, 248
 Guinn, Kenny C., 248

H

Haddawy, Husain, 67, 231
 Hailey, Allen, 302
 Haley, Alex, 239
 Harder, Kelsie, 161, 310, 312
 Hardesty, Jim, 236, 240
 Hardin, Bob, 156
 Hartigan, Francis X., 99
 Hartman Hall (University of Nevada, Reno), 96, 101, 124-125, 135, 140, 280, 287-288
 Harvey, David L., 129-147, 156, 258, 270
 Harvey Mudd College (Claremont, California), 11, 13, 17, 26
 Harvey, Robert D., 35, 80-81, 95, 122, 158, 166, 170, 193-194, 196, 199, 201, 208, 215, 227, 230-231, 278, 310, 315-316
 Hayden, Thomas Emmett, 216, 269
 Hazard, Ben, 36, 105, 122, 127, 151, 194, 199, 245, 279, 290
 Healey, Jack, 302-303, 305
 Henderson, Peter, 121
 Herman, George, 70-71
 Herman, Joe, 123
 Hettich, David, 230
 Hibbard, Mal, 262

Hickel, Walter J., 102-103
Hill, Robert, 104, 167, 271
Hiller, Gunter, 92, 116, 118, 139, 270
Hines, Roger, 239
Hobbit Hole (University of Nevada, Reno), 40, 112-113, 116, 128, 135-136, 140, 222-223, 229, 267, 278-280, 284, 287-288
Hoffman, Abbie, 77, 217, 291, 299
Houlink, Ben, 133
Howard, Anne, 29, 71, 149-161, 316
Hug, Procter Jr., 81, 94, 97, 105, 141-142, 163-189, 194, 201, 243, 252, 256-257
Hug, Procter Sr., 141
Hulse, James W., 95, 156, 166, 191-202, 231, 235, 242-243, 254, 257
Humphrey, Hubert, 300
Humphrey, Neil D., 98
Huntington Library (San Marino, California), 5
Hyde, Laurance M. Jr., 255

J

Jackson, Mississippi, 33, 240, 269, 280, 287
Jacobsen, Lawrence, 115
John Birch Society, 20, 172
Johnson, Ed, 142
Johnson, Lyndon B., 172, 243, 272
Johnson, Weldon T., 131

K

Kennedy, Robert F. 269
Kent State University (Kent, Ohio), 33, 40-41, 43, 72, 85, 92, 96, 101, 105, 114, 116, 119, 134, 137-138, 156, 167, 172, 177, 191, 197, 207, 217-220, 240, 262, 269-270, 273, 280-282, 287-288, 290, 307-308, 317
King, Martin Luther, 14-15, 27-29, 73, 129, 193, 197, 269, 275, 279, 281
Kirkpatrick, Harold L., 131-132
Klaich, Dan, 164, 227
Koh, Young, 249
Krause, Allison, 140
Kruger, Bruce, 312

L

Laird, Charlton, 35, 155, 262
Laxalt, Bruce, 262
Laxalt, Joyce, 278
Laxalt, Paul Dominique, 119, 136, 158, 241, 252, 286

Lewis, Jerry, 134, 139
Lincoln, Georgianna, 297
Lintz, Joseph, 262
Lord, John, 116, 121, 139
Louis, Joe, 27
Lutz, Bill, 153, 263
Lyman, Stanford, 131, 135

M

Mackay Day (University of Nevada, Reno), 109, 313
Maher, Fred, 45, 93, 116, 135, 139, 153, 157-158, 170, 203-214, 225, 227, 247, 267, 280, 288, 291-292, 309, 315-316
Manley, Chuck, 226, 265, 269, 271, 290
Marschall, John P., 98, 195
Marshall, Mike, 264
Martinez, Ed, 156
Mastroianni, Rob, 217
May, Bill, 137, 226, 282
Mayberry, Bob, 215-232, 265, 289, 304
McCarthy, Eugene Joseph, 75, 95, 269, 280
McCarthy, Joseph Raymond, 32, 314
McCormick, Jim, 284, 293
McGovern, George Stanley, 248
McGuire, Craig, 249-250
McKinney, Dan, 209
McQueen, Robert, 146-147, 277, 289
Merrill, Robert, 159
Metzger, Bill, 267, 294
Milam, Max, 94
Miller, Bill, 273
Miller, Chuck, 139
Miller, N. Edd, 79, 96, 98, 102-104, 134-135, 145, 156, 159, 166, 173, 178, 201-245, 250-251, 253, 262, 265, 273, 280-281, 289, 293-294
Miller, Robert J., 248
Miller, Tom 237
Mills, C. Wright, 134
Morrison, Jim, 231
Muskie, Edmund Sixtus, 95
Myers, Dennis, 84, 268, 312
Myers, Tom, 114, 117, 125, 128, 207, 267, 270

N

Naimada, 160
Nairn, Allen, 303
National Association of College and University Attorneys, 164
National Education Association, 258-259

National Judicial College (University of Nevada, Reno), 178, 255
National Science Foundation, 249
National Society of Professors, 247-248, 253, 258-259
National Student Association, 268, 281, 300
Native American Association, 303
Nevada Faculty Alliance, 247, 253, 259
Newer, Hank, 160
Nixon, Richard M., 30, 74, 95, 106, 219, 264, 295
Nye Hall (University of Nevada, Reno), 110-111

O

Old College Law School (Reno, Nevada), 256
Olsen, Edward A. 121
Owens, Don, 285

P

Page, Paul, 98
Palmer, Charlie, 268
Paulsen, Pat, 276
Peak, Steve, 122
Pearson, Michael, 264, 278
Peltier, Gary, 223-224, 236-237, 273
Perriera, Pete, 218, 223, 284
Peterson, Glen, 271
Phoenix, Dave, 139, 230, 264
Piper, Brooke M., 120-121
Pomona, California, 14, 16
Press, Frank, 262
Procter, Corky, 281

Q

Quaide, Jack, 266
Quayle, James Danforth "Dan," 7

R

Raggio, William J., 31, 74, 93
Ralf, Earl W., 152, 167, 254, 271
Reagan, Ronald, 248
Reams, Pete, 263
Reed, Howard M. "Mike," 253
Reid, Harry M., 265
Remas, Ace, 263
Reno High School (Reno, Nevada), 286
Republicans, 264-265, 275

Reserve Officer Training Corps (ROTC), 22, 42, 44, 54, 56, 96, 101, 103-105, 112, 114, 116, 123-124, 133, 140, 145, 150, 152-153, 165, 194-195, 202, 204, 208-209, 220, 236-237, 241-242, 244, 254, 270-273, 282, 287, 293-294, 307, 316-317

Rhodes, James A., 139, 252, 254

Richardson, James T., 94, 98, 118, 120, 127-128, 131, 135, 142, 146, 155-156, 216, 223, 228, 247-259

Ronald, Ann, 159

Roosevelt, Franklin Delano, 31

Rosenberg, Howard, 156

Ross, Charlie, 156

Rusco, Elmer R., 156

Ryall, Alan S., 261

Ryan, Ward, 113

S

Sagebrush (University of Nevada, Reno), 238

Sattwhite, Jesse, 36, 142, 147, 151, 191-192, 219, 238-239, 280, 286, 292

Sawyer, Grant, 163

Schindler, Dave, 272-273, 291

Schulz, Chris, 266

Scott, Bill, 91, 94, 235

Seaman, Roger, 62

Sherman, Doug, 113, 271

Shopton, Mac, 134

Shriver, Bob, 110

Siegel, Richard L., 94, 144, 156

Simirenko, Alex, 130

Simmons, Vic, 269

Skorpen, Erling, 172, 235

Slattery, James M., 74, 131-132

Slemmons, David R., 114, 217, 220, 222-224, 227, 232, 261-305, 312

Slemmons, Mabry, 304

Slemmons, Mary Anne, 227, 262, 304

Slemmons, Michael, 304

Smith, Brian, 285

Southern Oregon University (Ashland, Oregon), 17-18, 20-21, 26

Springer, Charles, 59-60, 63-64, 69, 73, 75, 78-80, 97, 143, 159, 175, 199, 211-212, 257

Stafford, Becky, 147

Standa, Earl, 122

State Teachers College (Worcester, Massachusetts), 2-4, 6, 26

Stetson University (DeLand, Florida), 4, 9, 26
Stevenson, Jack, 126
Stewart, Mary, 160
Stookey, Lorena, 307-319
Stout, Minard, 159-160, 233
Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee
(SNCC), 15-16, 29-30, 77, 264
Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), 95, 119,
220, 232, 234, 267, 269-270, 274, 279, 302
Sundance Bookstore (Reno, Nevada), 213
Sundowners (University of Nevada, Reno), 109,
140, 266, 314

T

Test, Louis S., 216
Thompson, Bruce, 176
Thornton, Barbara (née Cavanaugh), 141
Thornton, William C., 141
Thurmond, Strom, 284
Titlow, Emerson F., 151
Trotsky, Leon, 134
Turrentine, Howard B., 176
Tuskegee University (Tuskegee, Alabama), 245

U

United Farm Workers Organizing Committee
(UFWOC), 137
United States Coast Guard, 6-8
University of California, Berkeley, 16, 79, 86, 114,
135, 153, 191, 239, 268, 281
University of Idaho (Moscow, Idaho), 204
University of Michigan (Ann Arbor, Michigan), 245
University of Nevada, Las Vegas, 164, 178, 233,
237, 250, 258
University of Wisconsin, 280, 303

V

Vietnam War, 27-28, 32, 34, 56-57, 69, 102, 105,
112, 132, 134, 150, 153, 200, 214, 230, 235,
240-243, 245, 263-264, 268-269, 271, 281,
283, 288, 292, 295-296, 300, 302, 308

W

Waingrow, Marshall, 11
Walker, Lloyd, 122
Warner, Lyle, 253

Wellinghoff, Jon, 106
Westphal, Linc, 230
Whittemore, Bob, 104, 120-121
Whittemore, Harvey, 121
Wilborn, Bill, 137
Wilson, Woodrow, 265
Woodward, Woody, 113-114

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